The Midwife;

OR THE

OLD WOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

Containing all *the* WIT, *and* all *the* HUMOUR, *and* all *the* LEARNING, *and* all *the* JUDGEMENT, *that has* ever been, *or* ever will be *inserted in* all *the other* Magazines, *or the* Magazine of Magazines, *or the* Grand Magazine of Magazines, *or any other Book whatsoever: So that those who buy this Book will need no other.*

Published pursuant to several Acts of Parliament, *and by the Permission of their* most Christian *and* most Catholic MAJESTIES, *the* GREAT MOGUL *and the* STATES GENERAL.

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The PREFACE.

GENTLE READER,

THIS Preface, which you may call a Dedication, or by any other Name you pleaſe, was not wrote becauſe the following ſtupendous Performance required it, but, modeſtly ſpeaking, to ſhew my own Wit, Mr. Reader. You underſtand me.

Wit is like the Blaze of an *Oxford* Faggot, where Wood is ſold by the Ounce. —— Or 'tis like Honour, ay, and like Honour too confined in the *Chilobonti* of the Brain, by two Membranes, which are ſo extremely thin, they never yet could be diſcover'd by the moſt artful Anatomiſt. Or, Wit is like a Sun-Dial, —— or like a Comet, —— or like a Mopſtick, —— or like any Thing but Wiſdom.

Having thus proved mathematically and beyond all Contradiction, what Wit is like, I ſhall now proceed to demonſtrate to you what it is not like. Wit then, for Inſtance, is not like the Writings, or any Part of the Writings of Dr. ***, Mr. ***, Madam ***, *Billy* ***, or any Writings whatſoever but my own.

Wit was begot by *Fancy*, born of *Fable*; fed by Folly, and has been generally nurſed and maintained at the Expence of Virtue and the Public.

Wit and Wiſdom are for the moſt Part blended by the Poets, and conſider'd as one and the ſame Thing; but Philoſophers who know better, place them at a great Diſtance and diametrically oppoſite. To give an Inſtance, —— the Rev. Dr. *** has a Fever in his Brain, that precipitates him to ſcribble an Epigram, the Point of which is turn'd on his beſt Friend, and this we call Wit: But had the good Dr. under the ſame Circumſtances, ſwabb'd himſelf in an eaſy Chair, and compos'd his Spirits to a Nap by reading one of his own Sermons, and not ſatyrized his beſt Friend, it had been Wiſdom.

Wiſdom is a ſubſtantial Being, *Wit* an imaginary one, and between theſe two was begot *Humour*, who is a ſort of Hermaphrodite, and neither real, nor imaginary. Wiſdom was always greatly enamoured with *Truth*, becauſe ſhe was naked, and between them was begat *Good-Nature*; but ſhe long ſince died of a Hectic under the Hands of Dr. —— So that the only Beings that preſide over Poets, (except the Muſes, who by the Way are become mere Proſtitutes) are *Wiſdom*, *Wit*, and *Humour*; who ſeat themſelves in the Brain, and there make as much Buſtle, as *Pride*, *Love*, and *Reaſon* did in the Breaſt of the Princeſs *Perriwinkle*, whoſe Soliloquy on that Occaſion I ſhall give you from the Pen of my ingenious Friend Mr. *Ebenezer Pentweaſel*.

The Princeſs *Perriwinkle* ſola, attended by fourteen Maids of great Honour.

Sure ſuch a Wretch as I was never born,
By all the World deſerted and forlorn;
This bitter-ſweet, this Honey-Gall to prove,
And all the Sugar and Vinegar of Love.
Pride, *Love* and *Reaſon* will not let me reſt,
But make a deviliſh Buſtle in my Breaſt.
To wed with FISGIG, *Pride*, *Pride*, *Pride* denies,
Put on a *Spaniſh* Padlock *Reaſon* cries;
But tender gentle Love with every Wiſh complies.
Pride, Love and Reaſon fight till they are cloy'd,
And each by each in mutual Wounds deſtroy'd.
Thus when a Barber and a Collier fight,
The Barber beats the luckleſs Collier —— white;
The duſty Collier heaves his pond'rous Sack,
And, big with Vengeance, beats the Barber—— black.
In comes the Brick-duſt Man, with Grime o'erſpread,
And beats the Collier and the Barber —— red.
Black, red and white in various Clouds are toſs'd,
And in the Duſt they raiſe, the Combatants are loſt.

The Copy of this Work has been ſubmitted to the Learned, and various are their Opinions concerning theſe my Labours. Mr. *Concord*, the Grammarian, tells me there is not a Word of *Engliſh* in the whole Book. Mr. *Cypher*, the Arithmetician, has already ſent me an Account caſt up

of ſix thouſand Faults, for the Diſcovery of which he has employ'd every Rule in his Art, except Reduction. Mr. *Floriſh*, the Rhetorician, aſſures me, it is wrote without Invention or Diſpoſition, and that it is impoſſible to pronounce it with any Degree of Elocution. Mr. *Puff*, the Poet, has wrote a Panegyric on the Occaſion; but then he and I have agreed to rub Elbows. Mr. *Puzzle*, the Logician, has obliged me with his Obſervations in Mood and Figure, A, E, I, O, *Barbara*, *Celerent*, *Darii*, *Ferio*, *Baralipton*, and proved ſyllogiſtically that I am the cleverest Fellow in the World, except himſelf. Mr. *Carp*, the Critic, ſent me a Botcher to mend my Work, a ſnarling Puppy! Mr. *Ruſt*, the Antiquarian, is very angry, and of Opinion that the Ancients did not write in my Manner. A certain *Divine* alſo ſhakes his Head, and ſays People had better read Sermons; and a *Phyſician* declares publickly, that it has made many of his Patients mad, for which my good Friend the *Lawyer* aſſures me the Doctor is liable to an Action, and deſires my Leave to cloath him with a Suit. Mr. *Fathom*, a mighty Scholar! a living Lexicon! A Gentleman who has read the *Great Grammar of the Univerſe*, and obtain'd an intimate Acquaintance *with Men and Things*, ſends me Word that there is no Senſe in my Book; but aſſures me at the ſame Time, that I need not be diſhearten'd on that Account, for it is the more likely to ſell; and to verify this, he refers me to ſeveral ſenſeleſs Pieces that have been publiſh'd lately

with

with Succeſs, and to the Taſte of the Times. My Bookſeller alſo, by Way of Conſolation, and to lead me out of this Labyrinth, informs me, that he has great Intereſt with a Paſtry-Cook who lives near him, and that he can help me off with the greateſt Part of the Impreſſion, if the Paper be of good Subſtance. But after all the Opinions of theſe great People I ſhall rely on my own Judgment, which I think preferable to that of any Man, or any Body of Men whatſoever.

N. B. *This Piece may ſerve either as a Dedication or a Preface to any Book whatſoever; and, for the future, ſave my Brother Authors a great deal of Trouble.*

*** *The above was written by our ingenious and truly worthy Friend,* Fardinando Foot, *Eſq; who is about to publiſh a new and curious Collection of* Jeſts, Epigrams, Epitaphs, *&c. which will do great Honour to the* Britiſh *Nation.*

The MIDWIFE.

Come Dame, light up your Lanthorn, and let us prowl.

NOW fie upon ſeeking honeſt Men in Knaves Skins. There's not a Street, Lane, or Alley, in all the City, but I have trod, and can hardly meet a Man worthy of giving the Good Morrow to. Why what Raſcals are theſe? Have they baniſh'd honeſt Men out of the Town quite? Alas, poor Virtue! What haſt thou done to deſerve this Contempt? Thy Company is out of Requeſt; and thou haſt walk'd ſo long alone, that thou art even, at laſt, walk'd away with thyſelf. There is no Goodneſs to be found, all is ſet upon Villainy. Yonder walks Knavery, Bribery, Cruelty and Extortion, in the Habit of ſubſtantial honeſt Citizens: Perhaps they are of the Common-Council; put off your Hat to 'em, Sirrah!

Who is this coming? Oh! 'tis the Watchman. Boy, take Care, you had almoſt beat the poor Man down with your Lanthorn! — Theſe are the People that are employ'd to guard the City, to preſerve the Peace, and to wage War with the Thieves and Robbers!

What

What haſt thou a Night, good Man, for thy Care? Ninepence I ſuppoſe, that is, let me ſee, a Penny an Hour for freezing; and if you don't appear in Time, the round O is fix'd on your Name I ſuppoſe, and your Money forfeited to the Common Council Man, is it not hey? And who keeps Watch and Ward the Night you are ſo diſcharg'd, no body? no, we are all bad I find at the Bottom.

Boy, ſnuff the Candle, and ſee who theſe are that lodge themſelves on the Bulks, and lay naked at the Shop Doors. Oh! I ſee myſelf now, they are poor Orphans, young helpleſs Girls, that have been debauch'd and ruin'd by the Sons, and 'Prentices of the honeſt Citizens, and after that turn'd out by their generous and compaſſionate Maſters. Or perchance, they are brought to this wretched State, by ſome of the righteous Lads of the *Temple* and Inns of Court. However that may be, it need not affect us Boy. Lay ſtill my Heart! Women are not of the Human Species, ſo down with them, down with them. Boy, if ever thou liveſt to be a Man (as in all probability thou wilt, if the Halter don't catch thee ſoon) do thou, whenever any poor Creatures tumble down, kick them about, 'tis the way of the World Boy, and all muſt conform to Cuſtom. In this Caſe you are to imitate the Dogs, who all take a Snap at that Cur, that is calling for Mercy.

Hey dey! Here comes Monſieur *Flatter-and-Fly*, who loſes an Hour in the Morning, and runs after it all Day. He's of the ancient Family of the

the Wiſe Acres. Wou'd you believe it Boy? This very Gentleman ſpent a good thouſand a Year on Elections, in order to make good his Intereſt at Court, for a Place of five Hundred; walk along, hollow Head, walk along.

Oh forſooth, and why this large Hoop? Good my Lady, let me at leaſt walk in the Kennel, and don't bang me againſt the Houſes on the other Side the Street: Nay, Malapert, you need not be out with me, I methinks have ſeen as much Virtue without a great Hoop in my Time Madam.

What wondrous little Legs the Men have here, I can't ſee 'em even with my Lanthorn, and my Spectacles. Look ye now! they carry their Calves to *Covent Garden*. That's a great Mart for Monkeys, ay marry, and Monſters too. I am ſure, many of my poor Miſtreſſes have been forc'd to lay in without the Help of their Huſbands. Sauce for the Gooſe is Sauce for the Gander, they ſay. Plough your own Field, Leather Head, and let your Neighbours alone. A Man's own Buſineſs is the beſt Buſineſs he can follow.

But this Houſe is the Politicians, blow out the Candle Sirrah, the Sight of an honeſt Man may frighten you. Take care of your Teeth Varlet, and put your Hands in your Pockets. *Good Night Boy.*

AM-

AMBITION. *An* ALLEGORY.

PHILEMON lived in the midſt of a Foreſt, the Aſylum of Tranquility and Peace; fretful Inquietude, Remorſe and Grief kept a reſpectful Diſtance, nor dar'd to approach within his Retreat; Ambition only flatter'd herſelf with Hopes of being introduced.

Philemon, favour'd of the Gods, offered them pure Victims: A Lamb, and a Ram, which he ſacrificed by Turns, atteſted the Gratitude he felt for their unlimited Goodneſs. The Earth, ſubmiſſive to his Labour, produced in Abundance whatever was neceſſary for his Subſiſtence. He fled from Cities, and never repair'd thither but to exchange Fruit for the Grain when he wanted to ſow a Field that was cultivated by his Labour.

After theſe Excurſions his Cot was dearer to him than before. The Ebony, Gold, and Ivory, deſtin'd to embelliſh the Palaces of the Great, did not diſplay their Magnificence in the Habitation of our Philoſopher. Nature had been at the whole Expence in furniſhing his Moveables, and had provided for his Defence.

A double Row of Trees concealed his Retreat from the Eye of the Traveller. A clear Rivulet ran murmuring to bring him its Waves, and forming many Meanders, lengthen'd its Stay in this delightful Place. *Philemon* drank of its Streams; with them he water'd his Flowers; and from an Arbour in which he was accuſtom'd to give a Looſe

to

to his Reflections, traced with his Eye their wandring Courſe.

Here he enjoy'd a happy Life; he had no falſe Friend, no perfidious Miſtreſs, no unfaithful Servants. His Heart had hitherto been undiſturbed by his Paſſions. The Gods had beſtowed this Bleſſing as the Recompence of his Piety: But his Zeal began to relax, and from the Moment he perceived that his Life was too uniform, he complain'd of his Deſtiny.

Diſquiet ſeiz'd upon him; his little Incloſure was open to Deſires; Ambition enter'd into this Retreat, which he had hitherto found inacceſſible. And having gain'd the Poſſeſſion of this new Habitation, ſhe went in Search of chimerical Projects, receiv'd them into her Retinue, and brought them into *Philemon*'s Cottage, who was ſoon infected by the Contagion of their Company. The offended Gods, withdrew their Influence; he was parch'd up with the Thirſt of Riches. Ambition ſpurred on his Deſires, fill'd him with Wiſhes, and engag'd him to intreat the Gods to be propitious to Plans of Fortune, little meditated, and which he had traced out in Oppoſition to their Will.

Philemon had neglected his Sacrifices; he now renewed them with more Fervor than ever. The choiceſt of his Flocks bled on his Altars.

One Day in the Folly of his Thoughts, he beſought the Gods to change into a River, the Rivulet which water'd his Retreat; and that a little Boat which he launch'd into the Stream might be

tranſ-

transform'd into a Ship richly laden. A Clap of Thunder follow'd his Prayer; he took this for a happy Omen, and certain that the Heavens would grant his Requeſt, boldly enter'd the Boat, and haſting to meet his Puniſhment, waited in full Security for the Effect of his Petitions. As the Moment approached in which *Philemon* was to have them granted, Ambition abandon'd to his Misfortunes her credulous Diſciple.

The River ſwell'd; the Torrents pour'd from the Tops of the neighbouring Mountains, and there united their foaming Streams. The new River no ſooner appear'd, than it tore up all before it. The little Boat, chang'd miraculouſly into a large Veſſel, was rais'd by the Waters and carried away with Rapidity. However happy *Philemon* might fancy himſelf in that Moment, (for the Ship in which he was placed was fill'd with Treaſure) at a Diſtance he ſaw with Regret the Ruin of that dear Cottage in which he had lived for more than twenty Years, whilſt all his Days ſlid on in Peace and Serenity.

The River diſcharging itſelf into the Sea, carried with it, *Philemon* and his Ship. Expoſed on the vaſt Ocean, and having loſt Sight of Land, he recovered from his Folly; he recollected that he had forgot to ſupplicate the Gods happily to conduct his Veſſel to ſome Port: But it was now too late: He invoked in vain, the Deities who had formerly been his Protectors; for he had juſtly merited their Anger.

The

The Sea grew enraged, its Billows ſwell'd; a horrible Tempeſt aſſail'd the Veſſel on all Sides; a furious Wave caſt it againſt a Rock, the Ship ſplit, and the Sea ſwallow'd up the Riches it had contain'd.

Philemon, after having for a long Time ſtruggled againſt this imperious Element, was caſt on a deſart Coaſt, when exhauſted with Fatigue, before he expired, he confeſs'd himſelf worthy of the Death he ſuffer'd, for the Indiſcretion of his Prayers.

Let us leave the Gods the Arbiters of our Lot; Man, alas! is more dear to them than he is to himſelf. Let Prudence regulate our Wiſhes: Otherwiſe we ſhall have Reaſon to fear that we ſhall become, like *Philemon*, the Victims of our Raſhneſs.

To Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

Madam,

I Wiſh you wou'd, in your Magazines, obſerve to the Public, how neceſſary 'tis that there ſhou'd be a Jail-Delivery of ſuch People as are not able to pay their Debts. 'Tis a hard Thing, Mrs. *Midnight*, for a Man to be ſtarving in a Jail, while his Wife and Family are periſhing at Home, only becauſe he has not wherewith to ſatisfy his angry Creditors. *Take Notice of that Mrs.* Midnight!

I am ſure I have felt a great deal for thoſe unhappy People, and ſhed many a Tear ſince our poor

poor Neighbour, *John Williams*, has been confin'd there; but his Caſe is remarkably hard, to be ſure.——'Twas he, Mrs. *Midnight*, that kept the Shop upon our Green: He was always a very honeſt Man, and every Body thought him in a good Way; however, ſince this War, he loſt ſo much Money by bad Debts, that he was unable to pay his Creditors ſo ſoon as they expected. Sir *Thomas* (who, you know, is but a Brute of a Man, if we dar'd ſay ſo) ſeized his Goods firſt for Rent; upon which one of his Creditors arreſted and ſent him to Jail. His Wife (poor *Mary*, I ſhall never forget her!) had juſt lain-in a Fortnight; and when ſhe ſaw the Bailiffs take her Huſband out of the Houſe, ſhe fell into ſuch Fits as I never ſaw in my Life-time: She tore her Hair, and beat her Breaſt to that Degree, that they were obliged to tie her Hands behind her; and on the *Friday* following, died ſtark raving mad; and left ſeven Children, (poor innocent Lambs!) to the mercileſs World. *Oh, Mrs.* Midnight, *Sir* Thomas *is a ſad Man, for 'twas all his Doings!*

As ſoon as poor *Mary* was dead, I took the youngeſt Child, and put it to *Hannah Underwood* to nurſe, and I believe ſhe'll take care of it. I fancy you knew *Hannah*, Mrs. *Midnight*; ſhe is the young Woman who lived with me when you uſed to be at Madam *Dormand*'s. The Pariſh has hir'd Goody *Curtis* to look after the other Children, and I ſends them a Pitcher of Milk every Morning for their Breakfaſt, and a Pudding every *Sunday* for

Dinner; which you know is as much as I can do who am but a Farmer's Wife; tho' my Maſter makes as good a Huſband, I believe, as ſome of your Gentlemen in Town. I comb'd and waſh'd the Children clean one Day, and ſent them to Sir *Thomas*'s, to beg ſome Money to buy them Shoes, but he ordered his Man to turn them out of his Yard, and told 'em he would ſet the Dog at them if they came to his Houſe any more; and the poor Creatures came home crying ready to break their Hearts. The Servants, to be ſure, was all ſorry to ſee the Children in this Condition, and collected Sixpence a-piece to buy them ſomething, which *Jenny Thompſon* brought down to our Houſe; but, when this Wretch, Sir *Thomas*, came to hear it, he turn'd her away, which you'll ſay was hard upon the poor Girl; and for that Reaſon I took her into my Service; but Sir *Thomas* ſent for my Huſband, and told him, He ſhould turn out of his Farm, if he did not oblige me to turn her out of Doors. *Take Notice of that Mrs.* Midnight! *Did you ever know ſuch a Villain? but we muſt not ſay ſo.*

I intend to go to the Jail and ſee poor *John*, and Madam *Dormand* ſays ſhe'll go with me; my Huſband has been already, and he ſays, there are a great Number of poor Wretches who lie confin'd for very ſmall Sums. As you are in *London*, Mrs. *Midnight*, amongſt the great Folks who have Money enough, pray try if you can do them any Service. Mrs. *Weſtbury*, who knows ſomething of

Lon-

London, ſays, there was Money enough ſpent at your laſt * Makinade, to diſcharge the Priſoners out of half the Jails in the Kingdom: —— And what a glorious Thing 'twou'd be, Mrs. *Midnight*, to make ſo many People happy who are now in the utmoſt Diſtreſs, and even deſpair of ever getting Liberty to breed up their Families! I wiſh the great Folks who ſpend ſo much Money at Makinades, would think upon this. —— Oh Sir *Thomas!* Sir *Thomas!* I have a thouſand Things to tell you of that wicked Man; but I muſt defer it till another Time; for I am afraid I have tired you with this long Letter.

I am, dear Madam,
Your faithful humble Servant,
Martha Johnſon.

I have inſerted this Letter of Mrs. *Johnſon*'s, *verbatim*, without the leaſt Alteration: Her Diction is the pure Language of Nature; and her Sentiments carry more Weight in her own Words, than they would do mangled by the moſt maſterly Hand. The Contents of her Letter are too true for I perſonally knew the poor deceaſed Woman ſhe ſpeaks of.

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* *I ſuppoſe the good Woman means* Maſquerade.

* *From the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

THough I have been but a little time converſant in the World, yet I have already had frequent Opportunities of obſerving the little Efficacy of Remonſtrance and Complaint, which, however extorted by Oppreſſion, or ſupported by Reaſon, is deteſted by one Part of the World as Rebellion, cenſured by another as Peeviſhneſs, by another heard with an Appearance of Compaſſion, only to betray any of thoſe Sallies of Vehemence and Reſentment, which are apt to break out upon Encouragement, and by others paſſed over with Indifference and Neglect, as Matters in which they have no Concern, and which, if they ſhould endeavour to examine or regulate, they might draw Miſchief upon themſelves.

Yet ſince it is no leſs natural for thoſe who think themſelves injured to complain, than for others to neglect their Complaints, I ſhall venture to lay my Caſe before you, in hopes that you will enforce my Opinion, if you think it juſt, or endeavour to rectify my Sentiments, if I am miſtaken. I expect, at leaſt, that you will diveſt yourſelf of Partiality, and that whatever your Age or Solemnity may be,

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* *A Paper publiſh'd every* Tueſday *and* Saturday, *price* 2d. *which is worthy the Patronage of all Gentlemen of Taſte and Genius.*

you

you will not with the Dotard's Inſolence, pronounce me ignorant, and fooliſh, perverſe, and refractory, only becauſe you perceive that I am young.

My Father dying when I was but ten Years old, left me, and a Brother two Years younger than myſelf, to the Care of my Mother, a Woman of Birth, and well bred, whoſe Prudence, or Virtue, he had no reaſon to diſtruſt. She felt, for ſome time, all the Sorrow which Nature calls forth, upon the final Seperation of Perſons dear to one another; and as her Grief was exhauſted by its own Violence, it ſubſided into Tenderneſs for me and my Brother, and the Year of Mourning was ſpent in Careſſes, Conſolations, and Inſtruction, in Celebration of my Father's Virtues, in Profeſſions of perpetual Regard to his Memory, and hourly Inſtances of ſuch Fondneſs as Gratitude will not eaſily ſuffer me to forget.

But when the Term of this mournful Felicity was expired, and my Mother appeared again without the Enſigns of Sorrow, the Ladies of her Acquaintance began to tell her, upon whatever Motives, that it was time to live like the reſt of the World; a powerful Argument, which is ſeldom uſed to a Woman without Effect. Lady *Giddy* was inceſſantly relating the Occurrences of the Town, and Mrs. *Gravely* told her privately, with great Tenderneſs, that it began to be publickly obſerved how much ſhe over-acted her Part, and that moſt of her Acquaintance ſuſpected her Hope of

procuring another Huſband to be the true Ground of all that Appearance of Tenderneſs and Piety.

All the Officiouſneſs of Kindneſs and Folly was buſied to change her Conduct. She was at one time alarmed with Cenſure, and at another fired with Praiſe. She was told of Balls, where others ſhone only becauſe ſhe was abſent; of new Comedies to which all the Town was crowding, and of many ingenious Ironies, by which domeſtick Diligence was made contemptible.

It is difficult for Virtue to ſtand alone againſt Fear on one Side, and Pleaſure on the other; eſpecially when no actual Crime is propoſed, and Prudence itſelf can ſuggeſt many Reaſons for Relaxation and Indulgence. My Mamma was at laſt perſuaded to accompany Miſs *Giddy* to a Play. She was received with a boundleſs Profuſion of Compliment, and attended home by a very fine Gentleman. Next Day ſhe was with leſs Difficulty prevailed on to play at Mrs. *Gravely*'s, and came home gay and lively; for the Diſtinctions that had been paid her awakened her Vanity; and good Luck had kept her Principles of Frugality from giving her Diſturbance. She now made her ſecond Entrance into the World, and her Friends were ſufficiently induſtrious to prevent any Return to her former Life; every Morning brought Meſſages of Invitation, and every Evening was paſſed in Places of Diverſion, from which ſhe for ſome time complained that ſhe had rather be abſent. In a ſhort time ſhe began to feel the Happineſs of acting with-

without Controul, of being unaccountable for her Hours, her Expences, and her Company; and learned, by degrees, to drop an Expreſſion of Contempt, or Pity, at the Mention of Ladies, whoſe Huſbands were ſuſpected of reſtraining their Pleaſures, or their Play, and confeſſed that ſhe loved to go and come as ſhe pleaſed.

I was ſtill favoured with ſome incidental Precepts, and tranſient Endearments, and was now and then fondly kiſſed for ſmiling like my Papa: but moſt Part of her Morning was ſpent in comparing the Opinion of her Maid and Milliner, contriving ſome Variation in her Dreſs, viſiting Shops, and ſending Compliments, and the reſt of the Day was too ſhort for Viſits, Cards, Plays, and Concerts.

She now began to diſcover that it was impoſſible to educate Children properly at Home; Parents could not have them always in their Sight, the Society of Servants was contagious, Company produced Boldneſs and Spirit, Emulation excited Induſtry, and a large School was naturally the firſt Step into the open World. A thouſand other Reaſons ſhe alledged, ſome of little Force in themſelves, but ſo well ſeconded by Pleaſure, Vanity, and Idleneſs, that they ſoon overcame all the remaining Principles of Kindneſs and Piety, and both I, and my Brother, were diſpatched to Boarding Schools.

How my Mamma ſpent her Time when ſhe was thus diſburthened I am not able to inform you, but I have reaſon to believe that Trifles and Amuſe-

ments

ments took ſtill faſter hold of her Heart. At firſt, ſhe viſited me at School, and afterwards wrote to me; but, in a ſhort Time, both her Viſits and her Letters were withheld, and no other Notice was taken of me than to remit Money for my Support.

When I came home, at the Vacation, I found myſelf coldly received, with an Obſervation, "That this Girl will preſently be a Woman." I was, after the uſual Stay, ſent to School again, and overheard my Mother ſay, as I was a going, "Well, now I ſhall recover."

In ſix Months more I came again, and, with the uſual childiſh Alacrity, was running to my Mother's Embrace, when ſhe ſtopped me with Exclamations at the Suddenneſs and Enormity of my Growth, having, ſhe ſaid, never ſeen any Body ſhoot up ſo much at my Age. She was ſure no other Girls ſpread at that Rate, and ſhe hated to have Children look like Women before their Time. I was diſconcerted, and retired without hearing any Thing more than, "Nay if you are angry, Madam *Stee-*"*ple*, you may walk off.

When once the Forms of Civility are violated, there remains little Hope of returning to Kindneſs or Decency. My Mamma made this Appearance of Reſentment a Reaſon for continuing her Malignity, and poor Miſs *Maypole*, for that was my Appellation, was never mentioned or ſpoken to, but with ſome Expreſſion of Anger, or Diſlike.

She had yet the Pleaſure of dreſſing me like a Child, and I know not when I ſhould have been thought

thought fit to change my Habit, had I not been reſcued by a Maiden Siſter of my Father, who could not bear to ſee Women in hanging Sleeves, and preſented me with Brocade for a Gown, for which I ſhould have thought myſelf under great Obligation, had ſhe not accompanied her Favour with ſome Hints, that my Mamma might now conſider her Age, and give me her Ear-Rings, which ſhe had ſhewn long enough in public Places.

I now left the School and came to live with my Mamma, who conſidered me as an Uſurper, that had ſeized the Rights of a Woman without a juſt Claim, and was puſhing her down the Precipice of Age, that I might reign without a Superiour. While I am thus beheld with Jealouſy and Suſpicion, you will readily believe that it is difficult to pleaſe. Every Word and Look is an Offence. I never ſpeak, but I pretend to ſome Qualities and Excellencies, which it is criminal to poſſeſs; if I am gay ſhe thinks it Time enough to coquette; if I am grave ſhe hates a Prude in Bibs; if I venture into Company, I am in haſte for a Huſband; if I retire to my Chamber, ſuch matron-like Ladies are Lovers of Contemplation. I am on one Pretence or other generally excluded from her Aſſemblies, nor am I ever ſuffered to viſit at the ſame Place with my Mamma. Every one wonders why ſhe does not bring Miſs more into the World, and when ſhe comes home in Vapours I am certain that ſhe has heard either of my Beauty, or my Wit, and

expect

expect nothing for the enſuing Week, but Taunts, Menaces, Contradiction, and Reproaches.

Thus I live in a State of continual Perſecution, only becauſe I was born ten Years too ſoon, and cannot ſtop the Courſe of Nature, or of Time, but am unhappily a Woman before my Mother can willingly ceaſe to be a Girl. I believe you would contribute to the Happineſs of many Families, if, by any Arguments or Perſuaſions, you could make Mothers aſhamed of rivalling their Children; if you could ſhew them, that though they may refuſe to grow wiſe, they muſt inevitably grow old, and that the proper Solaces of Age are not Muſick and Compliments, but Wiſdom and Devotion; that thoſe who are ſo unwilling to quit the World, will ſoon be driven from it, and that it is therefore their Intereſt to retire while there yet remain a few Hours for nobler Employments.

PARTHENIA.

The VILLAIN. *A True Hiſtory.*

AS we have many more Male than Female Writers, it is not to be wondered at, that the Vices and Foibles of the Women are moſt maliciouſly ſatyrized; it ſhall be my Province ſometimes to give my Sex their Revenge, by laying open the Villainy of theſe our Maſters, theſe Lords of the Creation. In their Tranſactions with each other they

they are obliged to keep up an Appearance of Probity, but in regard to us, every Stratagem, every Deceit is put in Practice to corrupt the Innocent, and to betray the Unwary. But why it ſhould be a leſs Crime to deceive an unexperienced Girl, whoſe Age and Situation render it impoſſible ſhe ſhould know the World, than it would be to direct a blind Man to the Brink of a Precipice, I am at a loſs to imagine, yet Cuſtom, that Tyrant Cuſtom, has taught us this, and many more Abſurdities. The following Fact, ſeems to me to ſhew as much Baſeneſs on one ſide, and artleſs Innocence on the other, as any thing I have heard.

Mrs. *Jenny* **** having lately loſt her Father, that ſhe might not be a Burden to her Mother, who had for her own Support but a ſmall Annuity, determined to apply to a Relation in *London*, for her Aſſiſtance in getting her a genteel Service: In order to this, ſhe took a Place in a Stage Coach; the other Paſſengers were an elderly Gentlewoman and her Son a Lad of about fifteen, and three Gentlemen. The early Hour of ſetting out, and their being entire Strangers to each other, kept them almoſt ſilent for the firſt ten Miles: By this Time the young Spark grew exceeding ſick, and the indulgent Mother inſiſted on being ſet down at the firſt Town they came to, ſaying, her Child's Health was dearer to her, than all the *London*'s in the World. They were now near the Town where the Coach uſually puts up that the Company might Breakfaſt. They no ſooner arrived, than the young

Man

Man and his Mother retired to a Chamber, leaving our Country Woman to purſue her Journey, without any of her own Sex to accompany her. The firſt Day was paſt without any more than the common Civility of bearing her Expences, which was equally divided between the three Men; only now and then a Smile of Approbation, accompanied with a Sigh, ſeemed as it were to eſcape from the genteeleſt and beſt dreſs'd of them, whenever ſhe by Chance caſt her Eyes on his. At Supper, he ſhewed the utmoſt Aſſiduity to pleaſe her, inſiſted on her being lodged in the beſt Room in the Houſe, and, in ſhort, ſpared neither Pains nor Expence to render himſelf agreeable. Thus they went on for the firſt three Days; but, on the fourth, which was to be the laſt of their being together, he appeared diſconcerted and uneaſy. At Noon, he intreated her to permit him to walk with her in the Garden of the Inn, where they dined, for a few Minutes: There he made the warmeſt Profeſſions of Love, mixed with the moſt ſolemn Appeals to Heaven, that he had no other Views than thoſe which were for her Honour and Intereſt; he told her, he muſt unavoidably be unhappy if ſhe refuſed to let him know where he might ſee her again. To all this ſhe replied, that Providence had placed her in ſuch a Situation, that it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould grant his Requeſt, ſince ſhe did not know where ſhe ſhould be fixed; as her Buſineſs in Town was only to get a Service. A Service! he returned with ſome Emotion; No, no, that muſt never be

the

the Caſe, while I have an Eſtate to maintain, or Hands to work for you. I am at preſent poſſeſs'd of upwards of 400*l.* a Year; and expect by the Death of an Uncle, to more than double my Fortune. If, deareſt Creature, I am ſo happy as not to be diſagreeable to you, conſent to ſhare it with me. By this Time the Coachman call'd, which relieved *Jenny* from her Embarraſſment. At length they arrived at their Journey's End. She was met at the Inn by her Couſin, to whoſe Houſe ſhe went for that Night. As they were getting into a Hackney Coach, ſhe obſerved her Lover ſpeak to the Coachman, and look earneſtly at the Coach-Door, but ſhe knew not what this meant. Next Day ſhe was ſurprized at hearing herſelf called by a Voice ſhe knew to be her Fellow Traveller's. This Interview was the Forerunner of many more; till at laſt, after a ſtrict Enquiry into his Character and Circumſtances, ſhe conſented to be his Wife; but as their Marriage was to be kept private, he propoſed the Fleet as the moſt proper Place for the Performance of the Ceremony. This, with ſome Reluctance, ſhe agreed to; when, as if recollecting himſelf, he cryed, There can be no Occaſion for our running the Hazard of being ſeen, ſince a Miniſter will come to us, and it will be equally valid. This alſo, weak and unthinking, ſhe conſented to. The next Day they went to a Tavern, and he ordered a Drawer, whom he aſked for at the Bar, to go for a Clergyman from the *Fleet*. This ſame Drawer ſerved for both Father and Clerk.

The ſolemn Ceremony being over, he carried her to genteel Lodgings, at the Court-End of the Town, where he behaved with the utmoſt Tenderneſs for three Months. She was now with Child, and he began to be leſs frequent in his Viſits; when one Day, on her deſiring Leave to acquaint her Mother with her Happineſs, he told her, that Happineſs was hers no longer than ſhe kept it a Secret, and immediately left her. She ſaw him no more for ſeveral Days; and when he came home, was in the Height of ill-humour, and told her he was going out of Town for a Fortnight. She aſked him for Money for her Support, when flinging her a Guinea, he flounced out of the Room. This Behaviour, ſo different from what ſhe had Reaſon to expect, filled her Heart with Anguiſh, and her Eyes with Tears. But who can deſcribe the Aſtoniſhment, the Miſery, the Torture, of this poor Creature, when the Woman of the Houſe told her, ſhe muſt provide herſelf with other Lodgings; for the Gentleman, whom ſhe called her Huſband, had payed her to that Time, and told her, ſhe muſt expect no more from him! She ran —— ſhe flew to the Tavern where ſhe was married; but, on Enquiry, found the Drawer had been diſcharged two Months before: She then aſked, if any of the Family knew the Miniſter that was ſent for by Mr. **** but they all pretended Ignorance. Thus artfully deprived of every Reſource, to whom could ſhe apply for Juſtice? The Wretch that betrayed her was flown; her Kinſwoman refuſed her

Suc-

Succour, called her an infamous Creature; and, to compleat her Misery, told her, that she had the Week before received a Letter, which gave an Account of the Death of her Mother. Loaded with Grief, she returned to her Lodgings: The Woman had Compassion enough to let her remain there that Night, and the next Morning she was in a high Fever. The Expences of an Apothecary and Nurse soon dissipated her little Store, and the Pity of her Landlady did not continue much longer. By this time the Strength of her Constitution got the better of the Distemper; and she lives to feel more Distress. But, if the Villain, the cruel, the inhuman Villain! still refuses to provide for her and his Child, his Name and Place of Abode shall soon be made public

By *Mary Midnight.*

A Journey to PARIS: *In a Letter from a Country 'Squire to his Papa.*

Paris *in* France, *this* 16th *of* June, *annoq. Domini*, 1749, *in the* 22d *Year of King* George the Second.

Ever-honoured Sir, Mon Pere,

AFTER my humble Duty remembred to you, hoping you are in good Health as I am at this present Writing: This is for to let you know, that we left *Dover* last *Tuesday* was three Weeks,

to ſail upon the main Ocean Sea; and having a bloody ſtrong Gale of Wind, we got to *Calais* in four Hours: But I did not half like it, for I was moſt conſumed Sea-ſick; and our *Dick* was ſo abominatious bad, that I thought he would have been *vivat Rex*, and died upon the Spot: He had a growling and grumbling in his Griſking, and muted and caſt to that Degree, as if he would have brought up his very Pluck and Harſlet. We had no ſooner landed, but we were hurried to the Governor's, and then to the Cuſtom-Houſe, where we had a mortal deal of Trouble with my Portmanteau; and *Dick* had like to have loſt the Bag where was all my clean Linnen and old Shoes. And, as neither *Dick* nor I underſtood then one Word of *French*, we had like to have been bamboozled; but by the Help of a well-ſpoken *Engliſh* Gentleman, a very handſome-body'd Perſon in the Face, (whom I found was a Drawer at the *Silver-Lion* there) we got out of the Scrape, and he very civilly carried us to the Houſe where he had the Honour to ſerve. There we lived in Clover; and there I found two *Engliſh* Travellers going to *Paris:* The one a humming young Spendthriſt, with a blue Purple Scarlet Coat on, all bedizened with Lace; a ſilly Puppy! that could neither play at Putt nor All-Fours; but wanted me, forſooth, to play at Quadrille, which I knew no more of than the Pope of *Rome:* So I ſmelt the Lay, and ſhun'd him. The other, was an *Oxford* Scholar juſt come from *Cambridge*, a mere Ninny: His firſt Queſtion was,

If

If I was acquainted with the *Claſſicks?* and I, in return, aſk'd him if he was acquainted in *Eſſex?* and let him know, you was of the *Quorum*, and that I was your Son and Heir: But as for the Family of the *Claſſicks*, I was ſure there was no ſuch in our County, or none of any Note; upon this he grinn'd, and turn'd away upon his Heel, and ſo I found the Fellow was a Fool. And I was glad I got ſheere of him; and reſolved to keep no *Engliſh* Gentlemen Company; becauſe firſt and foremoſt, they ſpend their Money at no Rate, and I do not deſire ſuch Converſation, becauſe I know it argues nothing, and their Pretences to Friendſhip is nothing but Blandation. And I reſolving to live within Compaſs, (do you ſee Sir,) deſign'd to go to *Paris* in the Waggon. But when I call'd for a Reckoning (Blood and Thunder) I may ſay, there was the Devil to pay—but as the Saying is, *Neceſſitas non habet leggs*; ſo I paid it with as good a Will, as if I had ſwallow'd a Hedge Hog.

We ſet out early one Morning in company only with three *Frenchmen* (very cliver Gentlemen indeed!) one of them ſpoke pretty good, bad *Engliſh*, and had been Footman to a half-pay Officer; the Second was a Rope Dancer; and the Third taught Dogs to Set, and the like, but ſurely they were the moſt complaiſant Gentlemen that ever were born or chriſtened. Whatever I ſaid, they ſaid ſo too: If I ſneez'd, they bow'd; if I laugh'd, they did the ſame; if I yawn'd, they ſtretch'd their Jaws, and ſo forth. We were ten Days in getting to *Paris*,

and paſs'd thro' many Towns and Cities: But I knew better than to puzzle my Brains to remember their Names, which would arguſie nothing at all, if ſo be I came for Improvement, and the like of that. My Fellow Travellers were ſo mortal civil to me, that I could do no leſs than to bear their Expences; however I loſt nothing by it, for in return they taught me *French* as faſt as Hops, ſo that by the Time we got to *Paris*, I could ſay, *we Monſeer*, and *non Mounſeer*, as well as the beſt of them, and ſo could our *Dick* too. But they all ſaid, that they never knew any Body that ever learned ſo much in ſo ſhort a Time, and I am of the ſame Mind too, tho' I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it, and that's a proud Word; but mum for that—— *tace* is *Latin* for a Candle.

At *Paris* by Advice of my Friend the Footman, I took Lodgings at a Friend's of his, at a Six Souſe Ordinary up two Pair of Stairs in a back Lane, becauſe of cheap Living. For thinks I to myſelf, as I am here only to ſee Faſhions, I may as well do that out of a Window up two Pair of Stairs, as out of a Parlour: And to ſave Charges *Dick* lies with me, but is diſmally afraid of Spirits, and of Things walking, becauſe he cannot ſpeak a Bit of *Latin*— And for my own part, I reſolve (as the Saying is) to keep only the beſt of Company: So I found a ſufficient Number of very polite Gentlemen that lodg'd in the ſame Houſe; that is to ſay, two Journeymen Taylors (Natives of *Ireland*) two *Italian* Fidlers, and the chief Toad-eater to a very noted Mounte-

Mountebank! but ſure, and ſure! had you but ſeen how they all honour'd, bow'd to, and compliment-ed me, you would have taken your corporal Oath, that they were Men of Quality, and knew that I was ſomebody.

I have been at Court but once, and I will inſure you, I will never go twice; for I think in my Heart, that it is as fine a Sight to ſee our Quarter Seſſions. But it ſeems my Merit could not be hid there: for I am told by one that heard it from the King's Corn-cutter, that he was inform'd by one of the Pages in waiting, that he thinks he heard the Cardinal ſay, as how, as he almoſt thought, that I was Somebody of Diſtinction if the Truth was known, and the like of that.

I muſt not forget to tell you, that they are all here, either *Papiſhes*, or *Roman Catholicks*, and I like them at no Price: So that when I have ſeen Faſhions one Week more, I deſign to return from beyond Sea, in order, Sir, to make you a Grand-father, if I live and do well, as the Saying is. The whole City have their Eye upon me, eſpecially the Ladies, who I am told are all in Love with me: And every one ſays, I am vaſtly improv'd by Travelling; and that I am ſo Witty, and ſo Wiſe, that they never ſaw the Peer of me in all their born Days. And as I have now ſeen the World, I hope the Gentlemen of the County will be ſo wiſe as to put me up for one at the next Election. So no more at preſent, but my Love to *Tom Jackſon*, and

Good-

Goodman Hickumbottom, and to the Parſon, and his Aunt, which is all from,

Dear Papa,

Your ever loving Son till Death,

W. Boobykin.

P. S. Here is a vaſt cunning Man lives at the very next Door, he proffers for a Luidore (as they call it) to learn me to make Spells and Charms, and Love Powders, and will teach me to raiſe the Devil into the Bargain: which I think may be of great Uſe to me at Elections, and in Fox-Hunting, and ſo forth. And as I have a Capacity for any witty Thing, I have a huge Mind to learn: And he ſays, if I will turn *Papiſh*, he will give me the true Receipt to make the Philoſopher's Stone, that will turn every Thing I touch, to Gold, and Silver, and Money, and the like: But I ſhall beg his Diverſion for that, for I han't a Mind to be Damn'd at preſent; and hope I never ſhall, if I live and do well, and ſo forth, as the Saying is.

W. B—.

On POETRY.

A Certain *Arabic* Author, which I have read ſomewhere, obſerves, that the ſuperior Excellency of any Science can only be demonſtrated by the

the Number of its Votaries, and the attractive Power of its Charms; and if ſo, I think Poetry will bear not only the Bays, but the Bell too from all others. Every Man ſcribbles Verſes, and attempts at Poetry, as every Woman curls her Locks, and endeavours to appear beautiful, and both ſeem willing to deceive themſelves; for the one is as fondly prone to be acknowledged a Wit, as the other to be celebrated for a Beauty.

The ridiculous Figure which ſome Ladies make in their Finery, may be ſeen every Day in the Mall, the Streets, and the Gardens, and to illuſtrate the Compariſon, I ſhall alſo let you ſee how ridiculouſly ſome Men appear in their Poetic Apparel.

Take the firſt Inſtance from a fiddle-faddle Poet, to his Miſtreſs.

Pretty Miſ-ſe,
Come and kiſ-ſe,
With your black and rolling Eye,
O that Lip-pe
Let me ſip-pe,
Or with Anguiſh I ſhall die.

Another Gentleman whom I have alſo the Honour to be known to, has ſuch an Art of Swelling, that many of his Pieces, which I am confident, were wrote without Meaning, have, among the Vulgar, paſs'd for ſtrong Senſe and Sublimity —— Mark the Pomp of the following Paſſage.

And

And round his Head a Flood of Darkneſs roll'd,
So maſſy, permanent and thick, you could
Not hear the Cock's ſhrill Din when Morn appear'd.

Here the Flowers of *Rhetoric*, and the Nutmeg and Sugar of Poetry, are finely intermix'd.

I could give innumerable Inſtances of this ſort of Sublime; but the Above may ſerve my preſent Purpoſe. I ſhall now, with Mr. Printer's Leave, exhibit ſome few Stanza's of a very extraordinary Pſalm, which was compos'd laſt Summer on the Diſtemper among the Horned Cattle, by the Clerk of a certain Pariſh in *Yorkſhire*, and chorus'd by the whole Congregation.

After the firſt four Stanza's, which contain an Account of the Cattle loſt, and the Sufferers Names, he begins the Fifth thus:

V.

No Chriſtian Bull, nor Cow, they ſay,
But takes it out of hand;
And we ſhall have no Cows at all,
I doubt, within this Land.

VI.

The Doctors, tho' they all have ſpoke
Like learned Gentlemen;
And told us how the Intrails look
Of Cattle dead and gean.

VII.

Yet they do nothing do at all,
With all their Learning ſtore;
So Heav'n drive out this Plague away,
And vex us not no more.

This Piece was ſo well received, that after Service was over, it was deſired again by all the Congregation, except ſix Farmers, who wept bitterly, and ſaid, the Lines were too moving. 'Twas alſo greatly applauded by the 'Squire, who himſelf writes Verſes, and may therefore (if you pleaſe) be eſteemed a proper Judge. As to the Parſon, he was obliged to ſtand Neuter, however ſtupid and ridiculous it might appear to him; for it is as much as his *Benefice* is worth to contradict the 'Squire. When the People were going out of the Church, I heard the Miniſter ſay to the Clerk, "*John*, *John*, "Why what Pſalm was this we had to Day? it "was not one of *David*'s." *David*'s! No, Sir, (quoth *John*, big with the new Honour he had acquired) David *never made ſuch a Pſalm ſine he was born.* —— *This is one of my own putting together, Meaſter!*

I can't quit the 'Squire without taking Notice of his Compoſitions, which are very many, and very extraordinary; but the moſt conſiderable, and what he values himſelf principally upon, is a Number of Stanza's he has compos'd for his own Uſe, and which have ſerved him as Auxiliaries to all his other Poems; but of theſe I may have Occaſion to ſpeak in a future Number. *M. Midnight.*

* *A* BALLAD: Compos'd by Miſs *Nelly Pentweazle*, a young Lady of Fifteen; and may with great Propriety be ſung at *Chriſtenings*.

The Tune of, *Lumps of Pudding*.

I.

OF all my Experience how vaſt the Amount,
Since fifteen long Winters I fairly can count!
Was ever poor Damſel ſo ſadly betray'd,
For to live to theſe Years, and yet ſtill be a Maid!

II.

Ye Heroes triumphant by Land and by Sea,
Sworn Vot'ry's to Love, yet unmindful of me,
You can ſtorm a ſtrong Fort, or can form a Blockade,
Yet ye ſtand by, like Daſtards, and ſee me a Maid!

III.

Ye Lawyers ſo juſt, who with ſlippery Tongue
Can do what you pleaſe, or with Right or with Wrong,
Can it be or by Law or by Equity ſaid,
That a buxom young Girl ought to die an old Maid?

IV.

Ye learned Phyſicians, whoſe excellent Skill
Can ſave or demoliſh, can cure or can kill,
To a poor forlorn Damſel contribute your Aid,
Who is ſick — very ſick — of remaining a Maid.

V.

You, Fops, I invoke not to liſt to my Song,
Who anſwer no End, and to no Sex belong,
Ye Echoes of Echoes, and Shadows of Shade, ——
For if I had you —— I might ſtill be a Maid.

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* The Above I borrow'd from the STUDENT, or OXFORD and CAMBRIDGE *Monthly Miſcellany*; a Sixpenny Pamphlet, conſiſting of *Original Pieces* only, and publiſhed with the Approbation and Aſſiſtance of thoſe famous Univerſities.

The New Occaſional Prologue, *ſpoken at the Opening of* Drury-Lane *Theatre, by Mr.* GARRICK.

AS Heroes, States, and Kingdoms, riſe and fall;
So — (with the Mighty to compare the Small —)
Thro' Int'reſt, Whim, or if you pleaſe thro' Fate,
We feel Commotions in our Mimick State:
The Sock and Buſkin fly from Stage to Stage;
A Year's Alliance, is with us —— an Age!
And where's the Wonder? all Surprize muſt ceaſe,
When we reflect, how Int'reſt, or Caprice,
Make real Kings break *Articles of Peace.*

Strengthen'd with new Allies, our Foes prepare;
Cry Havock! and let ſlip the Dogs of War.
To ſhake our Souls, the Papers of the Day
Drew forth the adverſe Power in dread Array;
A Power, might ſtrike the Boldeſt with Diſmay:
Yet fearleſs ſtill we take the Field with Spirit,
Arm'd Cap-a-pee in ſelf-ſufficient Merit.
Our Ladies too, with Souls and Tongues untam'd,
Fire up like Britons, when the Battle's nam'd:
Each female Heart pants for the glorious Strife,
From *Hamlet*'s Mother, to the Cobler's Wife.
Some few there are whom paltry Paſſions guide,
Deſert each Day, and fly from Side to Side;
Others like *Swiſs*, love Fighting as their Trade,
For beat, or beating — they muſt all be paid.

Sacred to SHAKESPEAR was this Spot deſign'd,
To pierce the Heart, and humanize the Mind;
But if an empty Houſe, the Actor's Curſe,
Shews us our *Lears*, and *Hamlets*, loſe their Force;
Unwilling, we muſt change the nobler Scene,
And, in our Turn, preſent you *Harlequin*;
Quit Poets, and ſet Carpenters to work,
Shew gaudy Scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk.

For tho' we Actors one and all agree
Boldly to ſtruggle for our —— Vanity;
If Want comes on, Importance muſt retreat;
Our firſt, great, ruling Paſſion is —— to eat.
To keep the Field, all Methods we'll purſue;
The Conflict glorious! for we fight for YOU:
And ſhou'd we fail to gain the wiſh'd Applauſe,
At leaſt we're vanquiſh'd in a noble Cauſe.

The Occaſional Prologue *ſpoken at* Covent-Garden *Theatre, by Mr.* BARRY.

WHEN Vice, or Folly, over-runs a State,
Weak Politicians lay the Blame on Fate:
When Rulers uſeful Subjects ceaſe to prize,
And damn for Arts that caus'd themſelves to riſe:
When Jealouſies and Fears poſſeſs the Throne,
And Kings allow no Merit —— but their own:
Can it be ſtrange, that Men for Flight prepare,
And ſtrive to raiſe a Colony elſewhere?
This Cuſtom has prevail'd in ev'ry Age,
And has been ſometimes practis'd on the Stage:
For — *entre nous* — theſe *Managers of Merit,*
Who fearleſs arm —— *and take the Field with Spirit,*
Have curb'd us Monarchs with their haughty Mien,
And *Herod* * —— have *out-Herod-ed* —— within.
[*Pointing to the Green-Room.*
O! they can torture twenty thouſand Ways!
Make bouncing *Bajazet* † retreat from *Bays!* ‡

The Ladies ‖ too, with ev'ry Pow'r to charm,
Whoſe Face, and Fire, an Anchorite might warm,
Have felt the Fury of a Tyrant's Arm.

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* Mr. *Q---n.* † Both *Q---n* and *B---y.* ‡ Mr. *G-----k.*
‖ Mrs. *C--bb--r*, &c.

By ſelfiſh Arts expell'd our antient Seat,
In ſearch of Candour —— and in ſearch of *Meat*,
We, from your Favour, hope for this Retreat.

If *Shakeſpear*'s Paſſion, or if *Johnſon*'s Art,
Can fire the Fancy, or can warm the Heart,
That Taſk be ours; —— But if you damn their Scenes,
And Heroes muſt give way to Harlequins,
We, too, can have Recourſe to Mime' and Dance;
Nay, there, I think, we have the better Chance:
And, ſhould the Town grow weary of the Mute,
Why — we'll produce — a Child upon the Flute. §
But, be the Food as 'twill, 'tis you that treat!
They've feaſted long —— permit us now to *eat*.

An Occaſional PROLOGUE;

Occaſion'd by the two *occaſional Prologues*; to be ſpoken either by Mr. *Garrick* or Mr. *Barry*, or both, aſſiſted in the Delivery thereof by Mrs. *Midnight*, being the firſt Time of her appearing on any Stage.

KIND-hearted Friends —— behold theſe Sobs and Sighing!
I'd aſk your Pardon —— but —— I can't for crying.
'Twas vile in me your Honours to offend,
And if you'll make me better — why — I'll mend.
'Twas wholly to my Brother-Bluſter owing;
He was the Man *did do* this ſad *Miſdoing*;
He was the Man whoſe proud indignant Spirit,
Hating a Rival, ſtrove to hide my Merit.
Ah Brother! Brother! think on *Johnny Gay*,
Think on the Moral giv'n us in his Play;
And let's like *Peachum*, and his Brother *Lockit*,
Our own Affronts —— with others Money, pocket.

§ A Child ſaid to be but Four Years of Age, has been introduced on the Stage of *Drury-Lane* Theatre, to play a Tune on that Inſtrument.

Enter Mrs. Midnight *in haſte.*

Great is the Noiſe, and clam'rous is the Claſh,
When two ſuch *weighty Wights* together daſh!
Wit's Mirth oft takes its Riſe from *Folly*'s Ire,
As *Flint* ſtrikes *Steel*, and Quarrels into *Fire*.
I, even I, old Woman, as I am,
Have juſt Pretence your Poetry to damn;
To fix the Standard between wrong and right,
And call you both a Couple of —— Good Night.

They bow to Mrs. Midnight, *and then retire; after which, the old Lady ſings the following Simile.*

While *Garrick* ſmart, and bluſtring *Barry* jar,
Like rough and ſmooth, or Oil and Vinegar,
I, like an hard-boil'd Egg come in between,
And mix their Matters, as I intervene;
I form *(for Rhyme's ſake add, with* JUST INTENTION*)*
Betwixt the fighting Fluids a Convention;
Which being thus conjoin'd, pleaſe ev'ry Palate,
And make a pretty Figure in a Sallad.

N. B. *If the Reader has any Objection to the above as a* PROLOGUE, *let him ſignify ſuch his Diſlike in the Daily Advertiſer, and it ſhall be called an* INTERLUDE.

On the run of ROMEO *and* JULIET.

WELL — what's to Night? ſays angry *Ned*,
As up from Bed he rouſes:
Romeo again — and ſhakes his Head,
* Ah! Pox on both your Houſes.

I. H——tt.

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* Vide Mercutio's laſt Speech.

The MIDWIFE's POLITICKS: Or, *Goſſip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL and SPAIN.

OUR Diſputes with Spain are yet unſettled, tho' we have been aſſured, over and over, that both Parties are willing to make ſome Conceſſions for the ſake of Trade. The Spaniſh Miniſters are ſo ſlow and formal in their Deliberations, that I am afraid that artful Old Woman, the Queen Dowager, contributes to blunt the Edge of Mr. Keen's Arguments. Certainly her Influence is not yet loſt, as ſome pretend, her youngeſt Son being to exchange his Cardinal's Hat for a Temporal Sovereignty. But whether Corſica, which is affirmed to be upon Sale, be deſigned for him, or for his Brother Don *Philip*, perhaps no other old Woman but his ſaid Mother can at preſent tell. The laſt Fable that has been given us, on the Subject of the *reformed* Cardinal's future Condition, is, that he will probably be made Duke of Lorrain, upon the Death of King Staniſlaus. I do not, for my part, give much Credit to this Story; but ſhall not aſſign the Reaſons of my Diſſent, leſt the Men ſhould aſſume them for their own, and put them as ſuch in the other Magazines.

His Portugueſe Majeſty, like all new Kings, is hitherto extremely wiſe, extremely good, extremely vigilant, and in ſhort, has every Perfection. But I much fear he will by and by, want the Counſels of Father Gaſpard, whom I ſuſpect, by the Character given of him, to be really an old Woman diſguiſed in the Habit of a Monk.

ITALY.

My Readers will ſee I am ſomewhat of a Geographer, by the Order in which I place the ſeveral Countries: For taking *Europe* in three Ranges, of three Diviſions each, and proceeding with them all from the Left Hand to the Right, any Woman, or even any Beau, may trace my Me-

thod upon a Map.—If it be objected, that other Monthly Hiſtorians begin at the Top, or with the Northern Countries: My Anſwer is, that I have a great Affection for the warm Regions, and that it would be no Diſadvantage to your Male-Hiſtorians, if, like me, they took Pains to examine the Bottom of all Things with which they had any Concern.

Italy, then, comes next in Order, and beginning ſtill at the lower Extremity, the King of the two Sicilies is the firſt Prince in Italy. This Prince, who is to ſucceed his half Brother in the Throne of Spain, if the latter dies without Iſſue, and to be ſucceeded in Naples and Sicily (or the two Sicilies) by his next Brother Don Philip (according to his good Mother's Appointment) is at preſent much employ'd in repelling the Barbary Corſairs, in reſtraining the Licentiouſneſs of his own Nobility, and in promoting the Trade of his Subjects. — I believe he has ſome wiſe old Woman for his Privy Counſellor. — The Pope, his next Neighbour, is employed by the Buſineſs of the Jubilee, a little Diſpute with the Republick of Venice, which ſeems to be almoſt made up, and the Means that are meditating by his undutiful Sons, to curtail his Power and Influence. The Papacy carried it with a much higher Hand when the holy Mother Joan filled the ſacred See: But the Male-Sovereigns uſe her preſent Succeſſor, who I doubt wants ſome good Female Advice, juſt as they would a mere Old Woman, in their own ironical and profane Senſe of that venerable Title.

The Emperor, as Grand Duke of Tuſcany, is ſet up for a Naval Power with three Men of War. — The Duke of Modena is getting all he can, to make up the Loſs of ſeveral Years Exile. — The Duke of Parma is ſpending more than he can get, and depends on his Mother to ſupply the Deficiency.—The Lucqueſe are too inconſiderable to be often mentioned; and the Genoeſe, if they part with Corſica, will ſoon become as inconſiderable: Let them be told an old Woman ſays it! The Venetians, tho'

tho' Papiſts, are at preſent watchful over both Pope and Turk, againſt whom we Proteſtants are taught to pray in Metre.—The Empreſs-Queen, who will probably make a wiſe old Woman, is vigilant to preſerve what ſhe enjoys in Lombardy. Which ſeems the more neceſſary, as the King of Spain, upon the Marriage of his Siſter with the Duke of Savoy, has given up his Right to thoſe Dominions to his Sardinian Majeſty.—— This Monarch is indeed deſcended of a Race of Princes, who have artfully drawn ſome Advantage from all the Diſputes in their Neighbourhood; and he has copied the laudable Examples ſet him with great Art and Spirit.

TURKEY, &c.

As the Turks are ſo unjuſt and ungenerous to our Sex, that they will not allow us the Faculties of Reaſon, no wonder they do not conſult us in any of the great and arduõus Affairs of their Empire. And hence we may account for the late Confuſions at Conſtantinople, the Fires and Conſpiracies, the Depoſition of Vizirs and other great Officers, and the Oppoſition of the common People to the Policy of their Prince, tho' they adore his Perſon. They are now by what appears, going to War without any Cauſe of Quarrel, and merely becauſe their Women have not Influence enough to keep them quiet in their Houſes.

With regard to the leſſer Mahometan States on the Coaſt of Africa, I do not think any Woman would have borne from them, what ſome Heroes of the other Sex have lately ſubmitted to. But as I am not ſo credulous, whatever may be ſaid to the Diſparagement of my Sex and Age, as to believe every Story at firſt Hearing, I ſhall wait 'till we have more authentick Advices of Mr. Keppel's Embaſſy, than have yet been given us, before I paſs my Verdict on that Buſineſs.

FRANCE.

The Subjects of this Monarchy, both Laity and Clergy, complain grievouſly of the heavy Impoſitions laid on them by the Court. The Clergy in particular, have had their Aſſembly ſuddenly diſſolved, and the Biſhops were ordered Home in haſte to their reſpective Dioceſſes. It is thought the next Step of the Court may be to ſeize the Temporalities of thoſe who continue refractory: The Conſequence of which, as any Old Woman may foreſee, will be great Diſturbances. It is plain from an Addition lately order'd to the Guards at Paris, that the French Miniſters don't think themſelves free from all danger of Commotions. With regard to Foreign Affairs, France profeſſes great Juſtice and Equity to all her Allies, and eſpecially to Great Britain in the Caſe of their American Diſputes! But if her Promiſes run as high, they ſeem to deſerve as little Credit as ever: I don't think any Old Women of common Senſe, could be impoſed upon by them any longer, unleſs ſhe firſt ſaw actual Performance in ſome Particulars.

The NETHERLANDS *and* GERMANY.

In the Auſtrian Netherlands, there is a Talk of reviving Trade, eſpecially with England; and for that purpoſe, of cutting a Canal from Oſtend to Bruſſels. In the United Provinces, the Spirit both of Commerce and of Subordination ſeems to have greatly leſſened. The Supplies are with Difficulty raiſed for the current Service, and the Civil Power, (to ſpeak like a profeſſed Politician) ſubſiſts by the frequent Interpoſition of the Military. A new Eaſt-India Company, juſt in the Neighbourhood of the States-General, is going to be erected at Embden by the King of Pruſſia, who, it muſt for once be confeſs'd to the Honour of the Men, appears to have ſingular Talents for Government without female Conjunction.

The

The Quarrel betwixt the Papiſts and Proteſtants, which lately broke out in the Country of Hohenloe, and ſeemed to be pretty well appeaſed, has been revived thro' the Bigotry of ſome of the petty Counts of that Name, who are in danger of ſuffering by military Execution. But they thought proper, in the laſt Extremity, to ſubmit, which they might have done with a much better Grace before. The Lutherans and Calviniſts are not at much leſs Enmity with each other than both are with the Papiſts; and the former deny the latter the Liberty of a Church at Frankfort. Would any unprejudiced old Woman be ſo fooliſh, as not to perceive that all Prohibitions of this Nature are equally unchriſtian and unreaſonable?

The Emperor, tho' he reigns in Right of his own Election, derives his real Influence and Power from the Dominions of his Conſort, or, in other Words, from the Apron ſtring; To the Honour of our Sex be it ſpoken! To get the eldeſt Son of this Imperial Couple choſen King of the Romans, ſeems at preſent to be the chief Buſineſs in Germany, where many wiſe Heads are club'd together to procure a future Head over them all.

POLAND.

We have no Advice from this Kingdom, or this Republic, or this Anarchy, (let the Men, who formed ſuch an incoherent State, call it by which Name they pleaſe) except what relates to the Confuſion in the public Aſſemblies, and the Inroads made on the defenceleſs Frontiers by a Parcel of Freebooters. There is but one Thing in which the Poliſh Nation and their King ſeems agreed, and that is, to deſire the Reſtoration of Duke Biron of Courland. The Czarina, who is doubtleſs a ſage Princeſs, tho' not yet old, ſeems inclineable to oblige her Neighbours in this Particular.

The BRITISH ISLES.

There are two Reaſons, why I do not chuſe to inſert any Thing here relating to the Policy of my own Coun-

Country; One is, that I know of nothing new which can be ſpoken much to its Advantage; The other, that what may be ſaid of a contrary Nature, our Enemies and Neighbours are ready enough to publiſh. I am a true Briton, and wou'd conceal the Nakedneſs I cannot prevent.

DENMARK *and* SWEDEN.

There has been nothing remarkable from the firſt of theſe Countries within the laſt Month, except we eſteem all the Inſtances, which his Daniſh Majeſty is conſtantly ſhewing of his Love to his Subjects, to be of this Nature. —— The News from Sweden runs juſt in the old Strain, that is, a Strain which gives no poſitive Satisfaction. The old King ſtill lives; the Dyet is to meet next Year; and Peace is yet preſerved with Ruſſia, how much Pains ſoever ſome Perſons may have taken to promote a Rupture.

RUSSIA.

We now come to the laſt, and much the moſt extenſive of our nine Diviſions, in which a Woman reigns with great Dignity and Reputation. She is, indeed, the third of her Sex that has filled the Throne of Ruſſia within the laſt twenty-five Years. Her Fleet, which was ſent out to take a little Air and Exerciſe, is returned into Port, without giving the leaſt Moleſtation to the Swedes by Sea, any more than her Army in Finland does by Land. This Princeſs, who ſees the Taſte of her People greatly poliſh'd, is endeavouring to reform their Manners by ſuppreſſing the lewd Houſes, and ſhutting up, or baniſhing the lewd Women. I make no doubt but I ſhall often have Occaſion to ſay much in her Praiſe, and to the Honour of our Sex from her Example.

An *Epilogue* occaſioned by the two occaſional *Prologues*, and ſpoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

I'LL do't, by Heav'n I will — pray get you gone,
What all theſe Janglings, and I not make one?
Was ever Woman offer'd ſo much Wrong?
T'heſe Creatures here would have me hold my Tongue!
I'm ſo provok'd — I hope you will excuſe me:
I muſt be heard — and beg you won't refuſe me.
While our mock Heroes, not ſo wiſe as raſh,
With Indignation hold the vengeful Laſh;
And at each other throw alternate Squibs,
Compos'd of little Wit — and ſome few Fibs.
I *Catherine Clive*, come here t'attack 'em all,
And aim alike at *little* and at *tall*;
But firſt e'er with theſe Buſkin Chiefs I brave it,
A Story is at Hand, and you ſhall have it.

Once on a time two Boys were throwing Dirt,
A gentle Youth was one, and one was ſomewhat pert:
Each to his Maſter with his Tale retreated,
Who gravely heard their different Parts repeated,
How *Tom* was rude, and *Jack* poor Lad ill-treated.
The Maſter paus'd —— to be unjuſt was loth,
Call'd for a Rod and fairly whip'd them both.
In this ſame Maſter's Place, lo! here I ſtand,
And for each Culprit, hold the Laſh in Hand.
Firſt, for our own — Oh, 'tis a pretty Youth!
But out of fifty Lies I'll ſift ſome Truth.
'Tis true he's of a cholerick Diſpoſition;
And Fiery Parts make up his Compoſition.
How have I ſeen him rave when Things miſcarry'd?
Indeed he's grown *much tamer* ſince he marry'd.
If he ſucceeds, what Joys his Fancy ſtrike,
And then he GETS — to which he has no Diſlike.
Faults he has many — but I know no Crimes;
Yes; he has one — he contradicts ſometimes:

And

And when he falls into his frantic Fit,
He blufters ſo, it makes e'en ME ſubmit.
So much for him — the other Youth comes next,
Who ſhews by what he ſays, poor Soul he's vext!
He tells you Tales how cruelly THIS treats us,
To make you think the little Monſter beats us.
Wou'd I have whin'd in melancholy Phraſe,
How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bays!
I, that am Woman! would have ſtood the Fray,
At leaſt, not ſnivell'd thus, and run away!
Should any Manager lift Arm at me,
I have a Tyrant Arm as well as he!——
In fact there has ſome little bouncing been,
But who the Bouncer was, — enquire within!
No matter who — I now proclaim a Peace,
And hope henceforth Hoſtilities will ceaſe:
No more ſhall either rack his Brains to teaze ye,
But let the Conteſt be who moſt ſhall pleaſe ye.

N. B. *This* Epilogue *was taken in Short-Hand the Night I went to ſee Miſs* Jenny Cibber *play the Part of* Alicia, *in* Jane Shore; *ſome few Miſtakes may therefore have happen'd, which the candid Reader will excuſe and correct. Now I am ſpeaking of* Miſs Cibber, *I muſt do her the Juſtice to obſerve, that ſhe play'd the Part much better than cou'd be expected from one of her Years and Practice; and if a proper Regard is paid to her Modeſty and Merit, I make no Doubt ſhe will become an exceeding good Player.*

MARY MIDNIGHT.

The MIDWIFE.

NUMB. II.

A LETTER *from an eminent Undertaker in Town, to an eminent Phyſician in the Country.*

Dear Sir,

MY Heart is almoſt broke. —— The Papers of the Day, are enough to diſtract me.— Decreaſed in the Burials laſt Week, Seventy five; decreaſed in the Burials this Week, Forty-two; and this has been the Trade, ever ſince you have been out of Town; for God's ſake, dear Doctor, conſider, tho' you have fill'd your own Coffers, your poor old Friend is a ſtarving. All Tradeſmen muſt live, and *we* cannot live unleſs other People dye; and unaſſiſted Nature will never employ a thouſandth Part of our Buſineſs. Beſides, People have got a knack of remaining above Ground after their Death. " Mrs. *Keith*'s Corpſe was " removed from her Huſband's Houſe, in *May-* " *Fair*, the Middle of *October*, 1749, to an " Apothecary's, in *South Audley-Street*, where " ſhe lies in a Room hung with Mourning, and

" is to continue there, till Mr. *Keith* can attend " her Funeral." —— Zounds, if this become a Faſhion, we ſhall ſhortly have a POSTHUMOUS WORLD. The Coffin-Makers, the Feather-ſhops, * the Plumpers, and the Embalmers, the Grave-diggers, *&c. &c. &c.* — are all on the Point of breaking. 'Tis true, the Apothecaries ſtand us in ſome ſtead, thoſe honeſt Fellows throw us in an odd Hetacomb of Carcaſes every now and then, but they can't go on with half the Vigour as they did when they were aided by your efficacious Preſcriptions; thoſe Preſcriptions which finiſh'd Affairs at a Blow, and were infallible Mittimus's to the Realms of Silence and Tranquillity. I have juſt now had one of my *Mutes* with me, who has made ſuch a damn'd *Noiſe* for his Money, that I expect to hear nothing diſtinctly for this Twelve Month, and to mend Matters, in comes the Exciſe-Man (would to God, Doctor, he was under your Hands) and brings a Bill a Yard long, on Account of the Tax upon Coaches and Hearſes. He's a good likely Fellow, and would make a charming Corpſe, and I heartily wiſh I had the Burying of him, and all his Fraternity. — You ſee, Sir, the Neceſſity of your reſtoring yourſelf to the Publick, ſince Buſineſs ſo ſtagnates without you; neither will the Intemperance of the Times,

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* For an Explanation of this Word, conſult the *Student* in *Calliope*.

the

the Sedulity of the Apothecaries, War, Peſtilence, and Famine, ſuffice for our Purpoſe, if you continue in the Country.

Yours Affectionately,
CHARLES COFFIN.

Dick Deathwatch my Partner, and *Harry Hatchment*, the Herald Painter, deſire their Reſpects.

A Political Dialogue between Mr. Crib, *a Taylor, Mr.* Patch *a Cobler, and* Jerry Pickbone *a Footman; taken in ſhort Hand by Mrs.* Mary Midnight, 1745, *at a Gin-ſhop in St.* Martin's Lane.

CRIB. I tell you Maſter *Patch*, 'tis this War, 'tis this d-mn'd War, that makes every Thing ſo plaguy dear.

Patch. Are we at War now with the *Turks* or *Infidels?*

Crib. No, no —— 'tis with *French*, and the Queen of *Hung-a-ry.*

Jerry. Aye, aye, —— 'tis with the *Papiſhes*, 'tis with the *Papiſhes.*

Patch. Are thoſe *Papiſhes* the great *Hottentots* that eat Men.

Crib. Pſhaw! you Fool, — your *Papiſh* is a Man as you or I may be. — He won't eat a Morſel of you, if he was ready to ſtarve.

Jerry. But he will broil you upon a Gridiron

tho', if you don't believe in the Pope and the Devil, and kiſs the Pretender's great Toe.

Patch. What may that ſame Pretender be? Can you give a Body a Subſcription of him?

Crib. Why, as to that there —— your Pretender, is your Fellow that pretends to this and that and t'other, in the Way of Talk; ——— and after all his pretending, 'tis an errant Pretence—— that there is your Pretender.

Jerry. Aye, aye —— that there is your Pretender.

Patch. To be certain, it's a rare Thing to be a Scolard; tho' in my Day, Mr. *Jerry*, in my Day, I was as good as the beſt of you all. ——— My School-Miſtreſs ſaid, as a Man may ſay as to that there, that I took my Learning better than any of my Playmates. Odds wickers, I got thro' the Primer and Pſalter in Five Years Time or leſs, and before I was Twenty, I could ſpelt without miſſing one Word, the firſt Chapter of the ſecond Book of *Barnacles*.

Crib. (Winking to *Jerry*) Damn'd Fool! he means *Cornicles*.

Jerry. Why Maſter *Patch*, — you were quite a Genus, — quite a marvellous Youth.

Patch. 'Tis very true as to that there, for I wou'd ſcorn to ſuppoſe upon any Man.

Crib. (Winks to *Jerry* again) damn'd Fool! he means expoſe upon any Man.

Jerry. (with his Hat cockt, and his Arms a kimbow) To be ſure Learning is a pretty Thing,

a

a very pretty Thing. —— I thank my Stars, I have my ſhare of that. —— I came of handſome Parentage, and they took ſpecial Care of my Education.

Crib. Of what Calling might they be, pray Sir.

Jerry. Why, my Father was Tapſter to one of the genteeleſt Vinegar Shops in all *London*, and my Mother was head Maid to an Orange-woman, at the little Theatre in the *Hay-market*.

Patch. Oh, 'tis a rare Thing to come of a good Family!

Jerry. Aye Maſter *Patch*, I had all the Reaſon in the 'verſal World to be content. — There was not a happier Lad upon the Face of the Yearth, 'till the Devil put it into my Head to travel.

Crib. Pray, might you travel into *Holland*, or quite t'other Way among the *Dutch*.

Jerry. No, Maſter *Crib*, I did not travel into any of thoſe *African* Countries. — I travell'd, as the Saying is, pretty much at Home. —— At firſt, I went about with a Puppet-ſhow Man, in Capacity of a Performer on the Salt-box; afterwards indeed, I had Preferment offered me, for I might have been a Fire-eater to a famous Mountebank.

Crib. That was a rare Thing, how hapt you to miſs of it.

Jerry. Why — one Day as I was trudging the Streets with my Drum ——

[*Here they were interrupted by Mrs.* Nippakin *the Landlady, demanding Eighteen-pence.*]

Patch. Eighteen-pence already!

Crib. Aye, 'tis this War, Maſter *Patch*, this damn'd War, that makes every Thing ſo plaguy dear.

A SERMON, occaſioned by the Death of Mr. Proctor, *Miniſter of* Giſſing.

By the Revd. Mr. Moor, *Miniſter of* Burſton *in* Norfolk.

1 TIM. vi. 12.

Fight the good Fight, &c.

BEloved, we are met together to ſolemnize the Funeral of Mr. *Proctor:* His Father's Name was Mr. *Thomas Proctor*, of the ſecond Family; his Brother's Name alſo was Mr. *Thomas Proctor*; he lived ſome Time at *Burſton* Hall in *Norfolk*, and was High Conſtable of Diſs Hundred: This Man's Name was Mr. *Robert Proctor*, and his Wife's was Mrs. *Buxton*, late Wife of Mr. *Matthew Buxton*; ſhe came from *Helſdon*-Hall beyond *Norwich.*

He was a good Huſband, and ſhe was a good Houſwife, and they two got Money: She brought a thouſand Pounds with her for her Portion.

But now, beloved, I ſhall make it clear, by demon-

demonſtrative Arguments. Firſt, He was a good Man, and that in ſeveral Reſpects: He was a loving Man to his Neighbours, a charitable Man to the Poor, a favourable Man in his Tythes, and a good Landlord to his Tenants: There ſits one Mr. *Spurgeon* can tell what a great Sum of Money he forgave him upon his Death Bed, it was Four-ſcore Pounds: Now, Beloved, was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, and his Wife a good Woman? and ſhe came from *Helſdon*-Hall beyond *Norwich*. This is the firſt Argument.

Secondly, To prove this Man to be a good Man, and a Man of God; in the Time of his Sickneſs, which was long and tedious, he ſent for Mr. *Cole* Miniſter of *Shimpling*, to pray for him. He was not a ſelf-ended Man, to be pray'd for himſelf only; no, Beloved, he deſired him to pray for all his Relations and Acquaintance; for Mr. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, and for all Mr. *Buxton*'s Children, againſt it ſhould pleaſe God to ſend him any; and to Mr. *Cole*'s Prayers he devoutly ſaid, Amen, Amen, Amen; was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon*-Hall, beyond *Norwich*.

Then he ſent for Mr. *Gibbs* to pray for him; when he came and prayed for him, for all his Friends, and Relations and Acquaintance; for Mr. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, for Mrs. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, and for all Mr. *Buxton*'s Children, againſt it ſhould pleaſe God to ſend him any, and to Mr. *Gibb*'s Prayers he likewiſe devoutly ſaid, Amen, Amen, Amen; was not

not this a good Man, and a Man of God think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

Then he ſent for me, and I came and pray'd for this good Man, Mr. *Proctor*, for all his Friends, Relations and Acquaintance; for Mr. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, for Mrs. *Buxton*'s Worſhip, and for Mr. *Buxton*'s Children, againſt it ſhould pleaſe God to ſend him any: And to my Prayers he devoutly ſaid, Amen, Amen, Amen: Was not this a good Man, and a Man of God, think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

Thirdly, and laſtly, Beloved, I come to a clear demonſtrative Argument, to prove this Man to be a good Man, and a Man of God, and that is this: There was one *Thomas Proctor*, a very poor Beggar-Boy; he came into this Country upon the Back of a Dun-Cow; it was not a black Cow, nor a brindled Cow, nor a brown Cow; no, Beloved, it was a dun Cow: Well, Beloved, this poor Boy came a begging to this good Man's Door, he did not do as ſome would have done, give him a ſmall Alms and ſend him away; or chide him, and make him a Paſs, and ſend him to his own Country; no, Beloved, he took him into his own Houſe, and bound him an Apprentice to a Gunſmith, in *Norwich*; after his Time was out, took him home again, and married him to a Kinſwoman of his Wife's, one Mrs. *Chriſtian Robertſon*, here preſent, there ſhe ſits; ſhe was a ve-

ry

ry good Fortune, and to her this good Man gave a conſiderable Jointure: By her he had three Daughters, this good Man took home the eldeſt, brought her up to Woman's Eſtate, married her to a very honourable Gentleman, Mr. *Buxton*, here preſent, there he ſits; gave him a vaſt Portion with her, and the Remainder of his Eſtate he gave his two Daughters. Now was not this a good Man, and a Man of God think you, and his Wife a good Woman? And ſhe came from *Helſdon-Hall*, beyond *Norwich*.

Beloved, you may remember, ſome Time ſince, I preached at the Funeral of Mrs. *Proctor*, all which time I troubled you with many of her tranſcendent Virtues; but your Memories perhaps may fail you, and therefore I ſhall now remind you of one or two of them.

The firſt is, ſhe was a good Knitter as any in the County of *Norfolk:* When her Huſband and Family were in Bed and aſleep, ſhe would get a Cuſhion, clap herſelf down by the Fire, and ſit and knit; but, beloved, ſhe was no prodigal Woman, but a ſparing Woman; for, to ſpare Candle, ſhe would ſtir up the Coals with her Knitting-Pins; and by that Light ſhe would ſit and knit, and make as good Work as many other Women by Daylight. Beloved, I have a Pair of Stockings upon my Legs that were knit in the ſame Manner; and they are the beſt Stockings that ever I wore in my Life.

Secondly, ſhe was the beſt Maker of Toaſt in Drink that ever I eat in my Life; and they were brown

brown Toaſts too; for when I uſed to go in a Morning, ſhe would aſk me to eat a Toaſt, which I was very willing to do, becauſe ſhe had ſuch an artificial Way of toaſting it, no ways ſlack nor burning it; beſides, ſhe had ſuch a pretty Way of grating Nutmeg, dipping it in the Beer, and ſuch a Piece of rare Cheeſe, that I muſt needs ſay they were the beſt Toaſts that ever I eat in my Life.

Well, Beloved, the Days are ſhort, and many of you have a great Way to your Habitations, and therefore I haſten to a Concluſion.

I think I have ſufficiently proved this Man to be a good Man, and his Wife a good Woman; but fearing your Memories ſhould fail you, I ſhall repeat the Particulars, *viz.*

1. His Love to his Neighbour.
2. His Charity to the Poor.
3. His Favourableneſs in his Tythes.
4. His Goodneſs to his Tenants.
5. His Devotion in his Prayers, in ſaying *Amen* to the Prayers of Mr. *Cole*, Mr. *Gibbs*, and myſelf.

N. B. This Piece has been publiſh'd before, but we hope our Readers have forgot it; and therefore ſhall make no farther Apology for inſerting it here.

On

On the Improvement of Life.

An Eaſtern Story, from the RAMBLER. *

OBIDAH, the Son of *Abenſina*, left the Caravanſera early in the Morning, and purſued his Journey through the Plains of *Indoſtan*. He was freſh and vigorous with Reſt; he was animated with Hope; he was incited by Deſire; he walked ſwiftly forward over the Vallies, and ſaw the Hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his Ears were delighted with the Morning Song of the Bird of Paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt Flutters of the ſinking Breeze, and ſprinkled with Dew by Groves of Spices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering Height of the Oak, Monarch of the Hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle Fragrance of the Primroſe, eldeſt Daughter of the Spring: All his Senſes were gratified, and all Care was baniſhed from his Heart.

Thus he went on till the Sun approached his Meridian, and the increaſing Heat preyed upon his Strength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious Path. He ſaw on his right Hand, a Grove that ſeemed to wave its Shades, as a Sign of Invitation; he entered it, and found the Coolneſs and Verdure irreſiſtably pleaſant. He did

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* A Pamphlet publiſh'd every *Tueſday* and *Saturday*, price Two-pence.

not,

not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow Way bordered with Flowers, which appeared to have the ſame Direction with the main Road, and he was pleaſed that by this happy Experiment, he had found Means to unite Pleaſure with his Buſineſs, and to gain the Rewards of Diligence without ſuffering its Fatigues. He therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a Time, without the leaſt Remiſſion of his Ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the Muſick of the Birds, whom the Heat had aſſembled in the Shade; and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the Flowers that grew on either Side, or the Fruits that hung upon the Branches. At laſt the green Path began to decline from its firſt Direction, and to wind among Hills and Thickets, cooled with Fountains, and murmuring with Water-falls. Here *Obidah* pauſed for a Time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and open Road, but remembering that the Heat was now in its greateſt Violence, and that the Plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new Path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few Meanders, in Compliance with the Varieties of the Ground, and to end at laſt in the common Road.

Having thus calmed his Solicitude, he renewed his Pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining Ground. This Uneaſineſs of his Mind inclined him to lay hold on every new Object, and give Way to every Senſation that might ſooth or divert him.

him. He liſtened to every Echo, he mounted every Hill for a freſh Proſpect, he turned aſide to every Caſcade, and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the Courſe of a gentle River that rolled among the Trees, and watered a large Region with innumerable Circumvolutions. In theſe Amuſements the Hours paſſed away uncounted, his Deviations had perplexed his Memory, and he knew not towards what Point to travel. He ſtood penſive and confuſed, afraid to go forward leſt he ſhould go wrong, yet conſcious that the Time of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with Uncertainty, the Sky was over-ſpread with Clouds, the Day vaniſhed from before him, and a ſudden Tempeſt gathered round his Head. He was now rouſed by his Danger to a quick and painful Remembrance of his Folly, he now ſaw how Happineſs is loſt when Eaſe is conſulted, and lamented the unmanly Impatience that prompted him to ſeek Shelter in the Grove, and deſpiſed the petty Curioſity that led him on from Trifle to Trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the Air grew blacker, and a Clap of Thunder broke his Meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his Power, to tread back the Ground which he paſſed, and try to find ſome Iſſue where the Wood might open into the Plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the Ground, and commended his Life to the Lord of Nature. He roſe with Confidence and Tranquility, and preſſed on with his Sabre in his Hand, for the Beaſts of the Deſart were in Motion, and on every

Hand were heard the mingled Howls of Rage and Fear, and Ravage, and Expiration; all the Horrors of Darkneſs and Solitude ſurrounded him; the Winds roared in the Woods, and the Torrents tumbled from the Hills.

——χεί μαῤῥοι ποταμοὶ κατ' ὄρεσφι ῥ'εοντες
Ες μισγάγκειαν συμβάλλετον ὄβριμον ὕδωρ,
Τῶνδε τε τηλόσε δῶπον ἐν ὄρεσιν ἔκλυε ποιμήν.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every Moment drawing nearer to Safety or to Deſtruction. At length not Fear but Labour began to overcome him; his Breath grew ſhort, and his Knees trembled, and he was on the Point of lying down in Reſignation to his Fate, when he beheld through the Brambles the Glimmer of a Taper. He advanced towards the Light, and finding that it proceeded from the Cottage of a Hermit, he called humbly at the Door, and obtained Admiſſion. The old Man ſet before him ſuch Proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which *Obidah* fed with Eagerneſs and Gratitude.

When the Repaſt was over, "Tell me, ſaid the "Hermit, by what Chance thou haſt been brought "hither; I have been now twenty Years an Inha-"bitant of the Wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw a "Man before". *Obidah* then related the Occurrences of his Journey, without any Concealment or Palliation.

"Son,

" Son, ſaid the Hermit, let the Errors and Fol-
" lies, the Dangers and Eſcape of this Day, ſink
" deep into thine Heart. Remember, my Son,
" that human Life is the Journey of a Day. We
" riſe in the Morning of Youth, full of Vigour
" and full of Expectation; we ſet forward with
" Spirit and Hope, with Gaiety and with Dili-
" gence, and travel on a while in the ſtreight Road
" of Piety towards the Manſions of Reſt. In a
" ſhort Time we remit our Fervor, and endeavour
" to find ſome Mitigation of our Duty, and ſome
" more eaſy Means of obtaining the ſame End.
" We then relax our Vigour, and reſolve no long-
" er to be terrified with Crimes at a Diſtance, but
" rely upon our own Conſtancy, and venture to
" approach what we reſolve never to touch. We
" thus enter the Bowers of Eaſe, and repoſe in the
" Shades of Security. Here the Heart ſoftens, and
" Vigilance ſubſides; we are then willing to en-
" quire whether another Advance cannot be made,
" and whether we may not, at leaſt, turn our Eyes
" upon the Gardens of Pleaſure: We approach
" them with Scruple and Heſitation; we enter
" them, but enter timorous and trembling, and
" always hope to paſs through them without loſing
" the Road of Virtue, which we, for a while,
" keep in our Sight, and to which we propoſe to
" return. But Temptation ſucceeds Temptation,
" and one Compliance prepares us for another;
" we in Time loſe the Happineſs of Innocence,
" and ſolace our Diſquiet with ſenſual Gratifica-

" tions. By Degrees we let fall the Remembrance
" of our original Intention, and quit the only ade-
" quate Object of rational Desire. We entangle
" ourselves in Business, immerge ourselves in Lux-
" ury, and rove through the Labyrinths of Incon-
" stancy, till the Darkness of old Age begins to
" invade us, and Disease and Anxiety obstruct our
" Way. We then look back upon our Lives with
" Horror, with Sorrow, with Repentance, and
" wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not
" forsaken the Ways of Virtue. Happy are they,
" my Son, who shall learn from thy Example not
" to despair, but shall remember, that though the
" Day is past, and their Strength is wasted, there
" yet remains one Effort to be made; that Refor-
" mation is never hopeless, nor sincere Endeavours
" ever unassisted, but the Wanderer may at length
" return after all his Errors; and he who implores
" Strength and Courage from above, shall find
" Danger and Difficulty give way before him.
" Go now, my Son, to thy Repose, commit thy-
" self to the Care of Omnipotence, and when the
" Morning calls again to Toil, begin anew thy
" Journey and thy Life."

Some Reflections on the Neglect of the Greek *Language. By Mrs.* Midnight; *humbly addreſs'd to all the Univerſities in* Europe.

Gentlemen and Scholars,

AS the *Greek* Language is at length a *dead* Language with a Vengeance, ſince few *Scholars* living underſtand the very Elements of it, I thought a Propoſal for its Revival, would be by no Means unworthy either of *me* or *you.* —— The almoſt univerſal Ignorance of this Tongue, is the more aſtoniſhing when we reflect on the ſurpaſſing *Skill*, and unwearied *Diligence* of its Profeſſors, in all the Academies of *Europe*, but more eſpecially in our own. ——

Some of you have undoubtedly heard of the Excellencies of this Tongue; ſome few of you, perhaps, have admired and extoll'd them, in the ſame Manner as you have prais'd a fine Lady, without being able to poſſeſs her: I ſhall therefore, it may be, ſeem impertinent, when I tell you, that the beſt Books on every Science, are wrote in this *Greek.*

Homer in Poetry, *Hippocrates* in Phyſick, *Herodotus* in Hiſtory, *Plato* in moral Philoſophy, *Ariſtotle* in natural Philoſophy and Criticiſm, *Plutarch* in every Thing, have no Equals of any other Nation or Language. Let us rouze therefore, my dear Brothers and Siſters, let us rouze, and let my Example fire you with Emulation. I have here

ſent you a *Greek* Tranſlation of *Virgil*'s famous Epigram on *Auguſtus*, done literally, very literally indeed, that you may the better underſtand it. And I hope this my Example, will induce you to attempt ſomewhat yourſelves, toward reviving this Language, which I think is of all others eminently the beſt,

Yours affectionately,

M. MIDNIGHT.

Nocte pluit totâ redeunt ſpectacula mane
Diviſum imperium cum Jove Cæſar habit.

Tranſlated by Mrs. *Midnight.*

Νυκτος ὑει ωασης, ανεασι θεαματα ωρωι
Αρχην μειρομενην συν Δι Καισαρ εχει.

M. MIDNIGHT, *to all the Empreſſes upon Earth, Greeting.*

Dearly beloved,

THO' it be well known to all Nations, as far as the glorious Sun, which is the Eye of the Univerſe, hath darted his enlivening Beams, and wherever his pale Miſtreſs the Moon hath ſpread her modeſt Mantle, that the firſt Number of our imperial, ſuperb, and pompous Magazine, was publiſhed no longer ago than the 16th of *October*, 1750. O. S. Yet have we receiv'd Letters fraught with Learning and Compliments, from every Quarter,

Quarter, and every Corner of the whole Earth; which, as it giveth our Self great Pleaſure and Comfort, Joy and Satisfaction, ſo we thought proper to communicate the good Tidings to you, our inviolable Friends and Allies.

Hack'd as the World has been, by that ſavage Creature Man, and torn from itſelf, as it were, by inteſtine Broils and Feuds under his imperious Direction; 'tis Time we ourſelf ſtand forth upon the Stage of Life, to hold the Helm, and ſteer the Courſe of human Affairs.

For many Years paſt, Reſt has been an Alien to the Heart, and Sleep a Stranger to the Eyes, except what little has been procured by the Opiat-diſpenſing Authors in this Kingdom, who ever replete with Dulneſs

——————— *have never ſcanted*
Their Bounty unto ſuch as wanted.

Be it your Buſineſs then, to encourage thoſe People, who have been ſo evidently and eminently uſeful, and to preſerve their laborious Lumber for the wholeſome and ſalutary Purpoſe for which it was intended. Know ye therefore, and 'tis our expreſs Will and Pleaſure, that all Paſtry-Cooks, Trunk-makers, Chandlers, and all thoſe who are the Deſtroyers of the Promoters of Sleep, be ſwept from off the Face of the whole Earth, in order that the Labours of the Sons of Reſt may be preſerved. And our Will is, that a Temple be erected in every Kingdom, State, Country, *&c.*

which

which ſhall be ſacredly inſcrib'd and dedicated to that great Goddeſs INSENSIBILITY; and therein ſhall be depos'd, all ſuch Books, Pamphlets, Magazines, and other Papers and Prints, as have been hatch'd under the Wings of *Dulneſs*, and tend to the Promotion of ſound Sleep and Repoſe; a Catalogue of which, we ſhall in due Time exhibit unto you. And 'tis alſo our Will, that you, and each and every of you, and all that belong and appertain unto you, do always, and ſo often as the Gall ſhall overflow, or the Spleen ariſe in your Breaſts, enter the ſaid Temple of INSENSIBILITY, and there read, and yawn, and nod over ſuch Authors, as we ſhall from Time to Time preſcribe unto ye; that you may learn to ſleep, or to doſe, or to dream; and that the World may be compos'd, and ſtill.

Done at our imperial Office, &c.

One Inſtance of a Man's being honeſt.

SOME Time ſince, a Country Gentleman of good Underſtanding, but a little antiquated in his Dreſs and Deportment, walk'd into the Quadrangle of a College, in one of our famous Univerſities, to view the Building. His uncouth Garb drew round him ſeveral of the young Students, who, as they are too apt to miſplace their Wit, as well as their Time, and Money, began to banter, or, which is a more faſhionable Word, to humbug the good old Gentleman, on Account of his Dreſs.

This

* This was obſerved by a young Student, reading at one of the Windows, who perceiving that the poor old Gentleman was greatly embarraſs'd, came down to his relief. He rallied his Brother Students ſufficiently, yet in a Manner, and with a Grace, that beſpoke the Man of Senſe and Politeneſs. He told them, their Behaviour was baſe, rude, and ungenerous, mean, and unmanly; that he was aſhamed any of his Aſſociates ſhould be ſo remarkably deprav'd. That if they conſidered themſelves as Scholars and Gentlemen, they ſhould act conſiſtently with that Character, but if they prefer'd the Name of Buffoon to that of a fine Gentleman, they had better change their Garb, and barter the Gown for a Coat of many Colours. At this they all departed, and moſt of them with ſeeming Concern; for Virtue will ever be ſecretly eſteem'd and admir'd, even by the moſt abandon'd. After they were diſpers'd, *Leontine* (for that was the young Gentleman's Name) took the Stranger by the Hand, deſired that he would refreſh himſelf with a Glaſs of Wine, and at the ſame Time beg'd of him not to take any bad Impreſſion of that Univerſity, from the rude Sample he had receiv'd. The good old Gentleman without Heſitation accepted of the Favour; and after he was ſufficiently refreſhed, *Leontine* ſhewed him every Thing that was worthy his Notice in the Univerſity. By the

* The ingenious Authors of the *Student* wou'd do well to diſcountenance this Vice.

Ob-

Obſervations and Reflections which *Arcaſto* made (for ſo we ſhall call the old Gentleman) *Leontine* found that he was a Man of exquiſite Taſte and Judgment; and of a generous and chearful Diſpoſition. What he had of the old Man in him, appeared rather as a Foil to ſet off his other excellent Qualities; and notwithſtanding the great Diſparity in their Age, *Leontine* thought himſelf happy in his Acquaintance. As the Town was at that Time very full, and the Accommodations at the Inn but indifferent, *Leontine* entreated *Arcaſto* to make Uſe of his Apartment, during his ſtay at the Univerſity; aſſuring him at the ſame Time, that it would be no Inconvenience, for that he had the Liberty of another Gentleman's Room who was abſent. Little Ceremony ſhould be uſed between Gentlemen of Senſe and Learning. The Buſineſs of Politeneſs is to render us agreeable, not troubleſome; and therefore *Arcaſto*, after ſome little Heſitation, thankfully accepted the Favour. When he left the Univerſity he embraced *Leontine*, and gave him a ſtrong Invitation to his Country Seat, which Requeſt was ſoon after repeated by a Letter, attended with a conſiderable Preſent. *Leontine*, the next Vacation, returned the old Gentleman's Viſit, and was received with all the tender Tokens of Friendſhip and Eſteem. At his firſt Entrance he was ſtruck with the Splendor and Magnificence of the Houſe, the Furniture, and the Attendants, and had the Pleaſure to find that his Friend was a Man of much greater Conſequence than he imagin'd.

imagin'd. After the old Gentleman had talked ſome little Time to *Leontine*, and given him ſeveral affectionate Looks, and friendly Shakes of the Hand, he introduced him to his Daughter, who was indeed a Beauty inferior to none in that Country. After Dinner they took a Turn in the Garden, where *Leontine* was ſurpris'd to ſee how the Dædal Hand of Nature was improv'd by the Aid of Art. That every Thing might wear the Face of Nature, all Exotics were excluded, to make Room for Plants of our own Growth. The Thorn, the Haſel, and even the Bramble, had a Place among the reſt. There was a delightful and juſt Irregularity in the Trees, ſome whereof towr'd their Tops to the Clouds, while others humbly ſubmitted to their Superiors, and bow'd themſelves beneath their Branches. His Statues were not plac'd at the Extremity of an Avenue, or to terminate a Walk, but hid themſelves among the Trees, and the Underwoods. Thus, by endeavouring, as it were, to conceal his Riches, *Arcaſto* made every Thing more agreeable, and more ſuperb and grand. Thro' theſe Trees loaded with Pippins and Pears you might ſee *Pomona*. *Flora* had hid herſelf in a large Buſh of Roſes, Jeſſamin, and Honyſuckles; ſurrounded with Tulips, Pinks, and Carnations; *Sylvanus* was retired into a Thicket of Trees. *Diana*, out of Regard to her Chaſtity, was cloathed ſo thick, you could hardly ſee her; and *Bacchus* was rejoicing under a Vine.

In

In the Middle of the Garden was a ſort of Wilderneſs, or Thicket of Trees and Shrubs; where *Arcaſto*, at the Requeſt of this Daughter, (who was his only Child) had erected a little Hovel in Form of a ruin'd Cottage. The Inſide of it was ciel'd with Moſs, and the Outſide over-run with a thick Ivy, that afforded a ſafe Aſylum for the Birds, eſpecially the ſmaller Sort, which were ſeen in great Numbers, and were the only Inhabitants of the Place, except the young Lady Miſs *Clora*, who ſpent great Part of her Time with them; and had, by frequent feeding them, taught 'em to hop round her like ſo many tame Doves. Kindneſs and Conſtancy will tame the fierceſt Animals; and 'tis perhaps owing to our Cruelty that we are abandon'd by thoſe agreeable Companions. While *Leontine* was admiring the Ruſticity of the Hovel, and the Harmony of the Birds, *Clora* reach'd an Ivory Flagellet, and play'd ſeveral ſhort Tunes, which, to *Leontine*'s great Surpriſe, were repeated by ſome Bullfinches, and imitated by other Birds. 'Twas impoſſible to enter this retir'd Place without being charm'd, and eſpecially with the divine *Clora*, who had the Art of making every Thing ſurpaſſingly agreeable. *Leontine* the Moment he ſaw her was ſtruck with Admiration, which by *Clora*'s good Senſe and engaging Behaviour was ſoon converted into a violent Flame; which, however, he concealed, till he had Reaſon to believe from the Manner in which ſhe entertain'd him, and her Behaviour, that ſhe herſelf was in the ſame Situation.

There

There are certain indelible Characters in every Face, which, when compar'd with the Actions of the Party, will to a Nicety diſcover the Sentiments of the Heart: For, as a certain great General and Politician obſerves, 'tis much eaſier for a Man to command a large Army, than the Muſcles of his own Face; and a Lady of *Clora*'s good Senſe muſt undoubtedly have drawn the ſame Concluſion of her Lover. *Leontine*'s Honour, and the Friendſhip he bore to her Father, wou'd not permit him to make any Advances without his Conſent, which he endeavour'd to aſk, but was ſtill intimidated by the Inequality of their Fortunes. A Man of Senſe is never ſo much at a Loſs for Words as in Matters of Love. *Arcaſto*, however, was a Gentleman of too much good Senſe and Penetration not to perceive from his Manner, and the Interruptions in his Diſcourſe, that ſomething of this Sort was labouring in his Breaſt; and, to relieve him from the Perplexity, and ſave him the Pain of a Bluſh, the old Gentleman aſk'd him, If any Thing he was poſſeſs'd of cou'd make him happier? and generouſly bid him ſpeak without Fear or Ceremony. *Leontine* immediately unboſom'd himſelf; and good old *Arcaſto*, without making any Reply, led him by the Hand to *Clora*, who was then in the Garden, and ſaluting her, ſaid, *My dear Child this is the only Gentleman in the World to whom I am ambitious of being related; and if you can approve of him for a Huſband, 'twill greatly add to my Felicity*; and then turning ſhort left them together.

The Manner of *Arcaſto*'s making this Propoſal to his Daughter, (tho' it proceeded from Candour and Generoſity, and was the Overflowings of his Friendſhip and Good-Nature) gave *Clora* ſome Reaſon to apprehend, that this Courtſhip was concerted between her Father and *Leontine* at their laſt Interview; and that the Paſſion the young Gentleman expreſs'd for her, might not ariſe ſo much from a Conſideration of her perſonal Merit as her plentiful Fortune. She was therefore determin'd to be ſatisfied in this Point before ſhe gave *Leontine* any Hopes of Succeſs; and as they walk'd together in the Garden, ſhe made no Reply to any Thing he ſaid for near an Hour: And before they left the Garden, as he earneſtly entreated to know the Cauſe of her Grief, ſhe fell upon her Knees, and begg'd of him, if he had the leaſt Regard for her future Welfare, to forbear any farther Sollicitation; adding withal, that this Refuſal did not proceed from any Diſlike ſhe had to his Perſon or Character; but was in Conſequence of her being previouſly engag'd, unknown to her Father, to a young Gentleman who had been viſiting in that Neighbourhood, and was then in *London*. This was the ſevereſt Shock *Leontine* had ever felt. He ſtood motionleſs for ſome Time, and was unable to make her any Reply. At laſt, collecting all his Spirits, and Sentiments of Honour and Generoſity, he with Tears told her, That whatever his Fate might be, his Love for her, and his Friendſhip for her good Father, would not permit him to attempt any Thing

Thing that might give her a Moment's Uneaſineſs; and that he wou'd not only decline his own Suit, but endeavour to obtain her Father's Conſent, for her to marry the Man to whom ſhe was ſo ſolemnly engaged. From this Time *Leontine* grew very penſive and melancholy, but did not forget his Promiſe to *Clora*; and having obtain'd her Father's Conſent for her to marry the Perſon ſhe mention'd, he one Evening gave it her in the Garden, aſſuring her at the ſame Time, that he therewith ſurrender'd his Peace, and every Thing that was dear and valuable to him on Earth; and after he had embrac'd her, retir'd with Precipitation. *Clora*, tho' ſhe perceiv'd him trembling and cold at the Time he left her, took t'other Turn in the Garden to enjoy this ill-timed Artifice; for ſhe was under no Engagement to any one; but, on the contrary, was deeply enamour'd with *Leontine*, was determin'd to marry him, and only made Uſe of this Artifice, as I have already obſerv'd, to try his Affection. She enjoy'd this the more, as it rais'd him in her Eſteem, and convinc'd her of his Truth and Fidelity. But while ſhe was thus heaping up Happineſs to herſelf, her Father call'd to know what had been done, that *Leontine* ſhould himſelf take his Horſe out of the Stable and ride away, even after it was dark, without ſo much as taking Leave of him, or ſpeaking to any of the Family. Here all the Woman was alarm'd: Her Piles of promis'd Joy and Pleaſure vaniſh'd, and her whole Thoughts were now employ'd for the Recovery of

the loſt *Leontine*. To her Father ſhe diſcover'd the whole Affair, who was greatly enrag'd at her Indiſcretion, and much affected at the Loſs of his Friend. Meſſengers were ſent to all the Places in the Neighbourhood where they knew he was acquainted, and another diſpatch'd to the Univerſity. Her Fears were yet more encreas'd and multiply'd by a violent Tempeſt which then aroſe, of the moſt terrible Thunder and Lightning, attended with both Hail and Rain, and which ſhe ſuppos'd would overtake him before he could poſſibly get over the Plains. The Quarrel between her Father and ſhe had render'd a ſeperate Apartment neceſſary: There ſhe remain'd inconſolable till the Meſſenger return'd, without any Tidings of *Leontine*, and then ſhe was ſeiz'd with Hyſterics, and confin'd to her Bed. This brought on a Reconciliation with good old *Arcaſto*, who, ſeeing his Daughter ſo ill, wou'd not leave her Day nor Night, and impatiently waited to hear from *Leontine*. After they had remain'd in this perplex'd and miſerable State near a Fortnight, a Gentleman's Servant came one Morning, juſt as they had rais'd the poor Lady to give her a Jelly, with a Letter directed to Miſs *Clora*, and to be deliver'd into her Hands only. The old Gentleman, when he ſaw the Letter, (concluding it muſt come from *Leontine*) ſprung from his Chair with Joy; and, ſnatching it from the Servant, ran to *Clora*, kiſs'd her, and put the Letter into her Hand. She, ready to devour it with Eagerneſs, cry'd out, my *Leontine!* my *Leontine!*

and,

and, breaking it open, after a ſhort Pauſe, in which I perceiv'd her Soul labouring with ſomething too great for Utterance, cry'd ha! his Will! —— his Will! —— and died away. I was myſelf too much affected to obſerve how good old *Arcaſto* receiv'd this Shock; and my Indiſpoſition oblig'd me to leave the Room; but in the Afternoon I had the Misfortune to hear that the poor old Gentleman was confin'd to his Chamber, and attended by three Phyſicians; and that the unhappy *Clora* had loſt the Uſe of her Reaſon, and rav'd to an amazing Degree. *Arcaſto*'s Servant, from whom I had this Melancholy Account, brought me alſo the following Copy of the Letter, which occaſion'd this woeful Scene of Diſtreſs.

To Miſs CLORA * * *

Madam,

I Have the Unhappineſs to inform you that Mr. *Leontine* (who was my dear and much eſteemed Friend) died of a violent Fever, and ſtrong Convulſions, laſt Night at Eleven o'Clock. It was occaſion'd, as we apprehend, by a ſevere Cold, which he took in the late violent Tempeſt; for he came to my Houſe in the Night extreamly wet, and greatly indiſpos'd. You muſt imagine, that all poſſible Means were uſed to preſerve a Life I ſo much valued. Dr. * * * and another Phyſician of his Acquaintance attended him. In the Intervals of his Delirium, he made the inclos'd

Will, with expreſs Orders for me to open it in the Preſence of ſome Gentleman mention'd on the Back thereof, the Day after his Deceaſe; which was done this Day purſuant to that Direction. And as, after ſome few Legacies, and Money bequeathed to charitable Uſes, the Remainder of his Fortune is left to you; we thought it moſt adviſable to ſend you the Will, eſpecially as he deſired that you might have the Direction of his Funeral. I muſt not omit to inform you, that he frequently call'd upon you with great Emotion; and alſo deſired to ſee your good Father. But this I was not inform'd of 'till about two Hours before he died, and then I would have ſent, but the Phyſicians aſſured me, that he could not poſſibly live an Hour. I can only judge of your Loſs and your Father's, by what I ſuſtain myſelf; for he was of all Men to me the moſt valuable. But let us conſider, Madam, that our Friends are born to die, and that 'tis our Duty to ſubmit tamely, nay chearfully, to the Diſpenſations of Providence; to whoſe gracious Protection I recommend you, and am, Madam,

Your greatly affected Friend and Servant,

J. R.

P. S. As we were long acquainted, and by Friendſhip cloſely connected, I ſhould eſteem it a ſingular Favour, if you would permit me to bury him in my Vault.

An

An ORATION *ſpoken to the* Clappers, Hiſſers, *and* Damners, *attending both* THEATRES. *By Mrs.* MIDNIGHT.

Gentlemen,

I Am ſo highly delighted and ſurpris'd at the noble Advances you have lately made in the Art of True and Candid Criticiſm, that I cannot poſſibly avoid expreſſing my Gratitude and Approbation in this publick Manner. When in the Side Box I reflect on the antient Critics; when I call to mind the Sentiments of *Ariſtotle*, *Dionyſius*, *Longinus*, and then turn my Eyes on you, I am aſtoniſh'd! confounded! and my Admiration riſes to a Height, which 'tis impoſſible for me here to expreſs. *Ariſtotle* was an Aſs, *Dionyſius* a Driveler, *Longinus* a Leatherhead, and all the antient Critics collected in a Body, a Parcel of Giddy-Heads, Gooſe-Caps, and Hum-drums, who wou'd have been *three Days* in reading, conſidering and reviſing a Play, which you can judge and condemn, without any Conſideration in the World, and without either hearing or ſeeing a Syllable, in *three Minutes*. Wonderful Abilities indeed! ——— Oh mighty Sirs! you eſpecially who lord it in the Regions above, and are ſeated next the Stars, how ſhall I enough admire your Wiſdom and Sagacity? Proceed, great Sirs, and proſper! Reform the World. Riot! Riot! Tear up the Benches, break down the King's Arms, demoliſh

demoliſh the Orcheſtre and the Fiddles, pelt the Players and hiſs the Author! Clamour, Clamour, I ſay! and diſplay your Bravery as uſual in a Storm of Nut-ſhels, Apples, and Oranges.

It has been a Maxim, time out of Mind, *that the moſt noiſy are the moſt knowing*; and this you have ſufficiently verified, who are, and I hope will ever remain, Enemies to *Taciturnity*, and that other dull uſeleſs Thing call'd *Thinking*.

Thoſe wonderful witty Gentlemen, who ſnow down white Paper on the Ladies in the Pit, have my Thanks for that elegant and ingenious Conceit; and I think myſelf obliged to all the little Boys in both Houſes, who entertain us with their Rattles and their Whiſtle-Pipes.

After all, Gentlemen, what a dull Blockhead was he, who defin'd Criticiſm to conſiſt in true Taſte and Judgment; when 'tis evident that you are the beſt and moſt abſolute Critic in the Univerſe, without having the leaſt Taſte or Judgment in the World.

The

The following Paſtoral Piece, written by Mrs. Leapor, *exceeds every Thing of that kind, which has yet been exhibited by the Male Authors, and I think does a ſupreme Honour to our Sex. Where will you find in any of them ſo much Nature, Sweetneſs, Simplicity and Eaſe, and ſuch a judicious Choice of new and enlivening Epithets? —— Our Readers will have a farther Account of this excellent Lady in a future Number.*

COLINETTA.

'TWAS when the Fields had ſhed their golden Grain,
And burning Suns had ſear'd the ruſſet Plain;
No more the Roſe nor Hyacinth were ſeen,
Nor yellow Cowſlip on the tufted Green;
But the rude Thiſtle rear'd his hoary Crown,
And the ripe Nettle ſhew'd an irkſome Brown.
In mournful Plight the tarniſh'd Groves appear,
And Nature weeps for the declining Year.
The Sun too quickly reach'd the Weſtern Sky,
And riſing Vapours hid his ev'ning Eye:
Autumnal Threads around the Branches flew,
While the dry Stubble drank the falling Dew.

In this ſick Seaſon, at the Cloſe of Day,
On *Lydia*'s Lap pale *Colinetta* lay;
Whoſe ſallow Cheeks had loſt their roſy Dye,
The Sparkles languiſh'd in her cloſing Eye.

Parch'd

Parch'd were thoſe Lips whence Muſick us'd to flow,
Nor more the Flute her weary Fingers know,
Yet thrice to raiſe her feeble Voice ſhe try'd,
Thrice on her Tongue the fainting Numbers dy'd,
At laſt reviv'd, on *Lydia*'s Neck ſhe hung,
And like a Swan expiring, thus ſhe ſung.

Farewel ye Foreſts and delightful Hills,
Ye flowry Meadows and ye cryſtal Rills,
Ye friendly Groves to whom we us'd to run,
And beg a Shelter from the burning Sun.
Thoſe blaſted Shades all mournful now I ſee,
Who droop their Heads as tho' they wept for me.
The penſive Linnet has forgot to ſing,
The Lark is ſilent 'till returning Spring.
The Spring ſhall all thoſe wonted Charms reſtore,
Which *Colinetta* muſt behold no more.

Farewel ye Fields, my native Fields, adieu;
Whoſe fertile Lays my early Labours knew;
Where, when an Infant, I was wont to ſtray,
And gather King-cups at the cloſing Day.
How oft has *Lydia* told a mournful Tale,
By the clear Lake that ſhines in yonder Vale;
When ſhe had done, I ſung a chearful Lay,
While the glad Goldfinch liſten'd on the Spray:
Lur'd by my Song each jolly Swain drew near,
And roſy Virgins throng'd around to hear:
Farewel, ye Swains; ye roſy Nymphs, adieu;
Tho' I (unwilling) leave the Streams and you,

Still may ſoft Muſick bleſs your happy Shore,
But, *Colinetta*, you muſt hear no more.

O *Lydia!* thou, (if wayward Tongues ſhou'd blame
My Life, and blot a harmleſs Maiden's Name)
Tell them if e'er I found a ſtraggling Ewe,
Although the Owner's Name I hardly knew;
I fed it kindly with my Father's Hay,
And gave it Shelter at the cloſing Day:
I never ſtole young Pigeons from their Dams,
Nor from their Paſture drove my Neighbours Lambs:
Nor ſet my Dog to hunt their Flocks away,
That mine might graze upon the vacant Lay.
When *Phillida* by dancing won the Prize,
Or *Colin* prais'd young *Mariana*'s Eyes;
When *Damon* wedded *Urſ'a* of the Grange,
My Cheek with Envy ne'er was ſeen to change:
When e'er I ſaw *Aminda* croſs the Plain,
Or walk the Foreſt with her darling Swain,
I never whiſper'd to a Stander-by,
But hated Scandal, and abhor'd a Lye.
On *Sundays*, I (as Siſter *Sue* can tell)
Was always ready for the Sermon-Bell:
I honour'd both the Teacher and the Day;
Nor us'd to giggle when he bid me pray:
Then ſure for me there's ſomething good in ſtore,
When *Colinetta* ſhall be ſeen no more.

When I am gone, I leave to Siſter *Sue*
My Gown of *Jerſey*, and my Aprons blue.

My

My ſtudded Sheep-hook *Phillida* may take,
Likewiſe my Hay-fork and my Hazel Rake:
My hoarded Apples, and my Winters Pears,
Be thine, O *Lydia!* to reward thy Cares.
Theſe Nuts, that late were pluck'd from yonder Tree,
And this Straw-Baſket, I bequeath to thee:
That Baſket did theſe dying Fingers weave:
My boxen Flute to *Corydon* I leave;
So ſhall it charm the liſt'ning Nymphs around,
For none like him can make it ſweetly ſound.

In our Church-yard there grows a ſpreading Yew,
Whoſe dark green Leaves diſtil a baneful Dew:
Be thoſe ſad Branches o'er my Grave reclin'd,
And let theſe Words be graven on the Rind:
Mark, gentle Reader — underneath this Tree,
There ſleeps a Maid, old *Simon*'s Daughter ſhe;
Thou too, perhaps, e'er many Weeks be o'er,
Like *Colinetta*, ſhall be ſeen no more.
Here ends the Maid — for now the Seal of Death
Clos'd her pale Lips, and ſtop'd her roſy Breath;
Her ſinking Eye-balls took their long Adieu,
And with a Sigh her harmleſs Spirit flew.

The following SONG, *which was ſent us by a Male Correſpondent, is evidently intended to affront our Sex; and therefore it ſhould not have been inſerted, but that we are promis'd an Anſwer to it, for our next Magazine, by a Lady of great Diſtinction.*

I.

FROM Morn to Night, from Day to Day,
At all Times and at ev'ry Place;
You ſcold, repeat, and ſing, and ſay,
Nor are there Hopes you'll ever ceaſe.

II.

Forbear, my *Celia*, oh! forbear,
If your own Health or ours you prize;
For all Mankind, that hear you, ſwear
Your Tongue's more killing than your Eyes.

III.

Your Tongue's a Traitor to your Face,
Your Fame's by your own Noiſe obſcur'd;
All are diſtracted, while they gaze,
But if they liſten, all are cur'd.

IV.

Your Silence wou'd acquire more Praiſe
Then all you ſay or all I write;
One Look ten thouſand Charms diſplays;
Then huſh —— and be an Angel quite.

Seaſonable Advice to a New-married Lady.

Drawn from fatal Experience, and a thorough Knowledge of that capricious Creature Man.

I.

TO make the Man kind and keep true to the Bed,
Whom your Choice or your Deſtiny brings you to wed,
Take a Hint from a Friend, whom Experience has taught,
And Experience you know never fails when 'tis bought.

II.

The Art which you practis'd at firſt to enſnare,
For in Love, little Arts, as in Battle, are fair;
Whether Neatneſs, or Prudence, or Wit were the Bait,
Let the Hook ſtill be cover'd, and ſtill play the Cheat.

III.

Shou'd he fancy another, upbraid not his Flame,
To reproach him is never the Way to reclaim;
'Tis more to recover than conquer an Heart,
For this is all Nature, but that is all Art.

IV.

Good Senſe is to them what a Face is to you,
Flatter that, and like us, they'll but think it their Due;
Doubt the Strength of your Judgment compar'd to his own,
And he'll give you Perfections at preſent unknown.

V.

Tho' you learn that your Rival his Bounty partakes,
And your merited Favour th' ungrateful forſakes;
Still, ſtill debonair, kind, engaging and free,
Be deaf tho' you hear, and be blind tho' you ſee!

An EPIGRAM,

By Timothy Tadpole, *on* Jack Spriggins, *who is in Love with a very* lean *Lady.*

AT each Girl tight and freſh,
I've the Luſt of the Fleſh,
This Crime thy Friend *Timothy* owns;
But, *Jack*, is not thine
More atrocious than mine,
Since thou haſt the Luſt of the Bones?

A LETTER *from Mrs.* Mary Midnight, *to* David Garrick, *Eſq*;

AS you have not, in the whole Metropolis, a greater Admirer than I am, I ſhall make no Apology for the Freedom with which I am about to treat you. I perfectly remember the Performances of *Betterton*, *Booth*, and *Wilks*; and (contrary to the common Cuſtom of old People, who think nothing can come up to what happened in *their Time*) I acknowledge that you excel them all. But, notwithſtanding all this, I do aſſert, that, with Regard to your Character, as a Manager, you are, in ſome Reſpects, deficient and culpable. What is the Reaſon that ſome of the beſt Plays we have, are ſo ſeldom repreſented? What is the Reaſon of the total Neglect of the incomparable *Fletcher*? What is the Reaſon that the publick Patience is ſo largely try'd, and the human Underſtanding ſo ſhamefully inſulted as it is, by a perpetual Repetition of the

Duke, and No Duke, the *Anatomiſt*, and twenty THINGS of the like Nature. — It is true, indeed, that there are excellent Comedians employ'd in each of theſe; but, I think, you pay them a poor Compliment, to make their fine Talents the Vehicles of Nonſence to the Publick. As the Repreſentation of the above-mention'd paltry Interludes is an Affront to the good Senſe of the Nation, ſo the Exhibition of many others, is an equal Scandal to its Virtue. — I never read the *London Cuckolds*, and ſo was betray'd, by Curioſity, into a Deſire of ſeeing it; but ſuch a Syſtem of Nonſence and Bawdry, I can hardly think is to be match'd in any other Language! It is certainly in your Power, and wou'd greatly become you to prevent the playing of ſuch Pieces.

You ſee, Sir, I have taken upon me to cenſure you very freely; but I ſhall not take my Leave of you, without doing you the Juſtice, to own, that you have Virtues, and thoſe very great ones, even as a Manager. — You have made ſome admirable Actors out of very unpromiſing Materials. — Your Charity laſt Winter, by giving ſo many Benefit Plays to Perſons in Diſtreſs, deſerves immortal Honour; and might compenſate for Faults you are incapable of committing. — Such conſiderable Sums given to the Poor, ſhews you are as good a Man as an Actor, and muſt effectually ſilence the Calumny of your Enemies, that wou'd accuſe you of the Vice of Avarice. ———

Yours ſincerely.

M. Midnight.

Enter the Old Woman, her Boy and her Lanthorn.

Boy. DAME, Dame, the Lanthorn's ready.

Old Woman. Snuff the Candle then, Sirrah, that I may ken the Raſcals; for they always ſculk in the Dark. Now, Boy, methinks we three make a formidable Figure. The Lanthorn is a good Companion.

Ay, marry is he a good Companion, and anſwereth me the ſame End that a mute Member of the Upper or Lower Houſe, does a prime Miniſter. He is *in*, and *out*, juſt as Occaſion requires. But, hold! Who comes here? Oh, 'tis Sincerity, I know him by his threadbare Coat: In this ſame Dreſs he hath walk'd from Door to Door throughout this large City, and the next, any time theſe 800 Years, and no body will give him Shelter: — And the Reaſon's plain, Boy, why there's nothing to be got by him! — Honeſt Friend! doſt hear me? This is *Crane-Court*, prithee walk in here, and keep thyſelf for a Curioſity.

Boy. Dame! Dame! ſee, ſee, Dame!

Old Woman. See, ſee, Sirrah! Why, 'tis Monſieur Flattery, a Perſon of the higheſt Repute, ay, marry is he! There! What a Bow he makes! Oh, the Courtly Cringe! the ſoothing Leer! And then he fawns and licks me like a Spaniel: He expects a good Character in my Magazine, I ſuppoſe: And, lo! his Forehead is bound round with Eſcutcheons, to ſhew his Art in Emblazoning! He is now, what you may call the Midwife of Honour, and can —— but where about are we, Boy?

Boy. Oh Dame! near the Seat of Dulneſs. Out with your Dunciad, and whip 'em down apace, for they come thick and three-fold. —— But firſt hold the Lanthorn, and I'll juſt ſtep over the Way and fetch you a Driveller. There are ſeveral of them here, at the Sign of the ***** And dirty Raſcals too, who have been throwing Mud at your Magazine.

Old Woman. Let 'em alone, let 'em alone Sirrah, they are beneath thy Notice; a Candle Snuffer is an honourable Employment when compar'd to them. What is worſe than a Wou'd-be-thought Wit? You are always plagued with his Impertinence, and can never get a ſingle Souſe of Senſe from him. Who is that poor ſhivering Creature in Rags? Oh! I ſee, 'tis Merit return'd from Tranſportation. Poor Creature, I pity thee! But prithee go back to thy Exile again, for if you are met with here you muſt expect no Mercy. Boy doſt ſee that fine Gentleman yonder? He is going to the Gaming-Tables, with my Money in his Pocket. He has been in my Debt, let me ſee, theſe five Years, and always pays me with Promiſes. *Upon my Honour, Madam, I am out of Caſh, — You are unfortunate, — If you had come a little ſooner you might have had it, — But next Week Madam upon my Honour.* And thus Honour has been paſs'd upon me for Stirling Gold, 'till it is not worth a rotten Egg.

Boy. Dame, Dame, ſee the Ghoſt of a Calf, with two ſawcer Eyes coming at us.

Old Woman, Pſhaw ye Fool, that's the Apparition of the *Britiſh* Lion, but it grows toward Morning, and you'll ſee him run away at the Crowing of the Cock. — Poor Ghoſt! he was ſo terrible when alive, that he made all *Europe* tremble.

He then ſo loud did roar, and look'd ſo grim
That his own Shadow durſt not follow him;
But now he's ſo dejected and diſmay'd,
He cannot face the Shadow of his Shade.

The MIDWIFE's POLITICKS: Or, *Goſſip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

SPAIN and PORTUGAL.

I Join theſe two Kingdoms together, as they make together but one of the natural Diviſions of Europe. Accordingly, they were both under the ſame Monarch, from the Year 1580 to 1640, when the Portugueze advanced the Duke of Braganza to the Sovereignty. This Slip of Country, tho' it looks in the Map but like a Province of Spain, or like the Lace on one Side of a Woman's Capuchin, gives the Lead in this Union, on Account of its Situation: And as all Authors have a Right to lay as much Blame as they pleaſe on their Printers, I here aver, that this Deſtination would have been ſhewn in my laſt Chronicle, if the Compoſitor had not by a Miſtake tranſpoſed my Copy.

The new King of Portugal then proceeds with great Reputation, and introduces many Improvements in the Adminiſtration of his Affairs, as well as new Stateſmen to adminiſter them. But I cannot believe, as ſome Letters intimate, that his Council will ever think of having all Neceſſaries manufactured at Home, in order to put a Stop to Foreign Commerce; unleſs they ſhould at the ſame Time reſolve, that the Portugueze ſhall eat all the ſuperfluous Gold and Diamonds brought from Brazil (for which they will then have no other Uſe) as well as drink all the Wine their Country produces. I muſt here obſerve, that tho' Father Gaſpard be not called to Court, his Portugueze Majeſty reigns not without the Advice of an Old Woman; his Royal Mother, the Queen Dowager, a ſage Princeſs, in the 68th Year of her Age, being ſtill alive, and ſuppoſed to have great Influence over her Son.

Ever ſince I was young, I remember our Diſputes with Spain made a great Noiſe in the World. If we may believe the Advices of laſt Month, I have happily lived

lived to ſee them finiſhed; but whether ſo much to our Advantage as the ſaid Advices mention, or whether the politic Old Woman at St. Ildefonſo has artfully got ſome freſh Bone of Contention concealed in the new Treaty, I will not pretend to conjecture, till that Treaty is made public.

Both Spain and Portugal, as well as the little States of Italy, are ſtill much moleſted by the Barbary Rovers.

ITALY.

His Neapolitan Majeſty continues to join his Endeavours to thoſe of his Brother, and Brother-in-law, for ſuppreſſing the ſaid Rovers. He alſo labours to open new Ports, and new Sources of Wealth. — The Pope, among his many Bulls relating to the Jubilee, has iſſued one for the Prohibition of Gaming — His Imperial Majeſty's formidable Tuſcan Fleet, conſiſting of three Men of War, is arrived before Conſtantinople; but without any Deſign, as we are well aſſured, of ſubverting the Ottoman Empire. — The Duke of Modena, by a new Way he has made over Mountains that were deemed impaſſable, has with his Son, paid a Viſit to the little Republick of Lucca, and that good Old Woman the Dutcheſs of Maſſa, whoſe Daughter and Heireſs the young Prince has married. — The Duke and Dutcheſs of Parma are diligent to propagate their Species, to find Employment for the Midwives, and to increaſe the Houſe of Bourbon, which is already ſo numerous as to become burthenſome to all Europe. — The Republick of Genoa cannot recover either the Hearts of the Corſicans (which it ſeems ſtill to deſire) or the Credit of its own Bank — That of Venice hath ſtill ſome formal Diſcuſſions to finiſh with the Court of Vienna; which is at preſent ſo eaſy in Regard to the Affairs of Italy, that its Towns in the Milaneſe are repreſented as without Garriſons, tho' we were lately told of great Reinforcements to be ſent thither. — His Sardinian Majeſty, if we may believe the laſt Advices

con-

concerning him, is reſolved to obſerve his old Alliances of Intereſt, notwithſtanding his new Family Alliance by the Marriage of his Son.

TURKEY.

Antient, Female, and plain as I am, I would not willingly paſs for a Witch; and therefore I ſhall lay a Reſtraint on my natural Sagacity, whenever I ſpeak of Futurity. Otherwiſe, I could here predict more Miſchief to the Turkiſh Empire, from the Weakneſs of its Civil Government, and the Diſſenſions among its Soldiery, than from all the reſt of the Naval Powers in Italy, joined to that of his Imperial Majeſty.

FRANCE.

The moſt Chriſtian Monarchs, on all late Occaſions, have ſhewn themſelves the firmeſt Friends of the ſublime Porte. If his preſent Gallic Majeſty ſhould give a freſh Inſtance of his Friendſhip, the Man who is ſurpriz'd at it, muſt be weaker than an Old Woman. And ſo muſt he likewiſe be, who imagines that the retrieving the French Marine, the vaſt Sums of Money that are raiſing in the French Monarchy, and the Stand that is put to the Conferences at Paris, have all no other Object than preſerving the Peace and Tranquility of Europe.

GREAT BRITAIN.

That I may not ſeem to throw my own Country into the Rear, I ſhall for the future aſſign it a Place betwixt France and Germany, which equally ſuits both with its Situation and Politicks. The Joy of every true Briton, upon the Return of his Majeſty, has been too great to be here omitted. I muſt alſo expreſs my Satisfaction at the Report, which I hope will prove true, that ſince my Appearance in Print has given a Taſte of our political Abilities, my Sex is like to be taken Notice of in the Court Promotions. Where would be the Harm if we were

were to have not only a Miſtreſs of the Horſe, but a Miſtreſs of the Ordnance likewiſe? But if any Objection be made in reſpect to the Ordnance, becauſe it is a military Office, I muſt aſſert that the Wardrobe and the Jewel Office, would ſuit a Miſtreſs much better than a Maſter. And let me recommend it to the Citizens of London, in the approaching Election, to ſupply the Place of Mr. Piddington, to ſet aſide all the Male Candidates, and chuſe a Bridge Miſtreſs.

The LOW-COUNTRIES *and* GERMANY.

Our good Friends the States General have lately made ſo indifferent a Figure, that, if it were not for the Motions of the Stadtholder's Court, of which the Princeſs Royal is the greateſt Ornament, there would be ſcarce any News from Holland worthy our Notice. There is a Report from Bruſſels of an Augmentation to be made in the Army, as well as of new Schemes for the Promotion of Commerce.

Of the ten Kings now reigning in Europe, four are Princes of the German Empire, which occaſions much Embarraſſment of Affairs in their two Capacities. The King of Sweden, indeed, ne'er viſits Heſſe Caſſel, where his Brother is ſole Adminiſtrator. The Kings of Poland and Pruſſia divide their Preſence betwixt their Royal and Electoral Dominions, but give much the largeſt Share to the latter. His Britannic Majeſty is more juſt to his Kingdoms, tho' his Abſence from them has been uſually lamented ſix or ſeven Months in every two Years. We do not yet know all the Effects of his late Viſit to Hanover, from which ſuch Benefits are expected to the Houſe of Auſtria, and the Germanic Union. As to the leſſer ſecular Princes, they are uſually influenced by theſe already mentioned; and the Eccleſiaſtical ones are of ſo little Uſe in their Generation, that they ſeldom deſerve the Notice even of an Old Woman.

POLAND.

POLAND.

From this Kingdom we hear of nothing but Haydomacks, the March of Soldiers, the Tribunal of Vetrikau, and the Diſſolution of the States of Courland, without chuſing a Duke.

DENMARK, SWEDEN, *and* RUSSIA.

All that remains to be ſaid of theſe three Crowns may be comprized in one ſhort Article. The Kings of Denmark, who have often oppreſſed the Dukes of Holſtein-Gottorp, muſt alter their Conduct, when the Head of that Houſe is on the Throne of Ruſſia. His preſent Daniſh Majeſty foreſeeing this (and indeed who cannot foreſee as much) has thought proper to accommodate his Diſputes with the young Duke, who is Grand Prince and preſumptive Heir of the Ruſſian Empire. The Prince Succeſſor of Sweden, another Branch of the ſame Houſe of Holſtein, has reſolved to make over his Biſhoprick of Lutin, or Eubeck, to his Brother, who governs there. And as to the Diſputes between Sweden and Ruſſia, I will venture to propheſy, without any Dread of the Imputation of Sorcery, that the Winter will keep them in Suſpence for at leaſt five Months to come.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

As the following Paragraphs, taken from the Daily Papers of the 6th Inſtant, are of ſuch prodigious Conſequence to this Kingdom, we ſincerely hope they will prove true. And pray, Mr. Printer, for the Sake of *Old England*, print them in *old Engliſh* Characters; that our Wiſdom and Frugality may be handed down to Poſterity, for the Benefit of our Succeſſors.

Rome, *Oct.* 26. **Fifteen** Engliſh **Noblemen are ſhortly expected here upon a Party of Pleaſure; and one of the fineſt Palaces in this City is hired for their Accommodation.**

Paris A-la-main, *Nov.* 6. **The Court is at preſent very brilliant, from the Concourſe of Foreigners that daily reſort thither, particularly** Engliſh **Gentlemen of great Diſtinction; above ſixty of whom arrived within this Week paſt,** To ſpend their Money and be laugh'd at.

N. B. There are many People married ſince our laſt, and a great Number have died; but as it is impoſſible with all our Arts to unmarry thoſe, or to bring theſe to Life, we ſhall leave that Part to the *Miners* and *Magaziners*. The STOCKS ſtand juſt where they did, and SAINTS in *Change-Alley*, are as *righteous* as ever.

Sing *Tantara, ra, ra, Rogues all, Rogues all,* &c.

The MIDWIFE.

NUMB. III.

Fleet-Market, Nov. 27, 1750.

To Mrs. Mary Midnight, *and her Confederate* Succubus Canidia.

You old Skeleton,

HOwever you may *plume* yourſelf upon your *Atchievements* in a late libellous Letter, under the Name of my Friend Mr. *Coffin*. —— Know, you limping Hag, I ſhall not ſcruple to *meaſure your wither'd Carcaſe* with your own Crutch, the firſt Time I meet you. —— Yet, do not imagine I deign to inſpect your *low-life* Stuff myſelf! —— It wou'd have been long ſince *bury'd* in Oblivion, (or *embalm'd* in ſomewhat more *fragrant)* if *Tim Charnel*, the Sexton, had not lit on it. He, it ſeems, bought it retail'd for a Farthing, and communicated it to me; at the ſame Time, obſerving, all the World might know at whom it was levell'd. —— Worthy Dr. *Sena*, to whoſe Country-Houſe I ſent it, has *preſcrib'd* me Patience, and heartily deſpiſes you and all the Scurrilities wherewith you beſpatter his Profeſſion. —— Nay,

for that Matter, the Scandal is ſo *black* and ſo notoriouſly falſe, that you may be compar'd, methinks, to one *lying* in State for public Admiration! ——— But, *'sdeath!* don't provoke me further, Beldam! —— If Fortune ſpeeds my *Undertakings* as uſual, I am determin'd to proſecute you for a Witch, together with the other old dry'd Hurdle, whoſe Portraiture you exhibit in your Frontiſpiece, and whom I conclude to be your wicked Familiar. Remember who you have to deal with, Mummy! —— I am none of your *ſhammy* Varlets! If I ſay it, I'll do it! And wiſh for no Pleaſure *above Ground* like that of *inhuming* your ſulphurous Aſhes gratis. ——

Your deadly *Foe*,

J. SABLE.

A Letter from Mrs. Mary Midnight *to the* Royal Society, *containing ſome new and curious Improvements upon the* CAT ORGAN.

Gentlemen,

I Need not inform Perſons of your infinite Experience and Erudition, that the *Cat-Organ*, as it has hitherto been made uſe of, was no more than what followeth, *viz.* A plain Harpſichord, which inſtead of having Strings and Jacks, conſiſts of Cats of different Sizes, included in Boxes, whoſe Voices expreſs every Note in the Gamut, which is extorted

torted from the impriſon'd Animals, by placing their Tails in Grooves, which are properly ſqueez'd by the Impreſſion of the Organiſt's Fingers on the Keys. —— This Inſtrument, unimprov'd as it was, I have often heard with incredible Delight; but eſpecially in the *Grand* and the *Plaintive*. — This Delight grew upon me every Time I was preſent at its Performance. At length I ſhut myſelf up for ſeven Years to ſtudy ſome Additions and Improvements, which I have at length accompliſhed, agreeable to my warmeſt Wiſhes, and which I with all due Submiſſion now lay before you.

In the firſt Place then it is univerſally known and acknowledg'd that theſe Animals, at the Time of their Amours, are the moſt muſical Creatures in Nature; I wou'd therefore recommend it to all and ſingular *Cat-Organiſts*, to have a moſt eſpecial Regard to the Time of Cater-wawling, particularly if they have any Thing very *auguſt* or *affecting* to exhibit.

Secondly, it is alſo very well known that the beſt Voices are improved by Caſtration, I therefore never have leſs than eight Geldings in my treble Clift. —— And here I cannot help informing you of an Experiment I lately made on an *Italian* Boar-Cat, and an *Engliſh* one of the ſame Gender; and I ſolemnly proteſt that, after the Operation, my Country Animal had every whit as delicate, piercing, and comprehenſive a Tone as the Foreigner. —— And I make no Sort of Doubt but ſome of

our harmonious *Engliſhmen* wou'd ſhine with an equal Luſtre, if they had the ſame ADVANTAGES as the *Italians*. —— This may be worth the Conſideration of the People in Power: —— For, if this Experiment had been try'd with Succeſs, how many Thouſand Pounds wou'd it have ſaved this Nation?

Thirdly, Of the *Forte* and *Piano*. —— I muſt not omit to tell you, Gentlemen, That my *Cat-Organ* reſembles a double Harpſichord; for as that has two Rows of Keys, ſo mine has two Layers of Cats. —— The Upper Row on which I play *Piano*, or ſoftly, conſiſts of Cats, both of a leſſer Size, and whoſe Tails are ſqueez'd by a much leſs Degree of Preſſure; that is, by nothing but the bare Extremity of the Key.— But the Lower Row, on which I play *Forte*, or loudly, contains an harmonious Society of banging Grimalkins; and whoſe Tails are ſeverely prick'd by Braſs-Pins, inſerted at the End of the Key for that Purpoſe.

Fourthly, Of the *Shake*. —— There was one enormous Defect in this Inſtrument, before I took it in Hand, and that was in the Shake; the Imperfectneſs of which gave me great Offence. —— But as it is now managed, it has the moſt raviſhing Effect in the World.——There are between all the Keys little Wires fix'd almoſt imperceptibly. —— Theſe go underneath 'till they reach each Puſs's Throat. —— At the Extremity of theſe Wires are plac'd horizontally Wrens Quills, about the length of a Quarter of an Inch. —— When the Artiſt there-

fore

therefore has a Mind to form his Shake, he touches the Wires, which ſoon ſends the Quills in a tickle, tickle, tickle, up to the Cat's Throat, and cauſes the moſt gurgling, warbling, ſhaking, quaking, trembling, murmuring Sound in the World.

Fifthly, Of the *Staccato*, and an infallible Method of keeping the four-footed Performers under proper Regulations.

The moſt intolerable Deficiency of the old *Cat-Organ*, was as follows: Some of the Cats were apt to continue their Mew after the proper Note was expreſs'd, to the great Confuſion of the Tune and Vexation of the Organiſt. — This I have entirely cur'd; and, I think, I can play the moſt perfect *Staccato* in the World. —— I have underneath my Inſtrument a Treddle, like that of a Spinning-Wheel, which I work with my Foot: This Treddle actuates a certain Number of Forceps or Pincers, which open and ſhut at my Pleaſure, upon the Noſes and Chins of all the Cats; and if any of them overact their Part, I tip St. *Dunſtan* upon Mrs. Puſs, and ſhe is oblig'd, of Neceſſity, to be ſilent.

Sixthly, Of the Education of Cats for the Organ. —— My Predeceſſors were egregiouſly out in this Article, as well as many others, which, whatever it may appear to the incredulous or incurious, is a Matter of the laſt Importance. —— With Regard to their Diet, Milk and Flummery, fry'd Mice and Fiſh have the beſt Effect; —— I mean

for the Trebles and Tenors: As for the Baſes, I have fed them with good Succeſs on Bullock's Liver, Hog's Harſlet, and ſometimes with Viands, of a much leſs delicate Nature. —— As for Exerciſe, moderate Mouſing; and being well tugg'd and haul'd about by the Children will very well ſuffice.

Mr. *Collier*, in his Eſſay on Muſick, ſays, That he makes no Doubt but that there might be a warlike Inſtrument contrived, of ſuch an hideous Sound, that inſtead of inſpiring Men with Courage, it wou'd ſtrike the moſt undaunted with Diſmay. This may be effected by the abovemention'd Inſtrument: For tho' the *Cat-Organ*, when accurately in Tune, is incomparably melodious, yet it may be ſo managed, as to utter Shrieks very little inferior to the Cries of the Infernals themſelves. —— Happy that Inſtrumcnt, where Terror and Tranſport, Ornament and Utility are ſo exquiſitely blended: —— Which, by its perſuaſive Harmony, can, at one Time, draw St. *Cecilia* from the Spheres; and, at another, with proper Alteration, wou'd frighten away the Devil himſelf in *propria Perſona*.

I am,

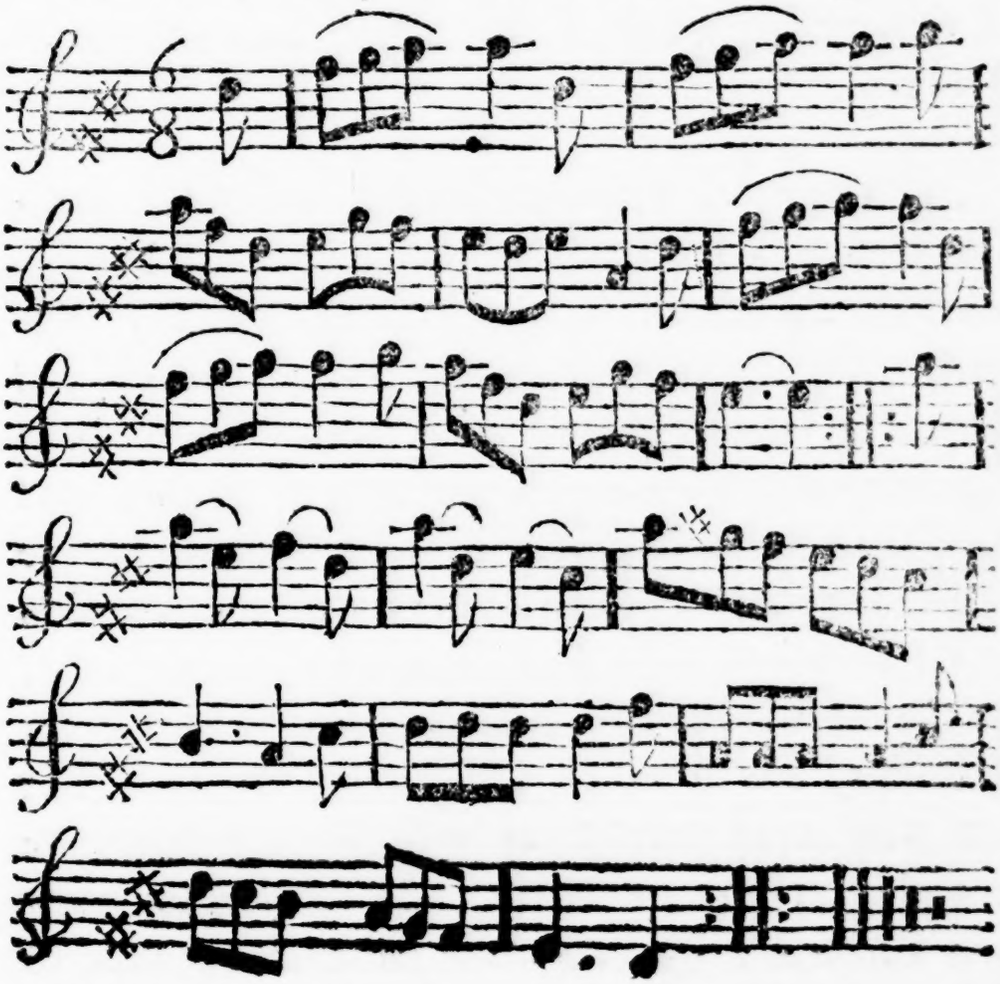
Gentlemen,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.

Mrs. MIDNIGHT'S MAGGOT.

A new Country-Dance for the *Cat-Organ.*



Caſt off one Couple. — The Man hands round three at Bottom, and the Woman the ſame at Top. — Caſt off the third Couple and turn. — Lead up to the Top. — Caſt off Right and Left quite round.

From the RAMBLER.*

SIR,

THE Diligence with which you endeavour to cultivate the Knowledge of Nature, Manners, and Life, will perhaps incline you to pay ſome Regard to the Obſervations of one who has

* A Paper publiſh'd every *Tueſday* and *Saturday*, price 2*d.*

been taught to know Mankind by unwelcome Information, and whoſe Opinions are the Reſult, not of ſolitary Conjectures, but of Practice and Experience.

I was born to a large Fortune, and bred to the Knowledge of thoſe Arts which are ſuppoſed to accompliſh the Mind, or adorn the Perſon of a Woman. To theſe Attainments which Cuſtom and Education almoſt forced upon me, I added ſome voluntary Acquiſitions by the Uſe of Books, and the Converſation of that Species of Men whom the Ladies generally mention with Horror and Averſion by the Name of Scholars, but whom I have found, for the moſt Part, a harmleſs and inoffenſive Order of Beings, not ſo much wiſer than ourſelves, but that they may receive as well as communicate Knowledge, and more inclined to degrade their own Character by cowardly Submiſſion, than to overbear or oppreſs us with their Learning or their Wit.

From theſe Men, however, if they are by kind Treatment encouraged to talk, ſomething may be gained, which, embelliſhed with Elegance, and ſoftened by Modeſty, will always add Dignity and Value to Female Converſation; and from my Acquaintance with the bookiſh Part of the World I derived many Principles of Judgment and Maxims of Knowledge, by which I was enabled to excel all my Competitors, and draw upon myſelf the general Regard in every Place of Concourſe or Pleaſure.

My

My Opinion was the great Rule of Approbation, my Remarks were remembred by thoſe who deſired the ſecond Degree of Fame, my Mien was ſtudied, my Dreſs was imitated, my Letters were handed from one Family to another, and read by thoſe who copied them as ſent to themſelves, my Viſits were ſollicited as Honours, and Multitudes boaſted of an Intimacy with *Meliſſa*, who had only ſeen me by Accident, and whoſe Familiarity had never proceeded beyond the Exchange of a Compliment, or Return of a Courteſy.

I ſhall make no Scruple of confeſſing that I was pleaſed with this univerſal Veneration, becauſe I always conſidered it as paid to my intrinſic Qualities and inſeperable Merit, and very eaſily perſwaded myſelf, that Fortune had no Part in my Superiority. When I looked upon my Glaſs I ſaw Youth and Beauty, and Health that might give me Reaſon to hope their Continuance: When I examined my Mind, I found ſome Strength of Judgment, and Fertility of Fancy; and was told that every Action was Grace, and that every Accent was Perſwaſion.

In this Manner my Life paſſed like a continual Triumph amidſt Acclamations, and Envy, and Courtſhip, and Careſſes: To pleaſe *Meliſſa* was the general Ambition, and every Stratagem of artful Flattery was practiſed upon me. To be flattered is grateful, even when we know that our Praiſes are not believed by thoſe who pronounce them; for they prove, at leaſt, our general Power,

and ſhew that our Favour is valued, ſince it is purchaſed by the Meanneſs of Falſhood. But, perhaps, the Flatterer is not often detected, for an honeſt Mind is not apt to ſuſpect, and no one exerts the Powers of Diſcernment with much Vigour when Self-love favours the Deceit.

The Number of Adorers, and the perpetual Diſtraction of my Thoughts by new Schemes of Pleaſure, prevented me from liſtening to any of thoſe who croud in Multitudes to give Girls Advice, and kept me unmarried and unengaged to my twenty-ſeventh Year, when, while I was towering in all the Pride of unconteſted Excellency, with a Face yet little impaired, and a Mind hourly improving, the Failure of a Fund, in which my Money was placed, reduced me to a frugal Competency, which allowed little beyond Neatneſs and Independence.

I bore the Diminution of my Riches without any Outrages of Sorrow, or Puſilanimity of Dejection. Indeed I did not know how much I had loſt, for, having always heard and thought more of my Wit and Beauty, than of my Fortune, it did not ſuddenly enter my Imagination, that *Meliſſa* could ſink beneath her eſtabliſhed Rank, while her Form and her Mind continued the ſame; that ſhe could ceaſe to raiſe Admiration but by ceaſing to deſerve it, or feel any Stroke but from the Hand of Time.

It was in my Power to have concealed the Loſs, and to have married, by continuing the ſame Appearance, with all the Credit of my original Fortune, but I was not ſo far ſunk in my own Eſteem,

as

as to ſubmit to the Baſeneſs of Fraud, or to deſire any other Recommendation than Senſe and Virtue. I therefore diſmiſſed my Equipage, ſold thoſe Ornaments which were become unſuitable to my new Condition, and appeared among thoſe with whom I uſed to converſe with leſs Glitter, but with equal Spirit.

I found myſelf received at every Viſit, with an Appearance of Sorrow beyond what is naturally felt for Calamities in which we have no Part, and was entertained with Condolence and Conſolation ſo long continued, and ſo frequently repeated, that my Friends plainly conſulted, rather their own Gratification than my Relief. Some from that Time refuſed my Acquaintance, and forebore, without any Provocation, to repay my Viſits; ſome viſited me, but after a longer Interval than uſual, and every Return was ſtill with more Delay; nor did any of my female Acquaintances fail to introduce the Mention of my Misfortunes, to compare my preſent and former Condition, to tell me how much it muſt trouble me to want the Splendor which I became ſo well, to look at Pleaſures, which I had formerly enjoyed, and to ſink to a Level with thoſe by whom I had always been conſidered as moving in a higher Sphere, and been approached with Reverence and Submiſſion, which, as they inſinuated, I was no longer to expect.

Obſervations like theſe, are commonly made only as covert Inſults, and ſerve to give vent to the Flatulence of Pride, but they are now and then

imprudently uttered by Honeſty and Benevolence, and inflict Pain where Kindneſs is intended; I will, therefore, ſo far maintain my antiquated Claim to Politeneſs, as that I will venture to advance this Rule, that no one ought to remind another of any Misfortune of which the Sufferer does not complain, and which there are no Means propoſed of alleviating. No one has a Right to excite Thoughts which neceſſarily give Pain whenever they return, which perhaps might not revive but by abſurd and unſeaſonable Compaſſion.

My endleſs Train of Lovers immediately withdrew without raiſing any Emotions. The greater Part had indeed always profeſſed to court, as it is termed, upon the Square, had enquired my Fortune, and offered Settlements; and theſe had undoubtedly a Right to retire without Cenſure, ſince they had openly treated for Money, as neceſſary to their Happineſs, and who can tell how little they wanted any other Portion? I have always thought the Clamours of Women unreaſonable, when they find that they who followed them upon the Suppoſition of a greater Fortune, reject them when they are diſcovered to have leſs. I have never known any Lady, who did not think Wealth a Title to ſome Stipulations in her Favour, and ſurely what is claimed by the Poſſeſſion of Money is juſtly forfeited by its Loſs. She that has once demanded a Settlement has allowed the Importance of Fortune; and when ſhe

cannot

cannot ſhew pecuniary Merit, why ſhould ſhe think her Cheapener obliged to purchaſe?

My Lovers were not all contented with ſilent Deſertion. Some of them revenged the Neglect which they had born by wanton and ſuperfluous Inſults, and endeavoured to mortify me by paying in my Preſence thoſe Civilities to other Ladies, which were once devoted only to me. But, as it had been my Rule to treat Men according to the Rank of their Intellect, I had never ſuffered any one to waſte his Life in Suſpenſe, who could have employed it to better Purpoſe; and therefore I had no Enemies but Coxcombs, whoſe Reſentment and Reſpect were equally below my Conſideration.

The only Pain which I have felt from Degradation, is the Loſs of that Influence which I had always exerted on the Side of Virtue, in the Defence of Innocence, and the Aſſertion of Truth. I now found my Opinions ſlighted, my Sentiments criticiſed, and my Arguments oppoſed by thoſe that uſed to liſten to me without Reply, and ſtruggle to be firſt in expreſſing their Conviction. The Female Diſputants have wholly thrown off my Authority, and if I endeavour to enforce my Reaſons by an Appeal to the Scholars that happen to be preſent, the Wretches are certain to pay their Court by ſacrificing me and my Syſtem to a finer Gown, and I am every Hour inſulted with Contradictions from Cowards, who could never find till lately that *Meliſſa* was liable to Error.

There

There are two Perſons only whom I cannot charge with having changed their Conduct with my Change of Fortune. One is an old Curate that has paſſed his Life in the Duties of his Profeſſion with great Reputation for his Knowledge and Piety; the other is a Lieutenant of Dragoons. The Parſon made no Difficulty in the Height of my Elevation to check me when I was pert, and inform me when I blundered; and if there is any Alteration, he is now more timorous leſt his Freedom ſhould be thought Rudeneſs. The Soldier never paid me any particular Addreſſes, but very rigidly obſerved all the Rules of Politeneſs, which he is now ſo far from relaxing, that whenever he ſerves the Tea, he obſtinately carries me the firſt Diſh, in defiance of the Frowns and Whiſpers of the whole Table.

This, Mr. *Ramhler*, is *to ſee the World*. It is impoſſible for thoſe that have only known Affluence and Proſperity, to judge rightly of themſelves or others. The Rich and the Powerful live in a perpetual Maſquerade, in which all about them wear borrowed Characters; and we only diſcover in what Eſtimation we are held, when we can no longer give Hopes or Fears.

I am, &c.

MELISSA.

A LETTER from R. Reynard, *Esq*; *High Sheriff of the County of* ***. *To Mrs.* Midnight.

The Superscription of which, was literally as follows,

To Mrs. Mary Midnight, *to be left with Mr.* T. Carnan, *Bookseller and Publisher, in St.* Paul's *Church Yard in* London, Middlesex. *These present with Care and Speed.*

Dear Cousin Midnight,

AFTER my humble Service to you, hoping you are well, as we all are at present; this is to let you know that I am appointed by the King High Sheriff of all this County, my Wife is hugely pleased at it, and desires you'll send her an Account of the New Fashions, that she may dress out fit to entertain my Lord Judge, and as becometh the Wife of the head Man of this large County; and as I have never served High Sheriff before, I desire that you'll go to my Lord Judge to know when he will come, and when I shall meet him, and what he likes for Dinner. And I desire when you are there, that you'll enquire if his Lordship loves Hunting, if he does I'll keep up a Fox on Purpose for him. I am much beholden to the Judge, for I am told that I should have lost the Place if it had not been for him, for there was several Gentlemen made Interest for it. I wish you cou'd come down to hear the Trials,

we

we ſhall have rare Fun, and be very Merry, and you may come down in the Judge's Coach, ſo no more at preſent from,

your loving Couſin,

R. REYNARD.

Mrs Midnight's *Anſwer to the above Letter, in which ſome Directions are given to Mr.* Reynard *how to behave himſelf, when he goes to meet my Lord Judge, and at the Aſſize.*

Dear Couſin,

I Had the Favour of yours of the 24th Inſtant, and am glad to hear that you are appointed Sheriff, which doubtleſs will add greatly both to the Honour and Wealth of your Family: You muſt imagine, Couſin, that it would give me great Pleaſure to wait on you, would the Publication of the Magazine I am concerned in, admit of my Abſence; but as it will not, you won't be diſpleaſed, if I offer you ſome Inſtructions how to behave yourſelf in that high Office. And here, as in all my other Letters, I ſhall endeavour to accommodate my Style and Sentiments, to the Strength of your Genius and Capacity.

Every Sheriff you know, muſt have his Attendants or Javelin Men to ride before him, with their Pikes to clear the Way, and theſe, I think, you ſhould chuſe out of the Principal of your Tenants, and cloath them in your own Livery, which will greatly ſooth your Pride, and at the

ſame

ſame Time debaſe and humble them; and if any of the more conſiderable Farmers ſhould refuſe to put on your Livery, why turn them out of their Dwellings, and let them know who you are. The Morning before you go to meet my Lord Judge, get your Retinue home, and make them all drunk; they'll be the more taken Notice of. Then get into your Coach, and take with you all your Children, and your Wife; or which is better, and more polite and genteel, a favourite Wench, if you have one in your Family, or Neighbourhood. When you are come within Sight of my Lord Judge, you are to look as inſenſible as poſſible, and as much like the reſt of the Family of the Fox-hunters, as you can. Bow to the Judge ſeveral Times, and whenever you happen to ſay, Sir, which will be often the Caſe, be ſure make a great many Apologies for not ſaying my Lord. Your firſt Topic or Subject of Diſcourſe (for a Subject of Diſcourſe and a Topic of Diſcourſe, are one and the ſame Thing) ſhould be about the Weather, you may ſay it is fine Weather, and my Lord will anſwer, and ſay yes, Mr. Sheriff, it is. Then you may ſay it is *very* fine Weather, and after that exceeding fine Weather, and by and by, that 'tis a fine Day, and a good Day for Hunting, and then you have the faireſt Opportunity in the World, to enter into the Hiſtory of a Fox Chaſe, which, if told in your Manner, with all the little particular Incidents, will very well hold you out to the Town. But in this Narration,

you

you are not to ſuffer yourſelf to be interrupted, nor to give Place to any other Speaker, but to keep the Thread of your Diſcourſe, while you have it, and if you are ſo happy, as not to have finiſh'd it that Night, reaſſume it the next Morning at your firſt Meeting. Your good Father behaved in this Manner, I very well remember, and came off with great Honour.

The Morning the Tryals begin, you wou'd do well to be viſiting your Friends, and make the Court wait, for this will give you the Air of a Man of Conſequence. It will be prudent alſo to drink pretty deep, before you go into Court, that you may be ripe for a Nap. Juſtice is always painted Blind, and I don't know that you can better expreſs your Impartiality, than by falling aſleep. If by the Noiſe of the Cryer of the Court, or any other Noiſe whatſoever, you ſhould happen to be diſturb'd, and awaken'd out of your Nap, you are then to take your Tobacco Box out of your Pocket, and repleniſh your Mouth with a good large Quid, which will cauſe a Projection in your Cheek, and add Dignity to your whole Face; and if you are near a pretty modeſt Lady at this Time, look up in her Face, wink at her, and laugh and then ſnap your Box, ſo that it may be heard all over the Court. If you have a Mind to ſhew yourſelf the perfectly polite Gentleman, you may, while your Box is out, complement his Lordſhip. It ſometimes happens that a Cauſe is ſo intricate, that it can't conveniently be determin'd, ſo

as

as for the Court to adjourn at the Hour appointed for Dinner; and in this Caſe, you may whiſper the Judge, ſo as to be heard by the whole Court, and tell his Lordſhip that the *Haunch* will be ſpoil'd, that to you it ſeems plain, that the Priſoner is guilty, and ſhew your Authority, by driving back any Evidences that may be coming up in his Behalf. If the Priſoner ſhould have on a dirty Shirt, and a long Beard, (which may happen to a Man, who has lain long in Jail, and has no Money) you may ſafely tell him, according to Cuſtom, that he looks like a Rogue, and every Body will admire your Wiſdom and Penetration. Thus, dear Couſin, I have endeavoured to throw together ſuch Obſervations, as I have made at the many Aſſizes I have been at, and to collect from Experience, ſuch Circumſtances, as have rendered other Sheriffs amiable in the Eyes of the People, which if you treaſure up in your Mind, and put in Practice, will (I doubt not) greatly advance your Reputation, your Honour, and the Dignity of your Family,

I am, Dear Couſin,
Yours affectionately,
M. MIDNIGHT.

P. S. I need not ſay any Thing reſpecting the Judge; if he does but interrupt the Evidences, and put them out of Countenance, over-awe the Jury, and brow-beat the Priſoners, 'twill be ſufficient.

As

AS a great many of our Witlings, and little Left-handed Authors, are continually leveling their leaden Satire at our Sex, whenever we happen thro' Inadvertency, Hurry of Buſineſs, or otherwiſe to miſpel a Syllable, it may not be improper to inſert the following Letter, which I received from a Gentleman who thinks himſelf of great Importance to the Publick.

A Letter from a Country School Maſter, to Mrs. Mary Midnight.

MADUM I am informmed by readin the Blew Pappers thatt your Magazins is ſowed in thatt you putt Advertiſſementts uppon the Covars of your Magazin's and I would have you advertize this Advertiſſementt thatt I ſends you in thiſs Lettar.

Wrighten and Readden
and
Trew Spellen
and Allſo
Marchantts Ackounts With dowble Entery
and Likewiſe
Geograffy and Aſttronnomy, and Aſttrollogy
and Allſo
Mathimattecks and Arathmeteck
tawt here By * * * * * * * *

Poſt-Skriptt,

Girlls and Bouys Bourded and good Yozitch for Chillderen.

And

And if anny boddy cums too you too inquier ſend them too me att my Howſe whear I lives and I will yowſe them well and learne them thier Boocks and teatch them ſoonner then anny boddy ſhal in thiſs Kingdomm.

Your Ombell Sarvantt,

* * * * * * * *

This Inſtructor of Mankind has, in the great hurry he was in to diſplay his Genius, omitted his Place of Reſidence; by which Means he may chance to loſe the Benefit of this Advertiſement, as well as the Honour of the Performance. As there is an Incongruity in the Advertiſement and Directions he has given me, which I think no School Miſtreſs whatever cou'd be guilty of, I hope Mr. *Feſtkeu* will not be diſpleaſed, that I have conceal'd his real Name, ſince the only Motive which induced me to it, was that his own Boys might uot laugh at him, and his Authority be loſt in his own Province.

As the following Poem, the Work of a very young Perſon, who ſeems already to bid fairly for Poetical Fame, is peculiarly adapted to the ſacred Seaſon that approaches; I gladly embrace this Opportunity of inſerting it,

M. MIDNIGHT.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE *On the Nativity of* CHRIST, *Between* THYRSIS *and* MIRZA.

——— *paulo majora canamus.*
Jam nova Progenies Cœlo dimittitur alto!
Virgil. *Eclog.* 4.

MIRZA.

OH *Thyrſis!* I behold thy Face o'erjoy'd!
Unnumber'd Terrors my Repoſe deſtroy'd.
Say gentle Boy! — what Cauſe yet unexplain'd
Upon the frozen Hills, thy Steps detain'd?
To what muſt I attribute thy Delay?
Thou welcome Meſſenger of Comfort — ſay?
Long I withſtood my Fears; — but when dark Night
Came on, and thou wer't abſent from my Sight,
I thought thee helpleſs in ſome devious Way,
To ſavage Bears, or fiercer Wolves, a Prey!
Since thou art ſafe, with ſpeed dear Youth declare:
Has ſome Miſchance befall'n our fleecy Care?

THYRSIS.

Unhurt, within the Fold, thy ſportive Lambs
Securely play, and drain their bleating Dams.
No Thieves approach, their Freedom to moleſt,
To ſteal the Flocks, or break the Shepherd's Reſt
Such Ills, oh! *Mirza*, caus'd not our Delay.
Ev'n GOD Himſelf, commanded us to ſtay!

Soon

Soon as the Night around diffus'd her Shades,
Forth from the Skies, a Flood of Light invades!
To paint its Luſtre, Words would ſtrive in vain;
Religious Horror chill'd each proſtrate Swain!
Lo! from a golden Cloud, a Cherub broke,
And ſmiling, thus in mortal Accents ſpoke.

" Fear not ye Shepherds! hear a friendly Voice,
" All Worlds in my glad Tidings ſhall rejoice!
" At length the Day is come, ſo long foretold
" By Saints Divine, and Prophecies of Old,
" When to the Earth a healing Saviour's given,
" The Son of God, and future Lord of Heaven!
" The great, the glorious CHRIST, at length is ſhown,
" And born in Royal *David*'s antient Town!"

" That Star ſhall guide! forſake your bleating Care,
" Go hence to *Bethlem!* ſeek *your Shepherd* there!
" In a rude Stable, the young Child behold,
" Whoſe Limbs as yet the winding Swathes infold.
" There in a Manger laid, your Saviour ſee!
" Adore him Shepherds!—for that Babe is HE!"

Scarce had he ſaid, when thro' the ſplendent Air,
Legions of Angels round his Form repair!
Myriads of Seraphs wav'd their downy Wings,
And warbled ſweetly, to Ten Thouſand Strings.
Sudden their dulcet Voices all conjoin'd!
Extatic Rapture overwhelm'd the Mind!

God

God uncreate the heavenly Chorus ſung,
Th' Almighty's Praiſes flow'd from ev'ry Tongue;
His Praiſe, who gave His only Son to prove
His boundleſs Mercy — and amazing Love! ——
Riſing they chaunted: — till the countleſs Hoſt,
High in the Heavens, amid the Clouds was loſt:
Yet could we hear their Songs, and all around
The floating Æther trembled with the Sound!
To *Bethlem*'s City, ſtrait we bent our Way:
Beheld the God! and bleſt the glorious Day!

MIRZA.

Thy Tale, O *Thyrſis!* with more Joy has fill'd
My glowing Breaſt, than if my *Herds* ſhould yield
Three-fold *Increaſe*, and crowd my ample Field!
For ever hallow'd be this ſacred Morn!
God dwells on Earth! — the *Lamb* of God is *born!*

MUSAPHIL.

The Bag-Wig *and the* Tobacco-Pipe.

A FABLE.

By Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

A Bag-wig of a jauntee Air,
Trickt up with all a Barber's Care,
Loaded with Powder and Perfume,
Hung in a Spendthrift's Dreſſing-Room;

Cloſe

Cloſe by its Side, by Chance convey'd,
A black Tobacco-Pipe was laid;
And with its Vapours far and near
Outſtunk the Eſſence of Monſieur:
At which its Rage, the Thing of Hair,
Thus, briſtling up, began declare:
" Bak'd Dirt, that with Intruſion rude
" Breaks in upon my Solitude;
" And with thy fetid Breath defiles
" The Air for forty thouſand Miles. —
" Avaunt — Pollution's in thy Touch —
" Oh barbarous *Engliſh!* —— horrid *Dutch!*
" I cannot bear it. — Here, *Sue*, *Nan*,
" Go call the Maid to call the Man;
" And bid him come without Delay,
" To take this odious Pipe away. ——
" Hideous! —— ſure ſome one ſmoak'd thee,
" Reverſely at his t'other End. [Friend,
" Oh, What mixt Odours! What a Throng
" Of ſalt and ſour, and ſtale and ſtrong!
" A moſt unnatural Combination,
" Enough to mar all Perſpiration. ——
" Monſtrous! — again — 'twou'd vex a Saint.
" *Suſan*, the Drops —— or elſe I faint! "——
The Pipe, (for 'twas a Pipe of Soul)
Raiſing himſelf upon his Bowl
In Smoke, like Oracle of old,
Did thus his Sentiments unfold:
" Why what's the Matter, Goodman Swagger,
" Thou flanting, *French*, fantaſtic Bragger?

" Whoſe whole fine Speech is (with a Pox)
" Ridiculous and heterodox.
" 'Twas better for the *Engliſh* Nation
" Before ſuch Scoundrels came in faſhion;
" When none ſought Hair in Realms unknown,
" But every Blockhead bore his own.
" Know, Puppy, I'm an *Engliſh* Pipe,
" Deem'd worthy of each *Briton*'s Gripe;
" Who with my Cloud-compelling Aid
" Help our Plantations and our Trade;
" And am, when ſober and when mellow,
" An *upright, downright* honeſt Fellow.
" Tho' Fools, like you, may think me rough,
" And ſcorn me 'cauſe I am in Buff,
" Yet your Contempt I glad receive,
" 'Tis all the Fame that you can give.
" *None Finery or Foppery prize*
" *But they who've ſomething to diſguiſe;*
" *For ſimple Nature hates abuſe,*
" *And* PLAINNESS *is the Dreſs of* USE.

To the Right Honourable the Lady *****.

Madam,

EVER ſince I commenced Author, I have liſtned with due Difference to the Opinion of the Publick; and I have the Honour to inform your Ladyſhip that all our Sex, and the more ſenſible Part of the other, have deign'd to give me a Read-

ing,

ing, and placed my Lucubrations among their moſt curious Manuals.

My Publiſher has, this Week, receiv'd Letters from two hundred and ninety nine different People; and the Purport of them all is to enquire when a Volume will be compleated: Moſt of them contain Orders, ſome for ten, ſome a Dozen, and others for twenty Books, bound in *Turky* Leather, gilt and letter'd, with Ribbons and Silver Claſps. Some are uneaſy that I don't publiſh once a Fortnight, others again are for once a Week, and a far greater Number would have it every Day. Then the greateſt Part of them ſay it is too cheap, and are for advancing the Price; ſome to Sixpence, ſome to a Shilling, and others to a Crown; and one Gentleman of the Number ſays, he ſubſcrib'd a Guinea for a Book which was not ſo good. But, notwithſtanding theſe Remonſtrances, I ſhall never alter my Price 'till the whole Body of my Monthly Purchaſers, which are, at leaſt, twenty thouſand, are, in this Reſpect, of one Mind; and, as they live, many of them, at a great Diſtance, and ſome are gouty and infirm, I don't ſuppoſe ſuch general Agreement can be effected before Lady-Day next; and, to that Period of Time, all your Ladyſhip's Friends will be ſerved at Three-pence each Number as uſual. I am highly oblig'd to your Ladyſhip for the Hint you gave me of taking Notice of the beſt Poetical Pamphlets; and that you may ſee with what Alacrity I obey all your Commands, I have ventured to give the Publick my Opinion of the

SATIRE (lately publiſh'd) entitl'd NEWMARKET, which, I think, is wrote with Spirit and Judgment. The Deſign is good, and the Sentiments are juſt, and drawn from Experience. I hope, therefore, your Ladyſhip will recommend it to the Gentlemen of your Acquaintance to whom it may be of Uſe. Many of our Gentry, and even Nobility prefer the Care of their Horſes to every Thing elſe appertaining to their Family; and value themſelves more upon a good Breed of Racers than a fine Circle of Children; ſuch are, in general, the Sentiments of the Wiſeacres of the Age that we live in; and, 'tis no Wonder; for our 'Squires are, for the moſt Part, educated by their Grooms, or their Huntſman; and, perhaps, that is the Reaſon why our Great Ones ſtudy more the Affairs of the Stable than the Affairs of the Nation. I have ſent you a few Lines of this Poem by Way of Specimen, which, I doubt not, will induce your Ladyſhip to read the Whole.

I am,
Madam,
Your Ladyſhip's
truly and affectionate Friend
and moſt obedient humble Servant,
M. MIDNIGHT.

WHAT Dreams of Conqueſt flush'd HILARIO's Breaſt,
When the good Knight at laſt retir'd to reſt!
Behold the Youth, with new-felt Rapture, mark
Each pleaſing Proſpect of the ſpacious Park:
That Park, where Beauties, undiſguis'd, engage,
Thoſe Beauties leſs the Work of Art than Age;
In ſimple State, where genuine Nature wears
Her venerable Dreſs of antient Years;
Where all the Charms of Chance with Order meet,
The rude, the gay, the graceful and the great.
Here aged Oaks uprear their Branches hoar,
And form dark Groves, which Druids might adore;
Pride and ſupport of *Britain*'s conquering Croſs,
Which diſtant Anceſtors ſaw crown'd with Moſs:
With meeting Boughs, and deepening to the View,
Here ſhoots the broad umbradgeous Avenue:
Here various Trees compoſe a chequer'd Scene,
Glowing in gay Diverſities of Green:
There the full Stream thro' intermingling Glades,
Shines a broad Lake, or falls in deep Caſcades.
Nor wants there hazle Copſe, or beachen Lawn,
To chear with Sun or Shade the bounding Fawn.
And ſee the good old Seat, whoſe Gothic Tow'rs
Awful emerge from yonder tufted Bow'rs;
Whoſe rafted Hall the crouding Tenants feed,
And dealt to Age and Want their daily Bread.
Where garter'd Knights with peerleſs Beauties join'd,
At high and ſolemn Feſtivals have din'd;

Preſenting oft fair Virtue's ſhining Taſk,
In myſtic Pageantries, and moral * Maſque.
But vain all ancient Praiſe, or Boaſt of Birth,
Vain all the Palms of old heroic Worth!
At once a Bankrupt, and a proſperous Heir,
HILARIO bets —— Park, Houſe, diſſolve in Air.
With antique Armour hung his trophy'd Rooms,
Deſcend to Gameſters, Proſtitutes, and Grooms.
He ſees his Steel-clad Sires, and Mothers mild,
Who bravely ſhook the Lance, or ſweetly ſmil'd,
All the fair Series of the whiſker'd Race,
Whoſe pictur'd Forms the ſtately Gallery grace,
Debas'd, abus'd, the Price of ill-got Gold,
To deck ſome Tavern vile, at Auctions ſold.

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* It was a faſhionable Practice among our antient Nobility and Gentry, of both Sexes, to perform perſonally in Entertainments of this Kind. Nothing could be a more delightful or rational Method of ſpending an Evening than this: MILTON's *Comus* was thus exhibited at *Ludlow-Caſtle*, in the Year 1631.

Poetry, Painting, and Muſick, were here united in their higheſt Perfection. It were to be wiſh'd that our modern People of Diſtinction would revive this excellent Practice, and ſubſtitute it in the Place of Routes and Maſquerades. But, in the preſent Age, the Idea of the true Decorum ſeems to be utterly extinct; and even the Dignity of human Nature ſeems to be quite over run with the falſe Refinements of affected Elegance, and all the inconſiſtent Fopperies of ſtudied Folly.

The

The Pariſh wonders at th' unopening Door,
The Chimnies blaze, the Tables groan no more.
Thick Weeds around the untrodden Courts ariſe,
And all the ſocial Scene in Silence lies.
Himſelf, the Loſs politely to repair,
Turns Atheiſt, Fiddler, Highwayman or Play'r.
At length the Scorn, the Shame of Man and God,
Is doom'd to *rub* the Steeds that once he *rode*.

Extract of a Letter from Mrs. Suſannah Rowe, *to her Siſter* M. Midnight.

NAPLES, *May* 2d, 1750. N. S.

Dear Siſter,

IN my laſt, of the 20th of *April*, I inform'd you that we were ſafely arrived here, in order to view the numberleſs Curioſities that have been lately dug out of the Ruins of the ancient City of *Herculaneum*: I then gave you a Deſcription of ſuch Things as we met with, worthy Notice, in the Road from *Rome* to *Naples*; and this, and my ſubſequent Letters, will be chiefly fill'd with the Wonders of this Place, where indeed one is furniſh'd with real Matter for Amazement every Day. This Country, dear Siſter, would be perfectly agreeable to a Woman of your ſpeculative Genius; and, on that Account, among many others, I wiſh you had pleaſur'd us with your Company. Before you read the Deſcription I ſhall ſend you of this ſubterra-

neous City, I wou'd adviſe you to ſee the Account of its Deſtruction, which you'll find in *Pliny*'s Letters. I ſaw an *Engliſh* Tranſlation of it at *Rome* by Mr. *Melmoth*, and, I think, publiſh'd by Mr. *Dodſley*; but I am not certain of that: However, there can be no Difficulty in getting it, and if there be it will richly repay your Trouble; for the Account given of this Place in thoſe Letters is very curious; and Mr. *Wilſon* tells me the Tranſlation is a good one. The Vertuoſi that are here refer (beſide *Pliny*) to an Account in *Dion Caſſius Niceus*; but I am out of all Patience with that abominable Author, and ſurpriz'd that Men of Senſe can refer one to any Thing ſo abſurd and ridiculous. Speaking of what preceded the Deſtruction of this City, he ſays, *Viri multi atque magni humanam omnem naturam excedentes, quales Gigantes diſcribuntur partim in Monte partim in finitima Regione, per Urbes interdiu atque Nocte per Terram oberrantes & in aëre percurrentes videbantur*; which in *Engliſh* I think is literally thus: *A Multitude of Men of an unnatural Size, ſuch as the Giants are deſcrib'd to be of, ſome in the Mountain itſelf, and ſome in its Borders, were ſeen Day and Night wandering about the Earth, and running thro' the Air.* Now after this Specimen, who wou'd ever read any farther, or place the leaſt Confidence in what is ſaid by a Man ſo ſubject to Error and Enthuſiaſm.

When I have finiſh'd the Deſcription of this ſubterraneous City I ſhall entertain you with another Cu-

Curioſity full as intereſting. It is a Manuſcript that was contain'd in an Urn, dug out of a Vault ſome Days ago, and which I bought of one of the Workmen who had conceal'd it: As the Fellow told of the Thing afterwards, ſeveral Gentlemen have been with me for it, to all whom it has been deny'd. The Urn, indeed, I have given them up, but the Manuſcript I ſecreted; and Mr. *Wilſon*, who underſtands the Characters, aſſures me it is of great Value.

The remaining Part of the Letter contains a Deſcription of the Curioſities which have been dug out of the Ruins, and which we ſhall by and by inſert; but firſt, let us ſee what Pliny *ſays of its Deſtruction.*

In the Letters to *Tacitus*, concerning his Uncle's Death, he ſays ——————

† "He was at that Time with the Fleet under his Command at *Miſenum*. On the 23d of *Auguſt*, about one in the Afternoon, my Mother deſired him to obſerve a Cloud, which appeared of a very unuſual Size and Shape; he had juſt returned from taking the Benefit of the Sun; and after bathing himſelf in cold Water, and taking a ſlight Repaſt, was retired to his Study: He immediately aroſe, and went out upon an Eminence, from whence he might more diſtinctly view this very uncommon Appearance. It was not at that Diſtance diſcernible from what Mountain this Cloud iſſued; but it was found afterwards to aſcend from Mount *Veſuvius*. I cannot give you a more exact Deſcription of its Figure, than by reſembling it to

† *Lib.* VI. *Epiſt.* 16.

that of a Pine-Tree; for it ſhot up a great Height in the Form of a Trunk, which extended itſelf at the Top into a Sort of Branches; occaſioned, I imagine, either by a ſudden Guſt of Air that impelled it, the Force of which decreaſed as it advanced upwards; or the Cloud itſelf, being preſſed back again by its own Weight, expanded in this Manner. It appeared ſometimes bright, and ſometimes dark and ſpotted, as it was either more or leſs impregnated with Earth and Cinders. This extraordinary Phænomenon excited my Uncle's Philoſophical Curioſity to take a nearer View of it.

He ordered a light Veſſel to be got ready, and gave me the Liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather choſe to continue my Studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an Employment of that Kind. As he was coming out of the Houſe, he received a Note from *Rectina*, the Wife of *Baſſus*, who was in the utmoſt Alarm at the imminent Danger which threatned her; for her Villa being ſituated at the Foot of Mount *Veſuvius*, there was no Way to eſcape but by Sea; ſhe earneſtly intreated him therefore to come to her Aſſiſtance. He accordingly changed his firſt Deſign; and what he began with a Philoſophical, he purſued with an Heroical Turn of Mind. He ordered the Gallies to put to Sea, and went himſelf on board, with an Intention of aſſiſting not only *Rectina*, but ſeveral others; for the Villas ſtand extreamly thick upon that beautiful Coaſt. When haſtening to the Place from whence others fled with the utmoſt Terror, he ſteer'd his direct Courſe to the Point of Danger; and with ſo much Calmneſs and Preſence of Mind as to be able to make and dictate his Obſervations upon the Motion and Figure of that dreadful Scene. He was now ſo nigh the Mountain, that the Cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into

into the Ships, together with Pumice Stones, and black Pieces of burning Rocks; they were likewiſe in Danger not only of being aground by the ſudden retreat of the Sea, but alſo from the vaſt Fragments which rolled down from the Mountain, and obſtructed all the Shore.

Here he ſtopped to conſider whether he ſhould return back again: To which the Pilot adviſing him, Fortune, ſaid he, befriends the Brave; carry me to *Pomponianus*; *Pomponianus* was then at *Stabiæ*, ſeparated by a Gulf, which the Sea, after ſeveral inſenſible Windings, forms upon that Shore.

He had already ſent his Baggage on board; for tho' he was not at that Time in actual Danger, yet being within the View of it, and indeed extreamly near, if it ſhould in the leaſt increaſe, he was determined to put to Sea as ſoon as the Wind ſhould change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my Uncle to *Pomponianus*, whom he found in the greateſt Conſternation: he embraced him with Tenderneſs, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his Spirits; and the more to diſſipate his Fears, he ordered, with an Air of Unconcern, the Baths to be got ready; when after having bathed, he ſat down to Supper with great Chearfulneſs, (or at leaſt what is equally Heroic) with all the Appearance of it.

In the mean while, the Eruption from Mount *Veſuvius* flamed out in ſeveral Places with much Violence, which the Darkneſs of the Night contributed to render ſtill more viſible and dreadful. But my Uncle, in order to ſooth the Apprehenſions of his Friend, aſſured him it was only the Burning of the Villages, which the Country People had abandon'd to the Flames. After this he retired to Reſt, and it is moſt certain, that

he was ſo little diſcompos'd, as to fall into a deep Sleep; for being pretty fat and breathing hard, thoſe who attended without actually heard him ſnore. The Court which led to his Apartment being now almoſt filled with Stones and Aſhes; if he had continued there any Time longer, it would have been impoſſible for him to have made his Way out; it was thought proper therefore to awaken him. He got up, and went to *Pomponianus* and the reſt of his Company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to Bed.

They conſulted together whether it would be moſt prudent to truſt to the Houſes, which now ſhook from Side to Side with frequent and violent Concuſſions; or fly to the open Fields, where the calcin'd Stones and Cinders, tho' light indeed, yet fell in large Showers, and threatned Deſtruction. In this Diſtreſs they reſolved for the Fields. as the leſs dangerous Situation of the two: A Reſolution which, while the reſt of the Company were hurried into by their Fears, my Uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate Conſideration.

They went out then, having Pillows tied upon their Heads with Napkins, and this was their whole Defence againſt the Storm of Stones that fell around them. Tho' it was now Day every where elſe, with them it was darker than the moſt obſcure Night, excepting only what Light proceeded from the Fire and Flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the Shore, to obſerve if they might ſafely put out to Sea, but they found the Waves ſtill run high and extremely boiſterous. There my Uncle having drank a Draught or two of cold Water, threw himſelf down upon a Cloth which was ſpread for him; when immediately the Flames and a ſtrong Smell of Sulphur, which was the Forerunner of them

them, diſperſed the reſt of the Company, and obliged him to ariſe: He raiſed himſelf up with the Aſſiſtance of Two of his Servants, and inſtantly fell down Dead, ſuffocated, as I conjecture, by ſome groſs and noxious Vapour; having always had weak Lungs, and frequently Subject to a difficulty of Breathing. As ſoon as it was Light again, which was not till the third Day after this melancholy Accident, his Body was found intire, and without any Marks of Violence upon it, exactly in the ſame Poſture that he fell, and looking more like a Man aſleep than Dead.

* The Letter, which in compliance to your Requeſt, I wrote concerning the Death of my Uncle, has raiſed, it ſeems, your Curioſity to know what Terrors and Dangers attended me while I continued at *Miſenum*; for there I think the Account in my former broke off.

Tho' my ſhock'd Soul recoils my Tongue ſhall tell.

ÆNEID ii. by Mr. PITT.

My Uncle having left us, I purſued the Studies which prevented my going with him, till it was Time to bathe, after which I went to Supper, and from thence to Bed; where my Sleep was greatly broken and diſturbed; there had been for many Days before ſome Shocks of an Earthquake, which the leſs ſurprized us, as they are extreamly frequent in *Campania*; but they were ſo particularly violent that Night, that they not only ſhook every Thing about us, but ſeemed indeed to threaten total Deſtruction; my Mother flew to my Chamber, where ſhe found me riſing, in Order to

* *Lib.* VI. *Epiſt.* 20.

awaken

awaken her; we went out into a ſmall Court belonging to the Houſe, which ſeparated the Sea from the Buildings.

Tho' it was now Morning the Light was exceeding faint and languid; the Buildings all around us totter'd, and tho' we ſtood upon open Ground, yet as the Place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great Danger, we therefore reſolved to quit the Town. The People followed us in the utmoſt Conſternation, and (as to a Mind diſtracted with Terror, every Suggeſtion ſeems more prudent than its own) preſſed in great Crowds about us in our Way out. Being got at a convenient Diſtance from the Houſes, we ſtood ſtill, in the Midſt of a moſt dangerous and dreadful Scene. The Chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out, were ſo agitated backwards and forwards, tho' upon level Ground, that we could not keep them ſteddy, even by ſupporting them with large Stones. The Sea ſeemed to roll back upon its Self, and to be driven from its Banks by the convulſive Motion of the Earth; it is certain at leaſt the Shore was conſiderably enlarged, and ſeveral Sea Animals were left upon it. On the other Side, a black and dreadful Cloud, burſting with an igneous Serpentine Vapour, darted out a long Train of Fire, reſembling Flaſhes of Lightning but much larger.

Soon afterwards the Cloud ſeem'd to deſcend and cover the whole Ocean, as indeed it intirely hid the Iſland of *Caprea*; and the Promontory of *Miſenum*. My Mother ſtrongly conjured me to make my Eſcape at any Rate, which, as I was young, I might eaſily do; as for herſelf, ſhe ſaid, her Age and Corpulency rendered all Attempts of that Sort impoſſible; however, ſhe ſhould willingly meet Death, if ſhe could have the

Satis-

Satisfaction of seeing that she was not the Occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the Hand, I led her on: She complied with great Reluctance, and not without many Reproaches to herself, for retarding my Flight. The Ashes now began to fall upon us, tho' in no great Quantity. I turned my Head, and observed behind us a thick Smoke, which came rolling after us like a Torrent: I proposed while we had yet any Light, to turn out of the high Road, lest we should be pressed to Death in the Dark; by the Crowd that followed.

We had scarce stepped out of the Path, when a Darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy Night, or when there is no Moon, but of a Room when 'tis shut up, and all the Lights extinct; nothing then was to be heard but the Shrieks of Women, the Screams of Children, and the Cries of Men: Some calling for their Children, others for their Parents, others for their Husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their Voices; one lamenting his own Fate, another that of his Family, some wishing to Die, from the very fear of Dying; some lifting up their Hands to the Gods; but the greater Part imagining that the last and Eternal Night was come, which was to destroy both the Gods and the World together. Amongst these there were some who augmented the real Terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frighted Multitude falsly believe that *Misenum* was actually in Flames; at length a glimmering Light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the Forerunner of an approaching Burst of Flames, (as in Truth it was) than the Return of Day; however, the Fire fell at a Distance from us: Then again we were immersed in thick Darkness; and a heavy Shower of Ashes rained upon us; which we were obliged every

now

now and then to ſhake off, otherwiſe we ſhould have been cruſhed and buried in the Heap. I might boaſt that during all this Scene of Horror, not a Sigh or Expreſſion of Fear eſcaped from me, had not my Support been founded in that miſerable, tho' ſtrong Conſolation, that all Mankind were involved in the ſame Calamity, and that I imagin'd I was periſhing with the World itſelf.

At laſt this dreadful Darkneſs was diſſipated by degrees, like a Cloud or Smoke; the real Day returned, and even the Sun appeared, tho' very faintly, and as when an Eclipſe is coming on. Every Object that preſented itſelf to our Eyes (which were extreamly weakened) ſeemed changed, being covered over with white Aſhes as with a deep Snow. We returned to *Miſenum*, where we refreſhed ourſelves as well as we could, and paſſed an anxious Night between Hope and Fear; tho' indeed with a much larger Share of the latter, for the Earthquake ſtill continued, while ſeveral Enthuſiaſtic People run up and down heightning their own, and their Friends Calamities, by terrible Predictions. However, my Mother and I, notwithſtanding the Danger we had paſſed, and that now ſtill threatned us, had no Thoughts of leaving the Place, till we ſhould receive ſome Account of my Uncle.

The following Epigram was ſent me by *Ebenezer Pentweazle*, Eſq; who is too apt to throw out Invectives againſt our Sex. As my inſerting this is a high Proof of my Impartiality, he will have no Reaſon to be ſurpriz'd at receiving alſo a Proof of my Juſtice. And I take this Opportunity to aſſure that Gentleman, that he will ſee himſelf celebrated among many other *Drivellers* in my DUNCIAD, unleſs he immediately repents, recants, and reforms.

APOLLO and DAPHNE.

An EPIGRAM.

WHEN Phœbus was amorous and long'd to be rude,
Miſs Daphne cry'd, piſh! and ran ſwift to the Wood;
And rather than do ſuch a naughty Affair,
She became a fine Laurel to deck the God's Hair.
The Nymph was (no Doubt) of a cold Conſtitution,
For ſure to turn Tree was an odd Reſolution:
Yet in this ſhe behav'd like a true modern Spouſe,
For ſhe fled from his Arms to diſtinguiſh his Brows.

The MIDWIFE's POLITICKS: Or, *Goſſip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

EUROPE *in general.*

IT is no Wonder that Women are particularly honoured in this Part of the World; for Europe itſelf, if we conſider her Figure in the Map, will appear to be nothing elſe but an Old Woman. This will be obvious to any one who turns the North Eaſt, or upper Corner of

of the Right Hand of her Map or Picture towards himſelf: And in the common Poſition of the Map the ſame may be diſcovered; only ſhe then ſeems as if going to ſtand upon her Head in the North Weſt Corner of Africa, whereas in the other Way ſhe appears erect: Or again, we may ſuppoſe her lying on her Back, with her Face turned to the Right, towards the Mediterranean Sea.

Either of theſe, I will venture to ſay, is as likely a Repreſentation as ever was ſeen in a Chriſtmas Fire, or in the Clouds that adorn the Horizon at the Cloſe of a Summer's Day.

Portugal and Spain.

If all Europe be a Woman, this large Peninſula muſt certainly be her Head. Portugal, in particular, muſt paſs for an Ornament in the Crown of that Head: And it gives me a Pleaſure to obſerve, that Gibraltar, the Property of Great Britain, ſtands as a bright Jewel on the Forehead of it. A Jewel it undoubtedly is, which I hope we ſhall never part with; any more than with that which lies detached from the Head at ſome Diſtance, and which I need not tell my Readers is Port Mahon.

As to what is contained in this Head, that will perhaps appear from our Reflections, in future Numbers of our Magazine.

The Pyrenean Mountains, which ſeparate Spain from France, muſt be conſidered as a beautiful Necklace of Pearls and Diamonds; proper Ornaments for the Neck of a Lady, eſpecially a Lady of ſuch Rank in the World as Madam Europa, whom we fondly call the Queen of the Univerſe.

France.

The Neck and Breaſt are repreſented by this Kingdom,

dom, which will doubtleſs be as proud of the Honour I aſſign to it, as it is of its many other Advantages. As the Seat of Life is much in this Diviſion, we may fancy ſomething of it ſhadowed out in the Vivacity of a Frenchman. But we cannot allow all the noble Parts, which in the human Body are covered by the Breaſt, to be the Property of France only in this Anatomy of Europe. I would give ſome of them, how unphiloſophical ſoever it may ſeem, to my Native Country of

GREAT-BRITAIN.

This is the Left Arm in our Anatomical Diſpoſition. It appears as if cut off from the Body, and releaſed from the mutual Engagements it might otherwiſe be under with the Fellow Members. But if we read our Hiſtory of the preſent Age, we ſhall find this amputated Limb more aſſiduous than any other, and ever ready to riſe to the Aſſiſtance of thoſe Parts with which it has no natural Connection. If it would now and then ſtrike a ſudden and ſmart Blow on the Breaſt, recoiling immediately to its own proper Situation, the Skilful in this Science think it would act more for its own ſeparate Intereſt.

ITALY.

As Great Britain is the Left Arm, this is evidently the Right. It is not only joined to the Body, but is ſurrounded by that large String of Jewels at the Shoulder Joints, which we call the Alpine Mountains. Another Ornament, of the ſame Kind, deſcends down the Length of it, and is well known by the Name of the Apennine Hills. If we ſuppoſe a particolour'd Robe thrown over this Arm, it will be figurative of the ſeveral States of which Italy is compoſed. The ſame Ob-

Obſervation will hold good of Germany, to which we ſhall next proceed. This Kind of Anatomy does not require ſuch critical Exactneſs, as would oblige me to account for the Iſlands of Sardinia, Corſica, Sicily, &c. any more than I before accounted for Ireland, and the Iſles of Scotland, in ſpeaking of Great Britain.

HOLLAND *and* GERMANY.

We muſt next deſcend to the Belly, or lower Stomach, which a Glance of the Eye will diſcover in the Countries now mentioned. Tho' this may ſeem too low for the Seat of the Heart, yet as the Blood flows copiouſly from that Inteſtine to all the Parts of the Body, and the Trade of Holland and Hamburgh, added to that of England, are not badly repreſented by the Animal Circulation, I hope an Old Woman's Fondneſs for her own Conceits will be excuſed, if I here venture to put the one as typical of the other.

And as to Germany in general, including the Netherlands, nobody can think it an improper Emblem of the Belly. If the Gluttony and Drunkenneſs of my own good Countrymen are by any People exceeded, all Men acknowledge it can be by the Germans only.

I have ſeen it affirmed in the Works of ſome reverend Huſſite, that if Germany be the Belly of Europe, Bohemia is demonſtrated the Navel in that Belly. This Thought is not unhappy, and we leave his Countrymen in Poſſeſſion of it to proceed lower.

POLAND, LITTLE TARTARY, &c.

It was the Opinion of a very learned and pious Judge, I think, Sir Matthew Hale, that there is in Man no Wiſdom below the Girdle. In like Manner, a little below the

the Line, that muſt denote the Girdle of Europe, one would think there was neither Law nor Property.

The Poles, the moſt powerful People in this Diviſion cannot be brought to obey their King or their own Intereſt.

Theſe wild and ſavage People, the Haidaimacks, ſome of the Coſſacks, and the Crim and the Budziack Tartars, ſeem to be under no Direction but that of their unruly Appetites, which prompt them to do whatever they luſt after: Not to mention that as many of theſe People are Mahometans, there might be ſomething typical in the Horns of the Creſcent, which they carry for their Standard.

I muſt not here omit the vaſt Collection of Waters, which, after flowing thro' ſeveral Parts of the Body of Europe, by the Canals of many Rivers, empty themſelves into the Black Sea, and from thence iſſue only by a narrow and ſecret Channel, into the Mediterranean.

The Lower Parts of EUROPE.

I muſt now take in the whole Extent of the modern Hoop, and that with ſome Allowances for Irregularities, to cover the Parts of Europe which yet remain to be deſcribed. It's here that my Similitude, which has hitherto been ſo ſtriking, begins to fail in ſome Meaſure. We ſhould make two very odd Legs, and them very far aſunder, were we to find them in Scandinavia and European Turkey. But the Petticoat hides all beneath it, and very happily in the Inſtance before us, becauſe we really know much leſs of the Countries placed under it than of thoſe we have already deſcanted on.

It will be impoſſible to conceal, that without allowing ſome very large Rents in this Petticoat, we ſhall not be able to account for the Baltick Sea, the Gulphs of Finland,

land, Bothnia, Archangel and others: But all theſe Difficulties, and all the new Diſcoveries that can be made by the Imaginations of my Readers, I leave them to ſettle and enjoy; it being ſufficient that I have proved, after Botero Munſter, Mercator, Hondius, Heylin, and ſeveral other Geographical Old Women, that the Map of Europe is neither more nor leſs than an old Woman's Picture.

After tracing thro' this Sketch, other political Reflections will, I hope, be diſpenſed with for this Month. Enow of theſe will be found in the Writings of my Brothers and Siſters of the Quill, who would think the Title of Old Women, were I to beſtow it on them, rather a Diſgrace than an Honour. I do not fear bringing this Title, however, into the Light and Reputation it deſerves. And as we have lately had ſome important Advices from Nova Scotia, and others from France, I ſhall be very much miſtaken if a ſhort Time does not furniſh Matter for ſuch Reflections, as will not be unworthy a Woman of real Sagacity to make.

Concerning DOMESTIC NEWS.

WE acknowledge all our Brother News Writers to be Conjurers; but, by their Leaves, even Conjurers are ſometimes out in their Calculations. This I apprehend will plainly appear to thoſe who will give themſelves the Trouble to examine the Publick Papers during the laſt War, and to compare the Prognoſtications of the Effects of our ſeveral Reſolutions, with their Events. Yet notwithſtanding their known Inability, and Want of Penetration, they ſtill go on in the ſame Strain of *Fortune-telling*, and pretend to diſcover Things that

are

are as myſterious as the Longitude, and as uncertain as the Determinations in the Court of * * * *

The Writer of a certain political Paper, it is true, never preſumes to aſſert any Thing 'till he has caſt his Coffee. He brags of having ſeen the Battles of *Dettingen*, *Fontenoy*, and *Culloden*, in his Coffee-Grounds, ſix Weeks before they happen'd; and has this Morning aſſur'd me, that the Great Mogul will infallibly die on Wedneſday next. But if this Man is ſo careful and exact in his Calculation, others are altogether as remiſs in theirs. How many People have they married with Fortunes of five, ſix, ſeven, eight, nay, ten thouſand Pounds, that perhaps never felt the Weight of a ſingle Hundred. I muſt, therefore, in my future Numbers, take the Liberty to animadvert on all Paragraphs of this Kind, if my Brother Scribblers (from the Hint I have given them) ſhou'd not think proper to diſcontinue the Practice; for, I ſhall admit of no Impoſitions that I have the Power to redreſs: Beſides this, I take it extreamly ill that they ſhou'd preſume to value our Sex by the Weight of any Sort of Metal whatſoever. My Inventory, or Eſtimation of a Woman, begins with the Furniture of the Mind; and when I have ſcheduled the good Qualities there, and added thoſe of the Body, all the reſt I throw in without any particular Specification. *Solomon* (who I believe, gentle Reader, was as wiſe as any of our modern Writers) tells us, the *Price of a virtuous Woman is above Rubies:* And the wiſe Son of *Sirach*, who had been thrice married, breaks out in the folowing *Exphoneſis* or *Exclamation: Bleſſed is the Man that hath a virtuous Wife, for the Number of his Days ſhall be double.*

I wiſh you a merry Chriſtmas.

ADVERTISEMENT.

MARY MIDNIGHT, Author of the MIDWIFE, or the *Old Woman's Magazine*, begs the Publick will do her the Juſtice to believe, that ſhe is not the Author of that poor paultry Pamphlet lately publiſh'd in her Name. All her Pieces will be printed, as uſual, for T. Carnan, in St. Paul's Church-Yard, oppoſite the North Door of the Church, and for no other Perſon.

N. B. Thoſe good People who have borrowed her Name to vend their Stuff, will be emblazoned, with all their Virtues round them, in the *Old Woman's Dunciad*, which is now preparing for the Preſs, and will contain the *moſt choice* Collection of *Drivellers* and *Humdrums* that ever was exhibited to publick View.

The MIDWIFE.

NUMB. IV.

A Diſſertation on DUMB RHETORIC:

Or, the Language of the Limbs, with ſome Account of Queen MAB, *which is now acting with* aſtoniſhing *Applauſe, at the* Theatre-Royal, *in* Drury-Lane. *By* Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

NATURE deſigning Man for a ſocial and converſible Creature, gave him diverſe Methods of expreſſing his Ideas; and the mutual Traffic of the Mind may be negotiated by many Signs and Tokens, beſides Words and Sounds. A certain Modification, and curious Diſpoſition of the Fingers only, will conſtitute a very intelligible Language; as I myſelf can teſtify, for when I was a young Girl, one of my Lovers taught me to ſpeak with my Hands, and we have call'd one another by the tendereſt Names, unperceiv'd, in the Preſence of a very auſtere and ſuſpicious Guardian. Ten thouſand Ideas may be ex-

preſs'd by the Geſticulation of the Body, and there's ſcarce a Muſcle about us, but at certain Times ſpeaks ſomething to the Purpoſe.

Thoſe Critics therefore that condemn all Pantomimes as unmeaning Things, do not ſeem duly to have conſider'd this. There is an Intention and a Plot in the worſt of them, and Nature in this Sort of Drama is rather diſguiſed than baniſhed: As the Imagination is naturally delighted with whatever is new and ſurprizing, it is impoſſible not to be ſtruck with the Machinery, which will always pleaſe more with its Novelty, than offend with its Abſurdity. A Pantomime is to a Play, what the *Arabian* Tales are to a Novel; in the latter you have nothing but what may be fact, and in the former there's hardly any Thing that can be ſo. The *Taliſmans*, the *Genii*, and many other Things out of Nature, afford aſtoniſhing Delight to young Readers, and I own I like them to this Day. Why therefore ſhould we affect to deſpiſe Pantomime, which may be conſidered as one of theſe Tales carried into Action, and the ſurprizing Mutation and Variation of the Scenery effected by the *Genii* and the *Taliſmans* Power.

Having ſaid thus much in Behalf of Pantomime, I expect the Thanks of my Friend Mr. *Garrick*, who has now got his old Woman, as well as *Moliere*, and I deſire he'll pay the ſame Regard to my Judgment, as his Rival of *France* did to that of *La Foret*.

This

This I ſhall take for granted, and proceed to give ſome Account of the Entertainment which opens as uſual with an old Father or Guardian, a fooliſh Servant, and a pretty Girl that is to be immured. Nothing happens remarkable that I remember, till Harlequin, the Hero of all theſe Pieces, is introduced on a Pedeſtal, where he very naturally repreſents a Statue; but Queen *Mab* ſends an Ambaſſador extraordinary, for you muſt know that good-natur'd Fairy is determin'd the young Lady ſhall not die an old Maid, but that honeſt Harlequin ſhall have the towzling of her. His Excellency of Fairy-Land, who by the bye is a very pretty Fellow, iſſues from the Pedeſtal, and after ſinging you a Song, in which he tells you the Intent of his Arrival; he waves his Wand to Mr. *Collet*, who with *Orpheus*'s Skill, falls to Work, in order to tweedle Harlequin into Exiſtence; his Skill has the deſired Effect, and Harlequin comes to Life gradually to a very pretty Tune, and in exceeding good Time; after which he comes forward, makes his Reverence ſeveral Times, thinking himſelf doubtleſs under great Obligations both to the Fairy and the Fidler.

The next Thing worth Obſervation is a tall Footman, who is juſt come from off a Journey, if (as PETULANT in the *Way of the World* expreſſes it) we may judge by the Information of his Boots. His Errant is to carry a Letter to the Lady from a fine Gentleman, who is to be Harlequin's Rival. Some Ceremony paſſes between the

two Servants, which gives Harlequin an Opportunity of getting into the Houſe, but not before he has teſtify'd his Reſpects to the tall Gentleman, by giving him a good Slap with his Sword, the *Wooden Wit* of which always meets with extravagant Applauſe from the Gallery. The young Lady who (I ſuppoſe) has the uſual Denomination of Columbine, is introduced in an handſome Apartment, admiring herſelf in her Glaſs; and in order to behold herſelf in different Attitudes, ſhe dances a Sort of a Semi-minuet, when on a ſudden the Glaſs vaniſhes, and Harlequin appears as a Picture in the Frame; which has a very pretty Effect, and ſhews the Compoſer or rather Contriver of this Drama, to be now as good a Painter, as in the Beginning he was a Statuary. Harlequin however knowing that a fine Lady will not be long contented with daubing and Canvas, ſoon demonſtrates to his Miſtreſs, that he is actually Fleſh and Blood by ſeveral warm Embraces. But, alas! they are ſoon interrupted by the Appearance of the old Gentleman, and Harlequin is reduced to make his Eſcape by a very high Leap Head fore-moſt thro' the Scene; which gives the Spectators and his Lady a great Opinion of his Agility.

Soon after this Event, the tall Footman, whoſe Humour conſiſts principally in taking a great Quantity of Snuff and Blundering, brings an Anſwer back to the fine Gentleman his Maſter, who is in his Dreſſing-Room, ſurveying the Lady's Picture in Miniature; but as he's peruſing his Letter, up comes

comes a little Fairy, ſteals the Picture, and at the ſame Time a Suit of Cloaths, and diſappears with the Booty. Next in order comes the Purſuit of Harlequin, in which the old Gentleman and the young one, the tall Servant and the ſhort one, diſtinguiſh themſelves by beating and tumbling over one another thro' Miſtake; which, together with ſome more of Harlequin's *Wooden Wit*, gives incredible Satisfaction to the Populace. In the ſucceeding Scene, to the beſt of my Memory, poor Harlequin appears alone in a Grove, and ſhews his Melancholy in ſeveral mournful Geſticulations; but is ſoon conſoled by the Fairy, who brings him the Picture and Suit of Cloaths, which he puts on in order to introduce himſelf in his Rival's Stead.

There is a good *Deceptio* in the Admiſſion of Harlequin into the Houſe: — Mr. *Blakes*, who acts the Part of the Rival, is brought in a Chair, and actually appears to the Audience; but upon opening the ſame Chair out comes Harlequin, upon which the *Trap-Doors* meet with univerſal Applauſe. In a very ſhort Time Mr. *Blakes* ſhews himſelf in the Chair again, gets out in a great Paſſion, and follows Harlequin. In the next Scene we have them both, when if it was not for Harlequin's cloven Face, it wou'd be impoſſible to know one from the other. Preſently the old Gentleman and the young Lady enter, who are greatly embarraſs'd for ſome time; but while Mr. *Blakes* is juſtifying his Pretenſions, Mr. *Woodward* makes

off with his Miſtreſs. Hereabouts we have a Scene of a Pot-Houſe, which is transform'd by Harlequin into a Caſtle with a Draw-Bridge, which he makes very good Uſe of to the Confuſion of his Purſuers; eſcapes himſelf, but unhappily leaves his Lady behind him, who again falls into the Clutches of her Male-Duenna.

Our motley Hero ſoon after appears under her Chamber-Window, which his Miſtreſs opens, and holds out her Handkerchief. Harlequin, after ſome Heſitation ſprings up, puts his Foot upon the Water-Spout, which is ſo cleverly contriv'd that it heaves him up to the Window, without having itſelf any viſible Motion. But Harlequin is again diſcovered, and now we have another Purſuit, with Entertainments of Tumbling by Meſſ. *Shuter* and *Layfield*, who repreſent the two Servants. —— Away we go helter ſkelter, till we blunder upon a Stone-Cutter's-Yard, which, by the moſt extraordinary Metamorphoſe in the World, is turn'd into the *Guild-Hall*. This has a moſt aſtoniſhing Effect, and I could not help obſerving, how highly delighted the Citizens were to ſee their old Friends GOG and MAGOG. After this there is little or nothing worth Obſervation, till the laſt Scene, which is a very grand one, and the Fairy Dance, which is perform'd by ſeveral little Boys and Girls, gives a general Satisfaction to People of all Ranks and Taſtes. The Drama ends happily, for Queen MAB ſends his *Excellency* before-mentioned, who lays his Commands on the old Gentleman

man to pardon Harlequin, and give him his Daughter, which he accordingly does, and the whole Affair ends amicably in a Country-Dance. I muſt not conclude without obſerving, that there is a Degree of Merit even in the Name of this Entertainment; for Queen *Mab* was a very great Favourite both of *Shakeſpear* and *Milton*, wherefore there could not have been found any Appellation more likely to prejudice the Audience in its Favour: I am ſenſible, that in this Account, there are many Particulars omitted, but theſe Omiſſions were intended; for I was afraid, if I hung out the Picture too like, I ſhou'd ſatisfy the People's Curioſity, ſo that they would not be at the Expence of ſeeing the *Show*.

A Letter from Mrs. Mary Midnight, *to the Society of* Antiquarians, *giving them an Account of a very curious Petrifaction found near* Penzance, *in the County of* Cornwal.

GENTLEMEN,

SUperfluous and abſurd wou'd an Apology be from me to you, for any Addreſs which I can make to you, ſince doubtleſs I have a Right to your Acquaintance, and a Property in your Protection; being myſelf a moſt extraordinary Piece of venerable Antiquity. But ſhou'd I wave this Priviledge, the ſingular Curioſity I am about to preſent you, in the Formation of which, Nature, Time and Art have been employ'd would ſufficiently plead my Excuſe. As my worthy Friend Mr.

Powallis of *Penzance*, was taking an Evening's Walk in the Fields, he accidentally trod upon ſomething, which having all the Appearance of an human Excrement, made him immediately congratulate himſelf upon his good Luck. But upon a ſtricter Scrutiny it appeared to be a Pebble, which both in Shape and Colour perfectly reſembled what he at firſt took it for. He carried it Home to his Lady, who at firſt Sight cry'd out, my Dear, you have brought Home a ——— mentioning a Word, which I am ſorry ſhou'd ever drop from a Woman of her Decency and Diſcretion. However, upon handling it ſhe was pacify'd, and diverted herſelf by now and then depoſiting it in the Parlour, to the Confuſion of the Houſe-Maid, and ſometimes dropping it in Company, for the Entertainment and Aſtoniſhment of her Friends. At length a Gentleman who was an excellent Antiquarian, and likewiſe profoundly learn'd in Minerals and Foſſils, happen'd to pay Mr. *Powallis* a Viſit; and upon Inſpection declar'd with Tranſport, that it was the greateſt Curioſity in *Europe*. "This (ſays he) is "really and *bonâ fide*, a petrified Excrement, and as "it was found in the Fields, is a valuable Monu- "ment of ancient Simplicity; when our Fathers "(how unlike the Effeminacy of our Moderns!) "uſed to *do their Buſineſs* in the moſt paſtoral and "unaffected Manner, and (as the Divine *Milton* "ſings)

"Every Shepherd *laid his Tail*
"Under the Hawthorne in the Vale.

This

This Gentleman is now in Poſſeſſion of the Petrifaction which he obtain'd from Mr. *Powallis*, who (becauſe he was his very intimate Friend) let him have it at the eaſy Expence of Fifty Pound. I wiſh, Gentlemen of the Society, it was mine to beſtow, I declare I ſhould not heſitate a Moment about the Diſpoſal of it. But, as it is, you will be content with a Deſcription of it, which I ſhall attempt in as brief a Manner, as I may: This Rarity then, which you may either call an artificial Piece of Nature, or a natural Piece of Art, is about ſeven Inches long, and about three and a half diameter; (I mean in the Centre) for, towards the End, it's taper, and is (as a certain Poet ſays by a Lady's Shape)

"*Fine by Degrees and beautifully leſs.*"

It reſembles a Rainbow in its Curvature, but not in Colour; for in that Reſpect it is uniform to a ſurprizing Exactneſs, which Dr. *Bolus* aſſures us is a ſtrong Proof that the Ancients lived upon a Milk and Vegetable Diet, and were free from thoſe luxurious Compoſitions that diſcolour the Excrements of this degenerate Age. Mr. *Fondleduſt*, (who, tho' he has not the Honour to be of your Society is yet a Man of great Penetration and Curioſity) declares, he is abſolutely certain that in a few Years Study he could find out the Age, Condition, Sex, Situation, Country and Conſtitution of the Perſon who generouſly bequeath'd this remarkable Relict to Poſterity. —— Nay, he ſtill goes farther —— and moſt confidently (tho' I think ſome-

what raſhly) declares, that he can find out whether it is a Jewiſh, Pagan, or Mahometan Buſineſs. I intended to to have given you a Figure of this Petrefaction; but my Engraver is ſuch a Coxcomb that he refuſed the Job; and ſwore he wou'd not draw the Picture of a damn'd ——— for any Man; ſpeaking diſreſpectfully of that Thing which with us is in ſuch Eſteem, that, by the Courteſy of the Kingdom, it has obtain'd the Order of Knighthood, under the Style and Title of Sir Reverence. Now, Gentlemen, having laid before you this Matter in as plain and ſuccinct a Manner as I was capable of, I humbly take my Leave, but not without moſt ſincerely promiſing you, that if any of *this Sort* ſhou'd occur to me hereafter, I will not fail to communicate it to you as a Teſtimony of that Eſteem with which I remain

Your moſt humble Servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.

The Amours of Mr. H. Lovewell *and Miſs* E. Goodwill.

Mrs. *Midnight*,

AS I don't recollect that I have ever ſeen any Cenſure on that abominable Cuſtom of old Women marrying young Fellows, and thereby impoveriſhing themſelves and Children: I believe the following Story, which I received in a Letter from an intimate Friend, may be acceptable. Nothing, I think, expoſes our Sex more to ridicule than ſuch unnatural Unions. 'Tis bad enough when a Girl be-

becomes the Wife of a Man old enough to be her Father; yet, I believe, there have been Inſtances of Happineſs in this Caſe; but when the Infirmities of Age are on the Side of the Woman, ſhe can have little elſe to expect but Contempt and Diſregard.

I am, Madam,
Your conſtant Reader,
And humble Servant,
MARIA.

Mr. *Goodwill* dying about a Year ago, left behind him an immenſe Fortune, made his Wife his ſole Executrix and Guardian to their only Daughter *Elmira*. This Lady, who is now about nineteen, was tenderly beloved by Mr. *Lovewell*, a young Gentleman of a great deal of Merit and an agreeable Perſon. As he was to be the Heir of Sir *Harry* **** his Uncle, Mr. *Goodwill* had, in his laſt Sickneſs, liſten'd to his Propoſal with Pleaſure, but his Lady abſolutely refuſed her Conſent. In vain did the Lover implore, his Uncle entreat, and her Huſband expoſtulate. She was ſtill inflexible; and proteſted if ever her Daughter married him, ſhe ſhould be to her as a Stranger. Terrified at this Menace, the poor young Lady reſolved to ſtifle her growing Tenderneſs, and to that End begg'd her Father's Permiſſion (as he was not at that Time worſe than he had been for many Months) to ſpend the Summer with her Aunt, who had a Seat in *Shropſhire*, thither ſhe went. It was to no Purpoſe that the Lover endeavoured to gain Admittance to her before ſhe ſet out on her Journey, or

that after ſhe was gone, he tried to learn the Place of her Retreat. Mrs. *Goodwill* manag'd Matters ſo well that ſhe ſent him near two hundred Miles on a falſe Scent. Love, Fatigue, and Diſappointment, made the poor Man quite ſick, when his Phyſicians, as they always do, when the Diſeaſe is beyond their Reach, adviſed him to a Change of Air, and in Conformity to this Advice, he went to *Montpelier*, his Uncle promiſing in the mean time to uſe his Influence to ſoften Mrs. *Goodwill* in his Favour; but all his Sollicitations were in vain.

Soon after he went, Mr. *Goodwill* dying, left, as I ſaid before, the Whole of his Eſtate to his Wife, except Ten Thouſand Pounds to Miſs, which ſhe is not to receive till ſhe is of Age, unleſs ſhe marries with her Mother's Conſent.

It is near four Months ſince Mr. *Lovewell* return'd; on his Arrival, he heard the agreeable News of his dear *Elmira*'s being unmarried; and that Mrs. *Goodwill* had ſpoke more favourably of him than formerly. This, join'd to the eager Deſire he had to ſee his Miſtreſs, induced him to attend his Uncle to the Houſe of that Lady, a few Days after he came home. He was received with all imaginable Politeneſs; but a little before Dinner, *Elmira*'s Maid came to Mrs. *Goodwill*, on a Meſſage from her young Lady, deſiring her Mamma to permit her to dine in her Chamber, as ſhe was taken with a violent Head-ach. This Diſappointment much chagrin'd the Lover; but the free, eaſy Air of the old Lady revived his Hopes, as ſhe had

had always before behaved to him with Conſtraint. In ſhort, he often went there, and was always treated with the utmoſt Reſpect; yet it was a full Month before he could ſee her for whom all his Viſits were made, and then was not ſuffered to ſpeak to her alone. However, her dejected Looks informed him that his Happineſs was not half ſo near as he fondly imagined.

Tired with this Suſpence, he determined to know his Doom from the Lips of the old Lady. But judge his Surprize, when inſtead of giving him her Conſent, ſhe appeared ſtartled that he ſhould aſk it, told him it was a Subject that ſhe wiſh'd never more to hear him ſpeak of; and that her Eſteem for him was too great for her to ſuffer him to marry her Daughter; but any other Favour in her Power to grant he might freely demand. At a Loſs how to reply to this civil Cruelty, he retired, and the next Day received the following Letter.

SIR,

I Could not have imagined it poſſible for you ſo groſly to miſtake me, as to think I ever intended to ſacrifice my own Happineſs to gratify *Elmira*; or that my Freedom to you proceeded from my wiſhing to ſee you united to her. So far is this from being the Caſe, that I here declare, that, dear as my Child is to me, I had much rather ſee her in her Grave. —— Do not, oh do not aſk me the Reaſon of my odd Behaviour. —— I confeſs it unreaſonable! But our Affections are not always in our

our own Power. —— You have Merit, and I have Eyes! Perhaps you will ſtill pretend Ignorance; or, perhaps, I have only expoſed myſelf to your Ridicule. However, I impatiently wait for a Letter from you; and am, dear Sir,

Your moſt ſincere Friend and Servant,

GOODWILL.

P. S. If *Elmira*, by any Means, comes to the Knowledge of the Contents of this Letter, the next Day removes her from your Sight forever.

This aſtoniſhing Billet prodigiouſly embarraſſed poor Mr. *Lovewell*, and what Sort of an Anſwer to ſend to the enamoured old Woman he knew not. At laſt, after conſulting Sir *Harry*, from whom I have this Relation, he ſent the following:

Madam,

IT muſt have been in me the higheſt Inſolence, but to have dared to think of what you hinted at in yours, if I underſtand your Meaning. Yet forgive me if I tell you, that tho' I am greatly ſenſible of the Honour you do me, yet I cannot, I dare not accept it. You ſay yourſelf, dear Madam, that our Affections are not in our own Power, and your charming Daughter has engroſs'd all mine. Thus prepoſſeſſed, I muſt be guilty of Ingratitude if I diſguiſed my Heart; if you have any Eſteem for me,

me, you will not make me miſerable by taking from me what I hold moſt dear; but as this is a Subject I am forbid ſpeaking of, I haſte to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Madam,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

H. Lovewell.

This Anſwer, tho' civil, was far from pleaſing the Lady to whom it was ſent: But as it was wrote with more Complaiſance than a Woman turned of Sixty could reaſonably expect from a young Fellow of Twenty-three, ſhe determined not to loſe him for want of further Application. Therefore, in her next Letter, ſhe went roundly to work, and offered him the half of her Fortune immediately, and the reſt at her Death; reſerving for *Elmira* nothing but what her Father had left her. Thus did a prepoſterous Paſſion make her forget what ſhe owed to a deſerving Child, and her own Character. Theſe Offers were, however, all ineffectual; till having found Means to perſuade Mr. *Lovewell* that his Miſtreſs was on the Point of Marriage with another, Rage and Vexation wrought more on him than all her great Wealth; for, in order to be revenged on *Elmira*, whom he falſly called his perfidious Miſtreſs, he conſented to the Propoſals of her unnatural Mother. The Marriage was performed privately at the Houſe of a Woman who

who was a Dependant on Mrs. *Goodwill*; ſo that the young Lady knew nothing of what was carrying on againſt her Peace. But imagine, if you can, the Diſtreſs of the Bridegroom, on receiving, the Day after his Marriage, the following Letter, which had been left at his Lodgings the Night before, he having lain at the Houſe where he was married.

SIR,

I Have this Day heard, by chance, that my Mother, for a Reaſon which, I think it does not become me to mention, has endeavoured to perſuade you, that I am near Marriage. I think myſelf under ſome Obligation to undeceive you, leſt you ſhould lay your future Unhappineſs at my Door. I am cloſely watch'd, and permitted to ſee no one but in the Preſence of my Mamma or my Maid, whom ſhe has brought over to her Intereſt. The poor Man, who, out of Reſpect to the Memory of my Father, gave me this Information, brings you this. I am ſo diſtreſs'd, I cou'd almoſt conſent to chuſe Sir *Harry*, your Uncle, for my Guardian. I deſire your Advice, and am,

Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Elmira Goodwill.

Words

Words are too faint to expreſs his Situation. He ran to his now deteſtable Wife, who was by this time at her own Houſe, and reproached her in the ſevereſt Manner for the Deceit; accuſed her with having made him forever miſerable, and ſwore that ſhe ſhould never behold him more. In vain were all her Proteſtations of Affection, her Tears and her Entreaties. He flew from her without hearing what ſhe had to ſay. As the Agitation of Mr. *Lovewell*'s Mind had made him keep no Meaſures in his Reſentment, his Voice reach'd the Ears of *Elmira*, and ſhe was coming to inform herſelf what was the Matter, when ſhe met him on the Stair-caſe: At the Sight of her he cried, O *Elmira!* I am undone! I am undone! and fled with Precipitation. The poor Lady did not now want Information, her Fears told her all, yet ſhe ſuffered not the leaſt difreſpectful Word to eſcape her, tho' her Mother, with the Rage of a Fiend, reproach'd her as the Cauſe of this Diſturbance. However, leſt her continuing at home might keep Mr. *Lovewell* from his Wife, ſhe went to Sir *Thomas*'s, and it was there ſhe received a Letter from the unhappy Man, in which he informs her, that he had taken Poſt Horſes to *Dover*, in order to bid an everlaſting Adieu to *England*, begs her to pity, and forgive him; and, at the ſame time, aſſures her, that nothing but a firm Belief of her Diſregard to him, was capable of making him act ſo foreign to the Dictates of his Heart. And as a Token of his extraordinary Affection, he entreats her Acceptance

of

of a Deed of Gift, of all that he poſſeſs'd by his Marriage with her Mother, reſerving to himſelf only his own Fortune.

This Generoſity has been ſo far from alleviating *Elmira*'s Uneaſineſs, that it ſeems to have encreaſed it; it has diſarmed her Reſentment and awakened all her Tenderneſs, and by making her more ſenſible of the Sincerity of his Affection, has given her the ſtrongeſt Idea of the Happineſs ſhe has loſt. She has therefore given Way to a Melancholy which preys upon her Spirits, and is gradually falling into a Decline, which it is feared will prove fatal.

N.B. From the Circumſtances of this Story I doubt not but you will know the Parties concern'd; however, that, I hope, will be no Objection to its Publication in your Magazine, ſince it is impoſſible that either of the Parties can be injured by it; and it may prove an uſeful Leſſon to others.

A LETTER *from Farmer* Trueman's *Dog* Towzer, *to 'Squire* Heaviſide's *Dog* Ponto, *in Relation to the Act ſaid to be preparing to lay a Tax on that uſeful Animal.*

Dear Ponto,

I Went home with *Phillis*, the Parſon's ſpeckled Bitch, laſt *Tueſday*, and, to my great Amazement, I heard the Doctor declare, that there is actually

tually a Scheme on Foot to tax us poor Dogs; the Conſequence of which will be, that three Parts in four of our Species will be knock'd o'the Head. I profeſs I am not in any Dread for myſelf, nor for you my dear *Ponto*; for our Uſefulneſs will preſerve us, ſince Men (tho' they are by far the moſt ungrateful of all other Animals) ſeldom chuſe to deſtroy what is of real Benefit to them. I am not, therefore, alarm'd out of any ſelfiſh View: —— No; —— 'tis a noble Spirit of Patriotiſm that inflames me; and tho' I ſay it, there is not a Dog in the Nation that will fight more deſperately or bark louder, in a good Cauſe, than your old Friend *Towzer*. Let your ſneaking Puppies follow low mercenary Views: Let them wag their Tails at every Scoundrel, and nuzzle in Dunghills for half a Bone; I am a *Britiſh* Maſtiff, and ſcorn ſuch paltry Actions. —— I will venture to ſay, that almighty Love itſelf cannot make me do a little Thing; and tho' I like a pretty Bitch as well as another Dog, yet it is not in the Power of the moſt charming of that bewitching Sex, either by Day to make me kill a Neighbour's Sheep, or by Night to deſert my Poſt, and leave my Maſter's Houſe unguarded. But why all theſe Profeſſions of Honeſty to me! (my *Ponto* will ſay) who have had long Experience of *Towzer*'s Worth and Integrity? True; but at this Conjuncture it is highly requiſite that thou ſhoud'ſt think the beſt of me, ſince I am about to engage thee in an Affair, the Serioufneſs and Importance of which cannot be too ſtrictly attended

tended to; and the greater Opinion thou haſt of the Propoſer, with the more Alacrity wilt thou enter upon the Affair!

One muſt be a ſtupid Dog indeed not to know, that notwithſtanding our almoſt innumerable Taxes, the Miniſtry want Money damnably. —— Therefore, this Act will certainly take Place, unleſs we can ſtart ſome other Scheme, from which more *Cole* may be expected. Such a Scheme I have in my Head, but I am ſenſible is not to be brought to bear without your Aſſiſtance.

Thy Intimacy with Miſs *Biddy*'s Lap-Dog will forward thee in the Way that I ſhall chalk out to thee. — Thou muſt engage *Shock* to communicate my Propoſals to his fair Miſtreſs, and at the ſame Time back them with his Intereſt; and if ſhe ſtands our Friend, we have nothing to fear, for Sir *Nathan Nimbletongue*, the Member for the County, is her Slave; and ſhe has a Pair of Eyes that would dazzle a *Roman* Senate into Blindneſs to the common Cauſe, and corrupt the Integrity of a *Cato*: I have incloſed a Copy of the Scheme, and reſt ever thine,

Moſt affectionately,

TOWZER.

Towzer's Scheme for a Poll-Tax on that Part of the human Species, who are diſtinguiſh'd by the Appellations of *Sad-Dogs*, *Lazy-Dogs* and *Puppies*.

1. The

1. The Family of the *Sad-Dogs* has ever been reckon'd without Controverſy, the moſt ancient and moſt numerous of any in the Kingdom; if therefore, they were tax'd at the eaſy Rate of One Shilling *per* Head, they would bring in to the Government Annually, at leaſt Four hundred thouſand Pounds *Sterling*.

2. The *Lazy-Dogs* are thoſe Expletives of Nature, which ſeem only formed to devour her Works, and prevent her from being burthenſome to herſelf with her own Exuberancy; would, at Six-pence a Head, produce the ſame Sum at leaſt.

3. And laſtly, the *Puppies*, that is to ſay, the numerous Tribe of *Fops*, *Coxcombs*, *Witlings*, *Pedants*, *Poetaſters*, *Criticaſters* and *Grammaticaſters*, with many more of that Strain, would at Three-pence a *Puppy*, bring in at an Average the ſame Sum. ——— So there will be One Million Two Hundred Pounds *Sterling*, by theſe Means redound from a Soil, which has hitherto brought forth nothing; but has been buried in the Weeds of Corruption and the Dearth of Barrenneſs.

A Letter from Mr. SEMICOLON *the* Critic, *to Mrs.* MIDNIGHT.

Madam,

BEfore Authors begin to voluminate and exhibit their Lucubrations to the public Speculoſity, they would do well to ruminate on the Tex-

Texturabillity and Conſtruction of their Diſcourſe, in order to ſtemmify and prohibit publick Animadverſion and Cenſure. There are two Errors in the Punctuation of the ſecond Number of your Magazine, which I think are unpardonable, and for that Reaſon ſhould be rectificated. The firſt is in Page 34. where you'll find a ſuperfluous *Comma*, which ought to be caſtrated: And in Page 42. a *Semicolon* is omitted, which is an abominaſious Blunder, and enough to intoxicate the Reader. I know you'll ſay 'twas left out to ſtrengthen the Senſe, and vigorate the *Period*; but that Reaſon, nor no other Reaſon is ſufficient to juſtify your elopicating from a Rule ſo firmly eſtabliſh'd and enforcified by the beſt *Critics*; therefore pray let the *Semicolon* be inſtituted and inducted immediately. *Maro*, *Tully*, *Virgil* and *Cicero* punctuated in this Manner, tho' indeed I have no Reaſon for mentioning theſe four Authors in particular, for all the other Claſſics of Senſibillity and Senſe, have obſerved the ſame Method in Pointing and Punctuation. Beſides this, Madam, you are very erroneous in your *Accents*: In one of your Verſes, in order to make the Line read ſmooth, you place the Accent in the Word Inveſtigate, on the *Antepenultima*; thus *Invéſtigate*, when it ſhould have been on the *Penultima*, thus *Inveſtígate*, or rather on the *Ultima*, thus *Inveſtigaté*. You ſhould procure ſomebody to inſpecticate the Work for you, in order to obviate ſuch

Hete-

Heteroclites for the future, and if you'll ſend it to me, it ſhall be properly documented by,

Madam,

Your humble Servant,

SIMON SEMICOLON.

N. B. Mr. CARP the *Critic* happened to be at Mrs. *Midnight*'s Houſe, at the Time this Letter was received, and upon reading it he obſerved that what his Brother SEMICOLON, had ſaid concerning Punctuation and Accents was right; but that he had made an egredious Blunder in the Authors he quoted, for *Maro* was only the Chriſtian Name of *Virgil*, as *Tully* was that of *Cicero*.

Some REMARKS *on the* Critics and Criticiſm *of the Age, by Mrs.* MIDNIGHT: *Occaſioned by the above Letter.*

THE *Critics* of all People I have the leaſt Inclination to concern myſelf with, becauſe I think they are of all Men the moſt inconſiderable, I had almoſt ſaid worthleſs. They are, for the moſt Part deſtitute of Genius, unable to write any Thing themſelves, and are therefore wholly intent on decrying the Performances of others.

But

But this is only to be underſtood of our modern Critics. The ancient Critics were People of different Diſpoſitions and different Abilities: *Dionyſius*, *Longinus* and *Quintilian*, have written prettily themſelves, and what they have ſaid againſt other Authors was only intended to eſtabliſh a true Taſte; for we find them often commending the ſame Authors in one Caſe, whom they had exploded in another. In ſhort, they had Fortitude and Reſolution enough to be honeſt, and always had Generoſity enough to acknowledge the Truth, and to admire Merit where they found it. But our Critics appear to me nothing but a Pack of unmerciful *Fault-finders*, Creatures whom neither *Homer*, *Virgil*, nor even the *Midwife* herſelf can pleaſe. Were theſe Wretches capable of writing themſelves, common Prudence would teach them to treat their Brother Authors with more Generoſity; for I think it is an eſtabliſh'd Maxim, *That if you admire any Author and allow him to have Wit, he will readily grant you a good Share of Judgment.* The Taſte, Learning and Manner of our Moderns may be diſcover'd by the above Specimen of Mr. *Carp* and Mr. *Semicolon*, are the moſt conſiderable of the Fraternity; and pray what Abſurdity is here advanced? Their affected fooliſh Pomp of Style, Miſapplication of Words, Terms introduced which have no Being in any Language, not knowing the Names of the very Authors they quote, and talking of the Manner in which the Claſſic Authors pointed (when 'tis evident that the Ancients

uſed

uſed no Points at all) are remarkable Inſtances of their Ignorance and Stupidity; and if you pleaſe Mr. Reader, you and I will lay this down as a general Rule, to be obſerved by every body; that whoever ſhall drop a Syllable againſt my Writings, or ſhall offer to inſinuate either by a Leer, Laugh, or otherwiſe, that this my Magazine is not the beſt wrote Thing in the World, the Claſſics themſelves not excepted, ſhall be deem'd a Driveler, a Coxcomb and a Puppy; and we do hereby give any Gentleman Leave to kick that Fellow, whoever he is, into the Kennel.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

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* *From the* RAMBLER.

SIR,

YOU ſeem in all your Papers to be ſo much an Enemy to Tyranny and Oppreſſion, and to look with ſo much Indifference and Impartiality upon the World, that I ſhall lay my Caſe before you with great Confidence, and hope by your Deciſion to be ſet free from the unreaſonable Reſtraints which I now ſuffer, and enabled to juſtify myſelf againſt the Accuſations which Spite and Peeviſhneſs produce againſt me.

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* *A Paper publiſh'd every* Tueſday *and* Saturday, *price* 2d.

At the Age of five Years I loſt my Mother, and my Father being a Man in public Employment, and neither by his Situation or Temper very well qualified to ſuperintend the Education of a Girl, committed me to the Care of his Siſter, a Woman of Virtue and Diſcretion, who inſtructed me with the Authority, and not to deny her what ſhe may juſtly claim, with the Affection of a Parent. She had not indeed very elevated Sentiments or extenſive Views, but her Principles were good, and her Intentions pure, and though ſome may practiſe more Virtues, ſcarce any commit fewer Faults.

Under this good Lady I learned all the common Rules of decent Behaviour, and all the ſtanding Maxims of domeſtick Prudence, and might have grown up by Degrees to a Country Gentlewoman, without any Thoughts of ranging beyond the Neighbourhood, had not *Flavia* come down, laſt Summer, to viſit her Relations in the next Village. I was taken, of courſe, to compliment the Stranger, and was, at the firſt Sight, ſurprized at the Unconcern with which ſhe ſaw herſelf gazed at by Company, whom ſhe had never known before, at the Careleſneſs with which ſhe received Compliments, and the Readineſs with which ſhe returned them. I found ſhe had ſomething which I perceived myſelf to want, and could not but wiſh to be like her, at once eaſy and officious, attentive and unembarraſſed: I went Home, and for four Days could think and talk of nothing but

Miſs

Miſs *Flavia*; though my Aunt told me that ſhe was a forward Flirt, and thought herſelf wiſe before her Time.

In a little Time ſhe repaid my Viſit, and raiſed in my Heart a new Confuſion of Love, Eſteem, and Admiration. I ſoon ſaw her again, and ſtill found new Charms in her Air, Behaviour, and Converſation. You who have known the World may, perhaps, have obſerved, that Formality ſoon ceaſes between young Perſons. I know not, indeed, how others are affected on ſuch Occaſions, but I found myſelf irreſiſtibly allured to Friendſhip and Intimacy, by the familiar Complaiſance and airy Gaiety of *Flavia*, ſo that in a few Weeks I became her Favourite, and all the Time was paſſed with me, that ſhe could gain from Ceremony and Cards.

As ſhe came often to me, ſhe neceſſarily ſpent ſome Hours with my Aunt, to whom ſhe paid great Reſpect, by low Courteſies, ſubmiſſive Compliance, and ſoft Acquieſcence; but as I became gradually more accuſtomed to her Manners, I diſcovered that her Civility was general, that there was a certain Degree of Deference ſhewn by her to Circumſtances and Appearances, and that many went away flattered by her Humility, whom ſhe deſpiſed in her Heart; that the Influence of far the greateſt Part of thoſe with whom ſhe converſed, ceaſed with their Preſence, and that ſometimes ſhe did not remember the Names of them whom ſhe

had endeared by Careſſes, or elated with Commendation.

It was not long before I perceived, that my Aunt's Opinion was not of much Weight in *Flavia*'s Deliberations, and that ſhe was looked upon by her as a Woman of narrow Sentiments, without Knowledge of Books, or Obſervations on Mankind. I had hitherto conſidered my Aunt, as entitled by her Wiſdom and Experience to the higheſt Reverence, and could not forbear to wonder that any one ſo much younger ſhould venture to ſuſpect her of Error, or of Ignorance; but my Surprize was without Uneaſineſs, and being now accuſtomed to think *Flavia* always in the Right, I very readily learned from her to truſt my own Reaſon, to conſider every Queſtion for myſelf, and to believe it poſſible, that they who had lived longer might be miſtaken.

Flavia had read much, and uſed ſo often to converſe on Subjects of Learning, that ſhe put all the Men in the Country to flight, except the old Parſon, who declared himſelf much delighted with her Company, becauſe ſhe gave him Opportunity to recollect the Studies of his younger Years, and had made him rub the Duſt off his *Homer* which had lain unregarded in his Cloſet. With *Homer* and a Thouſand other Names familiar to *Flavia*, I had no Acquaintance, but began by comparing her Accompliſhments with my own, to repine at my Education, and to wiſh that I had not been ſo long confined to the Company of thoſe from whom

whom nothing but Houſewifery was to be learned. I then ſet myſelf to peruſe ſuch Books as *Flavia* recommended, and heard her Opinion of their Beauties and Defects. I ſaw new Worlds hourly burſting upon my Mind, and was enraptured at the Proſpect of diverſifying Life with endleſs Entertainment.

The old Lady finding that a large Screen, which I had undertaken to adorn with Turkey-work againſt Winter, made very ſlow Advances, and that I had added in two Months but three Leaves to a flowered Apron then in the Frame, ſoon took the Alarm, and with all the Zeal of honeſt Folly exclaimed againſt my new Acquaintance, who had filled me with idle Notions, and turned my Head with Books. But ſhe had now loſt her Authority, for I began to find innumerable Miſtakes in her Opinions, and Improprieties in her Language; and therefore thought myſelf no longer bound to pay much Regard to one who knew little beyond her Needle and her Dairy, and who propoſed to think that nothing more is required of a Woman than to ſee that the Houſe is clean, and that the Maids go to bed and riſe at a certain Hour.

She ſeemed however to look upon *Flavia* as ſeducing me, and to imagine that when her Power was withdrawn, I ſhould return to my Allegiance; and therefore contented herſelf with remote Hints, and gentle Admonitions, intermixed with ſage Hiſtories of the Miſcarriages of Wit, and Diſappointments of Pride. But ſince ſhe has found,

that, though *Flavia* is departed, I ſtill perſiſt in my new Scheme, ſhe has at length loſt her Patience; ſhe ſnatches my Book out of my Hand, tears my Paper if ſhe finds me Writing, burns *Flavia*'s Letters before my Face if ſhe can ſeize them, and threatens to lock me up, and to complain to my Father of my Perverſeneſs. If Women, ſhe ſays, would but know their Duty and their Intereſt, they would be careful to acquaint themſelves with Family Affairs, and many a Penny might be ſaved; for while the Miſtreſs of the Houſe is ſcribling and reading, Servants are junketing, and Linen is wearing out. She then takes me round the Rooms, ſhews me the worked Hangings, and Chairs of Tent-ſtitch, and aſks whether all this was done with a Pen and a Book.

I cannot deny that I ſometimes laugh and ſometimes am ſullen, but ſhe has not Delicacy enough to be much moved either with my Mirth or my Gloom, if ſhe did not think the Intereſt of the Family endangered by this Change of my Manners. She had for ſome Years marked out young Mr. *Surly*, an Heir in the Neighbourhood, remarkable for his Love of fighting Cocks, as an advantageous Match, and was extremely pleaſed with the Civilities which he uſed to pay me, till under *Flavia*'s Tuition I learned to talk of Subjects which he could not underſtand. This, ſhe ſays, is the Conſequence of female Study; Girls grow too wiſe to be adviſed, and too ſtubborn to be commanded; but

but ſhe is reſolved to try who ſhall govern, and will thwart my Humour till ſhe breaks my Spirit.

Theſe Menaces, Mr. RAMBLER, ſometimes make me quite angry; for I have been ſixteen theſe ten Weeks, and think myſelf exempted from the Dominion of a Governeſs, who has no Pretenſions to more Senſe or Knowledge than myſelf. I am reſolved, ſince I am as tall and as wiſe as other Women, to be no longer treated like a Girl. Miſs *Flavia* has often told me, that Ladies of my Age go to Aſſemblies and Routs, without their Mothers and their Aunts; I ſhall, therefore from this Time, leave aſking Advice, and refuſe to give Accounts. I hope you will publiſh ſomething in Defence of my Conduct, and ſtate the Time at which young Ladies may judge for themſelves, which I am ſure you cannot but think ought to begin before Sixteen; if you are inclined to delay it longer, I ſhall have little Regard to your Underſtanding or Opinion.

My Aunt often tells me of the Advantages of Experience, and of the Deference due to Seniority, and both ſhe and all the antiquated Part of the World talk of the unreſerved Obedience which they paid to the Commands of their Parents, and the undoubting Confidence with which they liſtened to their Precepts; of the Terrours which they felt at a Frown, and the Humility with which they ſupplicated Forgiveneſs whenever they had offended. I cannot but fancy that this Boaſt is too general to be true, and that the Young and the Old

were always at Variance. I have, however, told my Aunt that I will mend whatever ſhe will prove to be wrong; but ſhe replies that ſhe has Reaſons of her own, and that ſhe is ſorry to live in an Age when Girls have the Impudence to aſk for Proofs.

I beg once again, Mr. Rambler, to know whether I am not as wiſe as my Aunt, and whether, when ſhe preſumes to check me as a Baby, I may not pluck up a Spirit and return her Inſolence. I ſhall not proceed to Extremities without your Advice, which is therefore impatiently expected by

MYRTYLLA.

P. S. Remember I am paſt Sixteen.

A Survey of Moorfields, (*humbly addreſs'd to the* Whigs *and the* Tories) *by Mrs.* Midnight.

Moorfields is ſituated partly to the North, partly to the South, partly to the Eaſt, and partly to the Weſt; that is, if we ſuppoſe the Obſervator to ſtand in the Middle —— I was thus going on in the Manner of my Brother Magaziners, and propoſed like them to have publiſh'd a Map of this Place, but was all of a ſudden interrupted with a loud Cry of *Pick and Chuſe for a Penny! Pick and Chuſe for a Penny!* I turn'd me round, and behold a large Hurdle was placed on two Joint-ſtools, and on it a huge promiſcuous Heap of *Magazine of Ma-*

Magazines, *Ben Johnſon*'s Poſthumous Jeſts, the *Art of Legerdemain*, *Dutch Fortune-teller*, *Hocus Pocus*, and other Sorts of Trumpery. I ſtood aghaſt at this Sight! for indeed I was in Pain leſt any of my Bantlings ſhou'd be found among them; and making up to the Perſon who had the Care of this curious Collection, I deſired him to look me out the *Midwife*, or the *Old Woman's Magazine*. *The Midwife! The Midwife*, ſays he, *hem!* —— *Ay, the Midwife! Why that Book has ſold very well:* —— *There's none to be had:* —— *'Tis the only Monthly Thing I have not had in my Collection*, except the *Student* indeed: *An old Cat, I wiſh ſhe was out of the World.* —— *I hate ſuch Authors.* —— *Wit and Humour is of no Uſe to us.* —— *It never comes in my Way.* —— *An old Cat!* —— *However, I can get you one, Madam, of a Bookſeller in this Neighbourhood who has lately bought a Nobleman's Library: But it is bound in Turkey, and I believe will be dear; for he knows the Value of it.*

But ſuppoſe you have the Old Woman's Dunciad, Madam, I have enough of them, and as freſh as when they were firſt bought. There's not a foul Finger upon one of them; and theſe Fifty, at this End of the Stall, have not been cut open. I was ſurpriz'd to ſee my Name to ſuch incoherent ſtupid Stuff; and, pulling out my Pocket-Book, enter'd the Publiſhers to my Liſt of Drivellers, where they claim Preference; for I find they are celebrate Fellows, and capable of very extraordinary Actions.

were always at Variance. I have, however, told my Aunt that I will mend whatever ſhe will prove to be wrong; but ſhe replies that ſhe has Reaſons of her own, and that ſhe is ſorry to live in an Age when Girls have the Impudence to aſk for Proofs.

I beg once again, Mr. Rambler, to know whether I am not as wiſe as my Aunt, and whether, when ſhe preſumes to check me as a Baby, I may not pluck up a Spirit and return her Inſolence. I ſhall not proceed to Extremities without your Advice, which is therefore impatiently expected by

MYRTYLLA.

P. S. Remember I am paſt Sixteen.

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This done, I turn'd to my Chap; and while I was aſking him ſome Queſtions concerning the Place, but eſpecially of the Hoſpital, an old Gentleman in an antiquated Dreſs, who had ſtood behind me unobſerved, accoſted me in the following Manner: Madam, by the Queſtions you have put to this Gentleman, I perceive you are a Stranger to this Part of the Town; and if you'll permit me, I will wait on you into the Hoſpital, and give you the beſt Account I can of the Place; and putting his Hat under his Arm, he gallanted me with great Politeneſs to the Iron Gates, where ſtoping ſhort, You muſt obſerve, Madam, ſays he, theſe two Figures, which are of exquiſite Workmanſhip, and are placed here to repreſent the two Species of Madneſs. That on the Left is Melancholy, or ſullen Madneſs; and the other downright Diſtraction.

Theſe two Statues were copied exactly from two Gentlemen of my Acquaintance, who are both Politicians, (you may obſerve they are chain'd to prevent Miſchief) The melancholy Gentleman is ſtill imploy'd by the Government, but can't get to the Summit of Power; and on that Account has been many Years ſullen and diſſatisfied. The other was once Fortune's Minion, her peculiar Favourite, her very Topknot; but for graſping at Thunderbolts, and attempting the Chariot of the Sun, he was hurl'd down like *Phaeton*, and ever ſince has done nothing but rave, grin, and diſtort his Muſcles in the Manner here exhibited. I was ſurpris'd to find any Traces of the Politician in this Place,

Place, and told my *Mentor* that I always thought Love was the Source of theſe People's Miſery. *You are right, Madam,* ſays he, *'tis Love indeed; but there are various Sorts of Love, tho' they may be all, I think, reduc'd to theſe four Heads,* viz. *Love of* POWER, *Love of* FAME, *Love of* WEALTH, and that other Sort of Love which you and I were acquainted with in our younger Days. Now nine Tenths at leaſt of the Unhappy in this Place have loſt their Reaſon by Means of the three former; for ſince the Declenſion of Virtue, and the Exaltation of Vice and Concupiſcence among People in Power, Love has had little to do in this Kingdom. Our *Phillis's*, our *Cælia's*, and *Chloe's*, are coop'd within the Precincts of *Drury* and *Covent-Garden:* And a Flame that in the golden Days of Truth and Sincerity wou'd have continued half a Century, may now be extinguiſh'd in half an Hour: Tho' indeed another Fire very often ariſes as a Succedanium to the former; which by the Aid of a ſkilful Surgeon may preſerve a Man's Miſtreſs in his Memory much longer. The mad Men of the three former Claſs, Madam, are ſo conſiderable, that the latter bears no Porportion with them; and then they are abundantly the moſt obſtinate and incorrigible. Why a Doctor of my Acquaintance, who keeps a private Houſe of Entertainment for theſe Sort of People, was ſhewing me t'other Day his Patients, which he had claſs'd according to their different Diſorders. The firſt Claſs, I remember, were the Lovers of Power, whom he ſooth'd and

and kept in good Temper, by telling them their Intereſts were greatly advanced at Court or in the Country, at home or abroad, according as their Political Genius's were inclin'd: Some he complimented with your Highneſs, or your Grace; and others with your Honour or your Excellency.

The Lovers of Money he made eaſy, by aſſuring them that the Stocks were riſing every Day; That the Emperor's Loan was paid off; the *African* Affairs ſettled; that all the Stocks were to be either paid, or Land Security, as well as the Security of the Government and Parliament given for the Money: And, which a little ſurpriz'd me, for to be ſure 'twas a raſh Thing, he affirm'd, That all the Brokers and Jobbers in the Alley were grown honeſt, and the Stocks wou'd be in a State of Stability, and be no more fluctuated like the Tide at *London-Bridge*, by Means of their Chicanery and artful Contrivance.

The Lovers of Fame were inform'd that the whole World reſounded of their ſurprizing Atchievements. The Soldiers were complimented with the Title of Generaliſſimo; and all the Poets were to have their Plays brought on by the Managers of the Theatres the Week following; and till that Time the Town wou'd be very impatient.

The other Sort of Lovers (ſuch perhaps as you and I were Mrs. *Midnight* at the Age of Eighteen) were entertain'd with the Hiſtory of a Dart taken directly from the Breaſt of a Perſon who was dying for them; and this Narration was generally interlarded with

with a poetical Deſcription of purling Streams, cooling Grotts, enamell'd Meads, Woodbine Bow'rs, ſhady Groves, dewy Lawns, Moonlight Glades, warbling Birds, fragrant Breezes; and of Zephyrs flying directly from the Cheeks of *Aurora*, to fan the Face of the Perſon beloved.

By this dextrous Addreſs my Friend kept theſe Patients in pretty good Order: But he had ſome that he ſelected out of the three former Claſſes, which he diſtinguiſhed by the oppoſite Names of *Whigs* and *Tories*, and had placed in two different Corners of the Houſe, that gave perpetual Uneaſineſs to the reſt, and were always endeavouring to deſtroy each other. Theſe I found were People prepoſterouſly infatuated with Party Principles, and had been made the Tools and Butts of others of their Perſuaſion, who had more Art than themſelves. Some of them were ſuch Bigots that they would take no Medicines nor eat any Thing but what had the Letters *G. R.* upon it; nor wou'd the other ſuffer any Thing to be brought near them but what was embelliſh'd with the Characters *J. R.*

He was proceeding farther on this Head, but I interrupted him with a Queſtion concerning the Building; upon which the old Gentleman corrected himſelf, and after aſking my Pardon for his Prolixity, offer'd to give me ſome Account of the Structure, which indeed ſeems rather too magnificent for a Houſe of Charity; but as I had then an Appointment on my Hands, I beg'd to be excuſed, and told him I was engaged. The good Gentleman gallanted

lanted me to a Coach that was at Hand; and when we parted, deſired me to meet him again at that Place ſome other Day. He at the ſame Time made a Compliment to my Judgment and Taſte, which was grateful enough, and aſſured me that he had ſomething to impart to me concerning that Hoſpital which was worthy my Attention. As I apprehend a Hiſtory of that Place may be agreeable to many of my Readers, I have accepted of the good Gentleman's kind Offer, which is the more agreeable to me on Account of his Age, good Senſe and Experience.

A Deſcription of Mr. Hogarth's *original Painting, from whence was copied his curious Plate of the March to* Finchley.

SIR,

AS you deſire my Sentiments on Mr. *Hogarth*'s Picture, I ſhall begin with pointing out what appears moſt defective. Its firſt and greateſt Fault then is, its being too new, and having too great a Reſemblance to the Objects it repreſents; if this appears a Paradox, you ought to take particular Care of confeſſing it: This Picture has yet too much of that Luſtre, of that deſpicable Freſhneſs which we diſcover in Nature, and which is never ſeen in the celebrated Cabinets of the Curious. Time has not yet obſcured it with that venerable Smoak, that ſacred Cloud, which will one Day conceal it from the prophane Eyes of the Vulgar, that its Beauties may only be ſeen by thoſe who are initiated into the Myſteries of Art. Theſe are its moſt remarkable Faults, and I am now going to give you an Idea of the Subject, which is the March of ſome Companies of Foot-Guards to their Rendezvous at

Finch-

Finchley-Common, when ſent againſt the *Scots* Rebels who were advancing on that Side.

Mr. *Hogarth*, who lets no Opportunity eſcape him of obſerving the Pictoreſk Scenes which numerous Aſſemblies frequently furniſh, has not failed to repreſent them on the Spot where he has drawn the Scene of his Picture. This Painter is remarkable for a particular Sagacity in ſeizing a Thouſand little Circumſtances which eſcape the Obſervation of the greateſt Part of the Spectators, and it is a Collection of a Number of theſe Circumſtances which has compoſed, enriched and diverſified his Work. The Scene is placed at *Tottenham-Court*, where in a diſtant View is ſeen a File of Soldiers, marching in tolerable Order up the Hill; Diſcipline is leſs obſerved in the principal Deſign, but if you complain of this, I muſt ingenuouſly inform you, that Order and Subordination belong only to Slaves; for what every where elſe is called Licentiouſneſs, aſſumes here the venerable Name of Liberty.

A young Grenadier of a good Mein, makes the principal Figure in the firſt Group; he is accompanied, or rather ſeized and beſet by two Women, one of whom is a Ballad-Singer, and the other a News-Hawker; they are both with Child, and claim this Hero as the Father; and except this Circumſtance they have nothing in common, for their Figures, their Humours, their Characters appear extremely different; they are even of oppoſite Parties, for the one diſpoſes of Works in favour of the Government, and the other againſt it. On the left Hand of this Group is a young Officer embracing a Milk-Woman, but her greateſt Misfortune is, not her being hugg'd by a young Cavalier, but in having one of her Pails ſeized by a Wag who pours her Milk into his Hat, while he is pretending to defend her; near them is a Pudding-pye-Man, who is mightily rejoiced at this Roguery, while a Soldier, who is ſneering in his Face ſlyly ſteals the Pies he carries upon his Head: The Humour of this Group is greatly heighten'd

heighten'd by a Chimney-Sweeper's Boy, who comes laughing to receive ſome of the Milk into his Hat, which he carries in his Hand.

On the right Hand of the principal Group is a *Frenchman*, who to give him a more ridiculous Appearance, is repreſented as a Man of ſome Importance, he is ſpeaking to a very odd Perſon of ſome Conſideration, to whom he ſeems to be communicating the Contents of ſome Letters, relating to the Event which is the Cauſe of this March.

Behind the *Frenchman* juſt mentioned, is ſeen an old Sutler, who carries her Child at her Back, and is ſmoaking a ſhort Pipe, and in the Front, at a ſmall Diſtance is a Drummer, who by the Noiſe of his Drum ſeems to endeavour to ſtun all Thoughts of the Fate of his Family, who ſeek in vain to ſoften him by taking a tender Leave. One of the young Pipers, whom the Duke of *Cumberland* has introduced into ſeveral Regiments, joins his Noiſe to that of the Drum; and by the agreeable Appearance of his little Perſon, is a Contraſt to the Rudeneſs of the Objects who are near him.

There are in ſeveral Parts of this excellent Picture, Objects that are perhaps more fit for Painting than Deſcription, becauſe in Picture we may ſee certain Things, and at the ſame Time feign not to ſee them, while a Deſcription of the ſame Object would appear too determinate: One of this Kind, which I am going to mention, is indeed very inconſiderable; it is a Soldier to whom a March to the *Lock*, would be much more proper than one to *Scotland*, he is wounded by Love, and in the Extremity of his Pain, has the Conſolation of reading a certain Quack-Doctor's Bill, famous for curing Wounds of this Kind, and while he decently enough turns his Back to the Spectators, a young Woman at a Window over his Head, modeſtly hides her Face.

In another Group even with that of the Drummer, is a Soldier very drunk, to whom his Comrade offers Water,

Water, while a Kind of Sutler, with better Succeſs, preſents him a Glaſs of Geneva. A Child ſhe carries on her Back, who ſeems to have made too much Uſe of this pernicious Liquor, endeavours to reach the Glaſs.

Near the laſt-mention'd Group a Soldier is imperfectly diſcovered, playing with a young Woman, who is mounted up to take down ſome Linnen that hangs on a Line, the Action with which ſhe defends herſelf, raiſes a Suſpicion that the Soldier carries Things a little too far. This is tranſacted at the Door of a Public Houſe, which is three Stories high; the Windows of which are filled with Women of Pleaſure, whoſe different State of Fortune is pointed out by their Dreſs, and all agreeably diſtinguiſh'd by the Stories in which the Painter has placed them; to one of theſe an Officer is reaching a Letter faſten'd to the Point of his Pike. Beſides theſe, there are two Men fighting, and ſeveral other Objects which contribute to diverſify and heighten the Humour of the whole.

An ODE *on the* NEW YEAR.

JANUS, who with ſliding Pace,
Run'ſt a never ending Race,
And driv'ſt about in prone Career,
The whirling Circle of the Year;
Kindly indulge a little Stay,
I beg but one ſwift Hour's delay.
O! while th' important Minutes wait,
Let me revolve the Books of Fate;
See what the coming Year intends
To me, my Country, Kind and Friends.
Then may'ſt thou wing thy Flight and go,
To ſcatter blindly Joys and Woe;
Spread dire Diſeaſe, or pureſt Health,
And as thou liſt, grant Place or Wealth.'
This Hour withheld by potent Charms,
Ev'n Peace ſhall ſleep in Pow'rs mad Arms;

Kings

Kings feel their inward Torments leſs,
And for a Moment wiſh to bleſs.
Life now preſents another Scene,
The ſame ſtrange Farce to act again;
Again the weary human Play'rs
Advance and take their ſeveral Shares:
Claudius riots, Cæſar fights,
Tully pleads, and Maro writes;
Ammon's fierce Son controuls the Globe,
And Harlequin diverts the Mob.
To Time's dark Cave the Year retreats,
Theſe hoary unfrequented Seats;
There from his loaded Wing he lays
The Months, the Minutes, Hours and Days;
Then flies the Seaſons in his Train,
To compaſs round the Year again.
See there in various Heaps combin'd,
The vaſt Deſigns of human Kind;
Whatever ſwell'd the Stateſman's Thought,
The Miſchiefs mad Ambition wrought,
Publick Revenge and hidden Guilt,
The Blood by ſecret Murder ſpilt,
Friendſhip's to fordid Intereſt given,
And ill-match'd Hearts, ne'er pair'd in Heaven;
What Avarice, to crown his Store,
Stole from the Orphan and the Poor;
Or Luxury's more ſhameful Waſte,
Squander'd on the unthankful Feaſt.
Ye Kings, and guilty great, draw near;
Before this awful Court appear:
Bare to the Muſe's piercing Eye
The Secrets of all Mortals lie;
She, ſtrict Avenger, brings to Light
Your Crimes conceal'd in darkeſt Night;
As Conſcience, to her Truſt moſt true,
Shall judge between the oppreſs'd and you.
This Caſket ſhows, ye wretched Train,
How often Merit ſu'd in vain.

See, there, undry'd, the Widows Tears;
See there, unſooth'd, the Orphans Fears:
Yet look what mighty Sums appear,
The vile Profuſion of the Year.
Couldſt thou not, impious Greatneſs give
The ſmalleſt Arms that Want might live?
And yet how many a large Repaſt,
Pall'd the rich Glutton's ſickly Taſte!
One Table's vain intemp'rate Load,
With ambuſh'd Death and Sickneſs ſtrow'd,
Had bleſt the Cottage peaceful Shade,
And given its Children Health and Bread:
The ruſty Sire, and faithful Spouſe,
With each dear Pledge of honeſt Vows,
Had at the ſober-taſted Meal,
Repeated often the grateful Tale;
Had hymn'd in native Language free,
The Song of Thanks to Heav'n and thee;
A Muſic that the Great ne'er hear,
Yet ſweeter to the internal Ear,
Than any ſoft ſeducing Note
E'er thrill'd from Farinelli's Throat.
Let's ſtill ſearch on — This Bundle's large.
What's here? 'tis Science' plaintive Charge;
Hear Wiſdom's philoſophic Sigh,
(Neglected all her Treaſures lie)
That none her ſecret Haunts explore,
To learn what Plato taught before;
Her Sons ſeduc'd to turn their Parts
To Flattery's more thriving Arts;
Refine their better Senſe away,
And join Corruption's Flag for pay.
See his Reward the Gameſter ſhare,
Who painted moral Virtue fair;
Inſpir'd the Minds of generous Youth
To love the ſimple Miſtreſs Truth;
The patient Path diſtinctly ſhow'd,
That Rome and Greece to Glory trode;

That

That Self-Applauſe is nobleſt Fame,
And Kings may Greatneſs link to Shame;
While Honeſty is no Diſgrace,
And Peace can ſmile without a Place.
Hear too Aſtronomy repine,
Who taught unnumber'd Worlds to ſhine;
Who travels boundleſs Æther thro',
And brings the diſtant Orbs to view.
Can ſhe her broken Glaſs repair
Tho' Av'rice has her All to ſpare?
What mighty Secrets had been found,
Could Virtue but have ſtole five Pound!
Yet ſee where, given to Wealth and Pride,
A bulky Penſion lies beſide.
Avaunt then Riches; no Delay!
I ſpurn th' ignoble Heaps away.
What tho' your Charms can purchaſe all
The giddy Honours of this Ball;
Make's Nature's Germans all divide,
And haughty Peers renounce their Pride;
Can buy proud Cælia's ſordid Smile,
Or, ripe for Fate, this diſtant Iſle.
Tho' Greatneſs condeſcends to pray,
Will Time indulge one Hour's delay;
Or give the Wretch intent on Pelf
One Moment's Credit with himſelf?
Virtue, that true from falſe diſcerns,
The vulgar courtly Phraſe unlearns,
Superior far to Fortune's Frown,
Beſtows alone the ſtable Crown,
The Wreath from Honour's Root that ſprings,
That fades upon the Brows of Kings.

An EPIGRAM on Mr. *Timothy Grouſe*, who has a remarkable long Noſe.—*The Hint from the* Greek.

IN ſearch of *Tim Grouſe* I've been taking a Tour,
Yet ſtill am I much at a Loſs:
Quoth *Jack* he'll be here at the *Park* in an Hour,
For his NOSE is now at *Charing-Croſs*.

The

The MIDWIFE's POLITICKS: Or, *Goſſip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL.

HIS moſt faithful Majeſty has ordered an Inquiry to be made into the State of his Forces, and of the fortified Places in his Kingdom; that the former may be render'd compleat, and the latter repair'd and augmented, as there ſhall be Occaſion. The military Affairs of this Kingdom were entirely neglected in the laſt Reign, when, as all the World allows, Affairs were managed by a Set of Men, who are worſe than the worſt of Old Women.

It is owing to them, that a Treaty was ſigned during the Life time of his late Majeſty, which the preſent King has been obliged to execute with his Brother in Law, the Catholic Monarch, for the Surrender of that valuable Settlement on the North Shore of the *Rio de la Plata*, called *la nova colonia de Sacramentos*.

SPAIN.

I have ſeen the Convention ſigned on the 4th of October laſt, betwixt the Miniſters of their Britannick and Catholick Majeſties, and find it agrees with the Treaties of 1667, and 1713, which it alſo confirms, *except in ſuch Articles wherein it derogates from thoſe Treaties.* But as I am not yet informed, whether any of my own Sex were ſecretly concerned in this Negotiation, I ſhall make no further Remarks on it at preſent.

The Infant Cardinal, of whoſe Renunciation of the Eccleſiaſtical State we have lately had ſo many Reports, continues ſtill at St. Ildefonſo, and ſeems very well content in the Company of his Old Mother, and her numerous *Women of Honour*. Yet ſome affect ſtill to talk, that the ſaid Renunciation will at laſt take place, and find ſuch chymerical ſecular Proviſions for his Royal Highneſs, as do not become the Gravity of *my Character* to repeat.

ITALY.

The Genoeſe have at length thought of an Expedient, which, they hope, will reſtore the Credit of their Bank; but

but the Succeſs of this Expedient is at preſent very doubtful. The Venetians are ſo tender on the diſputed Affair of the Patriarchate of Aquileia, as they are indeed in all Points that regard the Policy of their State, that they have degraded, and ſentenc'd to perpetual Impriſonment *Signior Morriſini*, a Senator of the moſt illuſtrious Rank, for ſpeaking a little too freely in that Buſineſs. The Duke of *Modena* continues as ſolicitous to promote the Trade of his Subjects, and advance his own Revenues, by rational Means, as his Neighbour, the Duke of *Parma*, is to drain all he can from his People, and from his Brother and Father in Law, purely to live in a State of negligent Magnificence.

That good old Father the Pope, whom the moſt ſagacious Society of *Old Women* need not be aſhamed to admit a Member among them, gives way to all the Propoſitions that are made to him, for reducing the exorbitant Wealth and Power of the Clergy, in the Countries which acknowledge his Supremacy; and there are very few Roman Catholick Princes or States, which have not already taken Advantage of the Pontiff's eaſy Complacency, and begun to put a Curb in the Mouth of a Beaſt, that has hitherto been quite unruly.

The Barbarian Corſairs continue to infeſt the Coaſts of Italy, and the Court of Naples is peculiarly diligent to ſuppreſs them.

TURKEY.

The Grand Signior's ſtill alive, and ſome ſay, in better Health than has been lately reported. Several Commotions have happen'd in the remote Parts of his Dominions, but his Sublime Highneſs ſtill profeſſes a firm Reſolution to maintain Peace with all the Chriſtian Powers. M. Nepleuff, the Ruſſian Embaſſador at Conſtantinople, is dead, and M. Penckler, Embaſſador there from the Emperor and Empreſs of the Romans, has taken upon him *pro tempore* the Care of her Imperial Ruſſian Majeſty's Affairs.

FRANCE.

The Proceedings of the French and Engliſh Commiſſaries at Paris, have ſcarcely been mentioned within the Month

Month now expired. The Affair of the Eccleſiaſticks, who are moſt of them unwilling to ſubmit to the King's Authority, and pay their Proportion to the Exigencies of the State, is the chief Subject of Writing and Converſation in that Kingdom. The Offices of Chancellor and Keeper of the Seals, which have been long united in the Perſon of Mr. D'Agueſſeau, are divided upon the Reſignation of that Miniſter. His moſt Chriſtian Majeſty has been in Danger from the Antlers of an audacious and rebellious Stag, who would not tamely ſacrifice his Life, tho' to ſo potent a Monarch. In the mean Time Pleaſure goes on at Belle-vere, the charming new Reſidence of Madam de Pompadour, alternately with the Palaces of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty.

NETHERLANDS.

The Court of Bruſſels ſeems very diligent in promoting Schemes for the Revival of Commerce, in the Auſtrian Provinces; and while there is great Proſpect of Succeſs in thoſe Projects, the United Provinces, which firſt deprived their Southern Neighbours of their antient Trade, find it very difficult to recover what themſelves have loſt, within a few Years paſt. I will here add my Sanction to the Opinion of many wiſe Men, that this Difficulty will be much increaſed, if the Britiſh Nation proſecutes the Fiſhery with all the Spirit it is able.

GERMANY.

The moſt remarkable Thing that has happened ſince my laſt, in regard to this great Political Body, is the ſudden Difference betwixt his Pruſſian Majeſty and the Empreſs of Ruſſia, upon which I ſhall, at preſent hazard no Reflections. It is well known, that the Court of Vienna and another of the moſt powerful Members of the Germanic Empire, have entered into ſuch a Confederacy with the Court of Peterſburgh, as ſeems by no means pleaſing to that of Berlin.

POLAND.

Prince Radzivil, a rich and childleſs Nobleman of Lithuania, has enabled us to ſay ſomething more than we have hitherto done of the Poliſh Republick, viz. that they

they begin to act upon the Syſtem of other European Powers. He has raiſed a large Body of Male Troops, whom he has regularly cloathed and armed upon his own Eſtates; but what ought peculiarly to recommend him to our Sex, is, that he has alſo begun to revive the old *Amazonian Spirit*, by levying a Troop of *beautiful Females*, who are alſo to be regularly cloathed and armed, and kept in readineſs to encounter either the Enemies of their Country, in the *Fields of Mars*, or their own Military Compatriots, in the more ſoft *Campaigns of Venus*.

DENMARK.

Where the Arts of Peace are ſteadily and conſtantly purſued, Occaſion is not often given for glaring Paragraphs of regal or military Magnificence. This ſeems to have been long the Caſe in Denmark, where the Subjects are pleaſed and proſperous, tho' ſeldom mentioned by our common Political Writers.

SWEDEN.

In this adjoining Kingdom to Denmark, tho' the Extent of Territory be infinitely larger, and the Government has much more the Form of Liberty, the People are far from being as happy as the Subjects of his Daniſh Majeſty. Almoſt every other Conſideration is ſwallowed up in the factious Deſigns of Parties, which ſeem no more likely to have an End here, than in ſome other Countries famous alſo for the Forms of Liberty.

RUSSIA.

As the Seaſon of the Year neceſſarily cauſes a Suſpenſion of military Parades in theſe frozen Regions, the Ruſſian Troops in Finland and Livonia are ordered into Winter Quarters. In the mean Time, we are aſſured, that they can ſuddenly be brought together upon any Emergency, and that all the Troops of that Empire amount at preſent, to betwixt 3 and 400,000 Regulars, excluſive of the Coſſacks and other Irregulars. Her Imperial Majeſty, who continues to be one of the moſt ſhining Ornaments of our Sex, is expected ſhortly to take a Journey to Moſcow.

The MIDWIFE.

NUMB. V.

A Letter from Mrs. Midnight *to Mr.* Hoyle, *partly complimentory, and partly objurgatory.*

Mr. Hoyle,

PErmit me, Sir, to addreſs you with that Reverence and obſequious Deportment, which is due to the Author of a Book more read and ſtudied than the Bible. Permit me to add my Congratulations to thoſe of the Publick on your *uſeful* and *important* Treatiſe concerning the Game of *Whiſt*. Every little helps (as the old Woman ſaid when ſhe *did ſomething* in the Sea) the Applauſe therefore of Mother *Midnight* will be ſome little Adjunct to your univerſal Fame, that Name whoſe hundred Throats are hoarſe with your Praiſes, yet who ſtill deſpairs of doing Juſtice to your Merit. For my Part (I think) it wou'd be no more than your Due, to erect a Statue to you in every Town in this Kingdom, becauſe nothing on Earth redounds ſo much to the Honour, Inte-

reſt, and Happineſs of a Nation, as its being diſtinguiſh'd for a Spirit of Gaming; which glorious Spirit has been greatly ſupported and increas'd by your Means. It is very much to be lamented, that *Gaming* is not reckon'd one of the Cardinal Virtues, as it is attended with ſuch admirable Conſequences. By *Gaming*, a Man acquires a noble Contempt of Money, the Soul is enlarged, and totally diſentangled from the *Weakneſs* of Humanity, and that puſillanimous Concern and Tenderneſs which ſome People are apt to entertain for their Wives, Children and Friends. What a *great Creature* is a loſing Gameſter — what ſublime Expreſſions! what exalted Hyperboles ſhall you hear from him? How exemplary magnanimous is that Perſon, who ſhall challenge and arraign Omnipotency itſelf! and (though he can neither write nor read) find Fault with the whole Syſtem of the Univerſe, becauſe at a certain Emergency he did not hold the Knave of Spades!

But now, worthy Sir, as I have paid my Compliments to you for the *good* Services you have done for your Country, I ſhall make bold to call you to an Account for what you have left undone: and here I am ſorry to ſay, you have paſs'd by unregarded ſome of the moſt uſeful, as well as moſt elegant Games upon the Cards. This (I own) is an heavy Charge, but I ſhall take upon me to ſupport it.

In the firſt Place, you have totally neglected the advantageous and genteel Game of

ONE AND THIRTY.

From this exquiſite Diverſion our Children learn the firſt Elements of Arithmetick, and grow acquainted with that ſerious Truth and important Propoſition, that *two and two make four*. Add to this, that their frequently drawing out, inures them betimes to Diſappointments, and initiates them in the Virtue of Patience. The Thoughts therefore of Mr. *Hoyle* upon this Game are very neceſſary, and conſequently very much expected and deſired.

You have alſo neglected

DRIVE THE KNAVE OUT OF DOORS.

That this is a Game of a very moral Tendency, is manifeſt from its Title; teaching our Youth how People of that Denomination ought to be ſerved, and deterring them from diſhoneſt Practices by the Force of Example. The Difficulty that attends the Expulſion of the Knave, ſhews them that a Raſcal is not always to be eaſily got rid off, from whence they may learn ſome Knowledge of the World.

In the next Place, you have neglected to give us your Thoughts upon

BUILDING HOUSES WITH CARDS.

This is a very uſeful and admirable Diverſion. It was from this Game, that Sir *Chriſtopher Wren* had his firſt Idea of Architecture; and the great

Cohorn his earlieſt Notions of Fortification. From this our little ones not only get a Taſte for Building, but behold in Emblem the glaſſy Precarioufneſs of all human Works; and here again the Doctrine of Patience and Diligence are tacitly inculcated.

You have alſo neglected

COMMERCE OR TRAFFICK.

I think there is no one ſo hardy as to deny the Expediency and even the Neceſſity of this being taught the Children of a *Trading Nation*. Here the little Traders barter their mock Merchandize, and liſp the Language of the *Change*. Here they have the earlieſt Impreſſions of the Advantage and Pleaſure of honeſt Induſtry, and learn that noble and moſt uſeful Leſſon of doing Honour to their Country, at the ſame Time that they are enriching themſelves. The Fiſh being made uſe of as Stakes, has a glorious Effect, for it both naturally and unavoidably turns their Thoughts to maritime Affairs; and when they receive Money for them, they cannot but reflect on *Britannia*'s Gold Mine, or the *Britiſh* Herring Fiſhery forever, and they view future Wealth through the pleaſing Proſpect-Glaſs of Hope.

You furthermore neglected thoſe two celebrated Games of

PUT
and
ALL-FOURS.

That theſe are of moſt undoubted Antiquity, is plain

plain from a Controverſy which has ſubſiſted for theſe ſeventeen Years laſt paſt between Dr. *Rubbiſh*, Deputy Cockle-ſhell-keeper to the Univerſity of *** and the incomparable Mr. *Bridle-Gooſe*, Maſter of the Menagerie. The Point in Debate is which of theſe two Games (for they are very clear 'twas one of them) it was that *Alexander the Great* play'd at with the Queen of the *Amazons* the Night before her Departure. Dr. *Rubbiſh* (who by the Bye is a very ſanguine Man) inſiſts upon it with great Vehemence that it was the former; and adds, that *Alexander* loſt fifty Talents with *Thaleſtris*, in the ſame Manner, and for the ſame Ends, as ſome of our noble Youth often do when they wilfully loſe an hundred Guineas at Picquet with a fair Lady. On the other Hand, Mr. *Bridle-Gooſe* aſſerts, not with the ſame Paſſion indeed, but with an equal Degree of Poſitiveneſs, that it was the latter, and that her Majeſty was particularly ſucceſsful in her *turn* up Cards, and whenever *Alexander* beg'd one, ſhe was for going a Card further. I ſhall not dwell any longer upon this Affair, becauſe there is now actually in the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be publiſhed in thirteen Volumes Folio, a *brief* Narrative of the State of the Controverſy between the learned Doctor *Rubbiſh*, Deputy Cockle-ſhell-keeper to the Univerſity aforeſaid, and the incomparable Mr. *Bridle-Gooſe*.

You have alſo neglected the modeſt and now modiſh Game of

BRAG.

Which is peculiarly adapted to the fair and ſofter Sex; and is therefore ſo much in Vogue amongſt Ladies of Diſtinction. Hereby they acquire a decent Aſſurance and Competency of Countenance ſo abſolutely neceſſary in Life, and remedy that Shamefacedneſs, which is a *Defect* of Nature, by the Aſſiſtance of her handmaid Art. I muſt *add*, that it is a Game truly military, and it is a very unſoldier-like Thing not to underſtand it; it was imported into this Kingdom by ſome Travellers, who are all fond of it to this Day.

You have alſo neglected

LU

and

LAUGH AND LYE DOWN.

The latter of which is of moral Import, and exceeding inſtructive, pointing out to the *Britiſh* Fair the evil Conſequence of exceſſive Giggling; and the former, in which *Pam* is ſo often call'd upon to be civil, gives a practical Hint for the Promotion of Urbanity and good Manners.

You have neglected alſo

CRIBBAGE.

This is a Game which tries the Genius, and teaches the Art of *thriving*, eſpecially when Sharp's the Word, and you play accurately. A Man very often learns Humility at this Diverſion, by being taken down a Peg lower. In ſhort, I look upon it to be abſolutely neceſſary for the Matriculation of ſuch Perſons, who are intended

to

to ſerve their Country in the Character of Taylors, Bumbailiffs, Bookſellers and Exciſemen. — I dare ſay Mr. *** plays a good Game at Cribbage.

You have alſo neglected

MY LADY'S HOLE.

That this Game was invented by a Perſon of Quality, is too obvious to be inſiſted upon, from the Dignity of its Appellation. It is an Amuſement attended with many exquiſite Conſequences, but is rather too obnoxious to the Punſters, who are not aware that it is evidently derived from the *Greek* Word ὁλω, which ſignifies the *whole* or Sum Total, that is, in ſhort, the Sweep-ſtakes.

You have alſo neglected

SNIP, SNAP AND SNORUM.

Delectable and profitable is this old *Engliſh* Amuſement, and a ſovereign Remedy againſt the Hyp. It promotes the Circulation of the Glaſs, and is the Foſter-Mother of Jocularity. It is an exceeding good Game to finiſh the Heel of an Evening; which is an Hint for me to finiſh this long Letter, in which I have ſaid all that can be urg'd in the Favour of Gaming; and its worſt Enemies can bring but three SMALL Objections againſt it, namely, that it is the Parent of ROBBERY, BLASPHEMY and MURDER. — I am, Sir, with my Bonnet cock't, and a low Courteſy,

Your humble Servant, in an honeſt Way,

MARY MIDNIGHT.

Ponto's *Anſwer to* Towzer; *in which the Dignity of the* Britiſh *Dogs is inſiſted upon, and the Senſe of Antiquity upon this Subject accurately diſcuſſed and explained.*

Dear Towzy,

I Should be guilty of a moſt unpardonable Breach of Friendſhip, were I to neglect the firſt Opportunity of anſwering your Letter; for (notwithſtanding the numerous Apologies which are daily given, and accepted for Omiſſions of this Sort) it is impoſſible any Man or Dog, in any Station of Life, can be ſo intirely employ'd in Buſineſs, or led off by Avocations, as not to be able to ſpare five Minutes to write to his Friend. And now to proceed to the Point — I declare that I am not in any Degree of Sollicitude about the Act of Parliaments you mention for a Tax upon our Species. An *Engliſh* Dog, old *Towzy*, is of much greater Conſequence than you ſeem to imagine, and when I was at the Univerſity of *** with my young Maſter, by frequent Opportunities of ſtudying the *Greek* and *Roman* Claſſicks, (which by the Bye I did with much greater Succeſs and Proficiency than any Perſon there) I found that the *Britiſh* Dogs have been thought preferable to all others by the Ancients.

STRABO ſays, they are ευφυεις εις τας κυνηγεσιας, that is naturally framed for excellent Hunters. — Hence NEMESIANUS:

Diviſa

Diviſa Britannia *mittit*
Veloces noſtrique orbis venantibus aptos.

And GRATIUS of their Goodneſs and Value.

Quod freta ſi Morinum dubio refluentia ponto
Veneris, atque ipſos libeat penetrare Britannos,
O quanta eſt merces & quanta impendia ſupra.

And OPPIAN of the Gaze-hounds or Lurchers.

Εϛι δε τι σκλακων γενος αλκιμον ιχνευτηρων,
Βαιον, αταξμεγαλης αιλαξιον εμμεν' αοιδης
Τυς τραφεν αγχια φυλα Βρεταννων αιολοωτων
Αυταρ επικλησην σφας Αγασαιυς ονομηναν,
Των η τοι μεγεθος μεν ομοιιον υτιδανοισι
Λιχνοις οικιδιοσι τραπηζησσι κυνεσσι.

CLAUDIAN likewiſe ſpeaks thus of our Maſtiffs, that's a Puff for you old *Towzy*.

Magnaque Taurorum fracturi colla Britanni.

And to crown all, the incomparable VIRGIL ſpeaks thus to the Praiſe of our Race in general.

Nec tibi cura canum fuerit poſtrema, ſed una
Veloces Spartæ catulos, acremque Moloſſum
Paſce ſero pingui: nunquam cuſtodibus illis
Nocturnum ſtabulis furem, incurſuſque luporum,
Aut impacatos a tergo horrebis Iberos.
Sæpe etiam curſu timidos agitabis onagros,
Et Canibus *leporem,* Canibus *venabere damas.*
Sæpe volutabris pulſos ſylveſtribus apros
Latratu turbabis agens, monteſque per altos
Ingentem clamore premes ad retia cervum.

But to inforce the Authority of Antiquity by the Demonſtration of a modern Example, there is now to be ſeen LE CHIEN SAVANT, or the matchleſs learned FRENCH DOG, which is now exhibited to the Inſpection of the Curious, at Mr. *Hally*'s, Watchmaker, *Charing-Croſs*, within two Doors of the *Panopticon*.—This entertaining and ſagacious Animal (which is actually the famous *Chien Savant*, who was ſhewn with ſuch univerſal Applauſe laſt Year at *Paris*) does, by ranging Typographical Cards (in the ſame Manner that a Printer compoſes) read, write and caſt Accompts, and by the ſame Method anſwers many Queſtions out of *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſis*, in Geography, the *Roman*, *French*, and *Engliſh* Hiſtory; reckons the Number of Perſons preſent, if not above thirty; compoſes any Surname or capital Name, which is not too difficult to ſpell; ſolves ſmall Queſtions in the four Rules of Arithmetick; tells, by looking on any Watch in the Company, what Hour it is, in a Manner quite particular and agreeable; diſtinguiſhes all the different current *Engliſh* Coins, and ſhews the Colour of any Perſon's Cloaths, by bringing the very Colour that moſt nearly reſembles them, with ſeveral other amuſing and extraordinary Performances.—To be ſeen without Loſs of Time, from Ten in the Morning till Seven in the Evening, by any Number of Perſons, at 2s. 6d. each.

When Dogs are arrived at a Knowledge like this, Human Nature may ſpare a little of her

Vanity; and I make no Doubt that our Merit will be too well weigh'd by our Superiors, to let us ever be the Subjects of Oppreſſion. Fare thee well old *Truepenny*.

Thine,

PONTO.

A Letter from Mr. Williams, *containing ſome Account of Mr.* Jemmy Gymp.

Madam,

THE Merit of your *Magazine* exceeds all Power of Praiſe, and its Fame is as wide extended as the Clouds, which are the Curtains of the Univerſe. As I am young, and but juſt come from College, *Madam*, you'll excuſe the Hyperbole; tho' upon my Honour, I think it juſt. It can't be ſuppoſed, Mrs. *Midnight*, that you ſhould write all that *Magazine* yourſelf, eſpecially as you are ſo liable to be diſturb'd a Nights, and call'd out by the Ladies about your other Buſineſs; my Aunt, therefore, who has a great Regard for your Health, has deſir'd me to recommend you an Auxiliary here. When I tell you that his Name is *Jemmy Gymp* you will, perhaps, object to him on Account of his Sex, and ſay that you admit of no Men; but pray, Madam, don't let that diſturb you; for, upon my Honour, the Sexes in him are ſo unaccountably united, you won't know

what to call him; for as a certain Nobleman expreſſes it,

Nature whilſt *Jemmy*'s Clay was blending,
Uncertain what the Thing wou'd end in,
Whether a Female, or a Male,
A Pin drop'd in, and turn'd the Scale.

And then he is a Creature of vaſt Invention, and nice Conceit; he was the firſt that brought in Vogue, and diſcovered the Uſe of thoſe pretty little Twig-ſticks, bound round with Leather, for the Service of the Beaus about Town, and which are from his Name called *Tickle-Jemmies*. 'Twas he, Mrs. *Midnight*, that invented the ſo much admired very little Hats in the Year Thirty-four; and that wonderful great Hat in the Year Forty-five. The laſt Invention, indeed, has been attributed to General Count *Kevanhuller*, but with great Injuſtice; for the Village I live in had the Honour of its Birth; and my good Friend *Jemmy Gymp* was the immortal Man. I have heard him often complain of being rob'd of the Reputation of this Invention in favour of Count *Kevanhuller*; and whenever that General's Name was mentioned during the laſt War, he grew petulant, and ſaid, if the Count was a Man of any Honour at all, he would not grace his Brows with the Laurels of another. Nay, he was once about leaving the Kingdom on this very Account, and in a Paſſion proteſted, that he would not live in any Place, where there was ſuch a total Neglect of Merit; but

but Sir *Richard* perſwaded him from this bold Attempt, by repreſenting to him the great Danger there was of his being drown'd in his Paſſage, and the prodigious Loſs the Nation would ſuſtain by his Abſence. My Lady was alſo very ſolicitous for the Welfare of Mr. *Gymp*, as indeed were all the Ladies in the Neighbourhood, to whom he is of great Service.

His Education has qualified him excellently well for their Company, for he was bred up under the Eye of an old Aunt till he was twenty, who wou'd never let him go abroad, for fear the Wind ſhou'd blow his Hair out of Buckle. What he principally learn'd under her Tuition, was to read and ſpell *Engliſh*; to write the *Italian* Hand finely, ſo as hardly to be ſeen; and to knot and flouriſh; ſince that he ſeems to have dedicated himſelf to the Service of the fair Sex intirely. 'Twas he invented the Machine with which Patches are cut ſo round and prettily; Gum for the Eye-brows was his Projection: He firſt diſcovered the Uſe of, and applied that wonderful pretty Piece of forehead Furniture, call'd the TETE: He brought over the Pantin, and the little ſattin Cuffs and Collars: He reduc'd the FAN to its preſent Standard, and was the firſt that introduced the Cuſtom of wearing *Muffs* among the *Female Part of the Men*, who in Honour to him, are by the Univerſal Conſent of all People call'd *Jemmy*'s to this Day. He it was alſo that firſt diſcovered that famous FRILL-DILL, ſo much admir'd by the Ladies, call'd

GYMP,

GYMP, after his Name, as your Miſcellany, is call'd the MIDWIFE, after yours; and my Lady out of Compliment to him, wears GYMP for Robings to all her Gowns even now. Sir RICHARD indeed, has been heard to ſay, even in the Preſence of Mr. *Gymp*, that he did not think this Invention was of ſo much Conſequence to the Nation as that of our woollen, and other Manufactures; but then he has been contradicted ſtoutly by my Lady; for Wives in this Country do ſometimes exert their Authority, and ſhe always ſtands up for her Friend *Jemmy*, for her Ladyſhip is greatly obliged to him: Why, he goes to *London* twice a Year, on Purpoſe to bring down the Faſhions; and is the charmingeſt, prettieſt, niceſt Fellow among the Ladies that ever was known. Then, he has taught all the waiting Maids to ſay *Meme*, inſtead of *Madam*, which is a prodigious Improvement to the Language, and has even mended the Stile of the Ladies themſelves. Sir *Richard* calls him my Lady's Superintendent of the Wardrobe, and Clerk of her Toilet, where he is the moſt convenient Creature alive. He is introduc'd by every Huſband here into his Wife's Bed-Chamber without Fear, or Ceremony; for no Body ſuſpects *Jemmy*'s ever concerning himſelf with any Thing belonging to a Lady, but her Fan, her Muff, or her Apparel.

Beſides, Madam, he holds up his Head and bridles charmingly; trips along upon his Toes, with very little tiny Steps, and has the prettieſt, niceſt

niceſt affected Liſp when he ſpeaks that ever you heard in your Life.—Then as to his Senſe, why, 'tis not the common vulgar Senſe; but a Sort of *Jemmy*-Senſe peculiar to himſelf! which is not to be underſtood. Do, Madam, let me ſend him up to you; he'll be of great Uſe upon my Honour.

Oh! I had almoſt forgot one Thing —— As this is Mince-Pye Seaſon, my Aunt deſires you'd buy her a Parcel of *Kapelions*, and *Magazine* of *Magazines* to put her Pies upon, for ſhe's inform'd, that they are better for that Uſe than any other (ſave and except) you underſtand me; —— and ſhe hears they are to be bought cheap. And d'ye hear? when your Hand's in, pray buy me, for another Purpoſe, a Parcel of the *Old Woman's Dunciads*, which thoſe very honeſt Fellows, with ſuch ſingular Modeſty, intended to puff off for yours,

I am, dear Madam,

Your moſt obedient, humble Servant,

T. WILLIAMS.

P. S. What does Mr. *Williams* mean by recommending me ſuch a *Fribble?* Have not we Creatures of that kind enough already?

From

* *From the* RAMBLER.

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici,
Expertus metuit. Hor.

THE Sciences having long ſeen their Votaries labouring for the Benefit of Mankind without Reward, put up their Petitions to *Jupiter* for a more equitable Diſtribution of Riches and Honours. *Jupiter* was moved with their Complaints, and touched with the approaching Miſeries of Men, whom the Sciences wearied with perpetual Ingratitude, were now threatening to forſake, and who would have been reduced by their Departure, to feed in Dens upon the Maſt of Trees, to hunt their Prey in Deſarts, and to periſh under the Paws of Animals, ſtronger and fiercer than themſelves.

A Synod of the Celeſtials was therefore convened, in which it was reſolved, that PATRONAGE ſhould deſcend to the Aſſiſtance of the SCIENCES. PATRONAGE was the Daughter of ASTREA, by a mortal Father, and had been educated in the School of TRUTH, by the Goddeſſes, whom ſhe was now appointed to protect. She had from her Mother that Dignity of Aſpect, which ſtruck Terror into falſe Merit, and from her Miſtreſs that Reſerve, which made her only acceſſible to

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thoſe

thoſe whom the SCIENCES brought into her Preſence.

She came down to the general Acclamation of all the Powers that favour Learning. HOPE danced before her, and LIBERALITY ſtood at her Side ready to ſcatter at her Direction, the Gifts which FORTUNE, who followed her, was commanded to ſupply. As ſhe advanced towards *Parnaſſus*, the Cloud which had long hung over it, was immediately diſpelled. The Shades, before withered with Drought, ſpread their original Verdure, and the Flowers that had languiſhed with Chillneſs, brightened their Colours and invigorated their Scents; the Muſes tuned their Harps and exerted their Voices; and all the Concert of Nature welcomed her Arrival.

On *Parnaſſus* ſhe fixed her Reſidence, in a Palace raiſed by the SCIENCES, and adorned with whatever could delight the Eye, elevate the Imagination, or enlarge the Underſtanding. Here ſhe diſperſed the Gifts of FORTUNE, with the Impartiality of JUSTICE, and the Diſcernment of TRUTH. Her Gate ſtood always open, and HOPE ſat at the Portal, inviting to Entrance all whom the SCIENCES numbered in their Train. The Court was therefore thronged with innumerable Multitudes, of whom, though many returned diſappointed, ſeldom any had Confidence to complain; for PATRONAGE was univerſally known to neglect few, but for want of the due Claim to her Regard. Thoſe, therefore, who had ſolicited her

her Favour without Succeſs, generally withdrew from publick Notice, and either diverted their Attention to meaner Employments, or endeavoured to ſupply their Deficiencies by cloſer Application.

In Time, however, the Number of thoſe who had miſcarried in their Pretenſions became ſo great, that they grew leſs aſhamed of their Repulſes; and, inſtead of hiding their Diſgrace by Retirement, began to beſiege the Gates of the Palace, and obſtruct the Entrance of ſuch as they thought likely to be more ſucceſsful. The Deciſions of PATRONAGE, who was but half a Goddeſs, had been ſometimes erroneous; and though ſhe always made haſte to rectify her Miſtakes, a few Inſtances of her Fallibility encouraged every one to appeal from her Judgment to his own, and that of his Companions, who were always ready to clamour in the common Cauſe, and elate each other with reciprocal Applauſe.

HOPE was a ſteady Friend to the Diſappointed, and IMPUDENCE incited them to accept a ſecond Invitation, and lay their Claims again before PATRONAGE. They were again, for the moſt Part, ſent back with Ignominy, but found HOPE not alienated, and IMPUDENCE more reſolutely zealous; they, therefore, contrived new Expedients, and hoped at laſt to prevail by their Multitudes, which were always encreaſing, and their Perſeverance, which HOPE and IMPUDENCE forbade them to relax.

PATRONAGE having been long a Stranger to the heavenly Aſſemblies, began to degenerate towards

wards terreſtrial Nature, to forget the Precepts of JUSTICE and TRUTH, and, inſtead of confining her Friendſhip to the Sciences, ſuffered herſelf, by little and little, to contract an Acquaintance with PRIDE, the Son of FALSHOOD, by whoſe Embraces ſhe had two Daughters, FLATTERY and CAPRICE. FLATTERY was nurſed by LIBERALITY, and CAPRICE by FORTUNE, without any Aſſiſtance from the Leſſons of the SCIENCES.

PATRONAGE began hourly to adopt the Sentiments, and imitate the Manners of her Huſband, by whoſe Opinion ſhe now directed her Deciſions, with very little Heed to the Precepts of TRUTH; and as her Daughters continaally gained upon her Affections, the SCIENCES loſt their Influence, and none found much Reaſon to boaſt of their Reception, but thoſe whom CAPRICE or FLATTERY conducted to her Throne.

The Throngs who had ſo long waited, and ſo often been diſmiſſed for want of Recommendation from the SCIENCES, were delighted to ſee the Power of theſe rigorous Goddeſſes, was tending to its Extinction. Their Patroneſſes now renewed their Encouragements. HOPE ſmiled at the Approach of CAPRICE, and IMPUDENCE was always at Hand to introduce her Clients to FLATTERY.

PATRONAGE had now learned to procure herſelf Reverence by Ceremonies and Formalities, and inſtead of admitting her Petitioners to an immediate Audience, ordered the Antichamber to be

erected,

erected, called among Mortals, the *Hall of Expectation*. Into this Hall the Entrance was eaſy to thoſe whom IMPUDENCE had conſigned to FLATTERY, and it was therefore crouded with a promiſcuous Throng, aſſembled from every Corner of the Earth, preſſing forward with the utmoſt Eagerneſs of Deſire, and agitated with all the Anxieties of Competition.

They entered this general Receptacle with Ardour and Alacrity, and made no Doubt of a ſpeedy Admiſſion under the Conduct of FLATTERY to the Preſence of PATRONAGE. But it generally happened that they were here left to their Deſtiny, for the inner Doors were kept by CAPRICE, who opened and ſhut them, as it ſeemed, by Chance, and rejected or admitted without any ſettled Rule or Diſtinction. In the mean Time, the miſerable Attendants, were left to wear out their Lives in alternate Exultation and Dejection, and delivered up to the Sport of SUSPICION, who was always whiſpering into their Ear Deſigns againſt them which were never formed, and of ENVY who diligently pointed out the good Fortnne of one or other of their Competitors. INFAMY flew round the HALL, and ſcattered Mildews from her Wings, with which every one was ſtained; REPUTATION followed her with ſlower Flight, and endeavoured to hide the Blemiſh with Paint, which was immediately bruſhed away, or ſeperated of itſelf, and left the Stain more viſible; nor were the Spots

of

of INFAMY ever effaced, but by limpid Water from the Well of TRUTH.

It frequently happened that SCIENCE, unwilling to loſe the antient Prerogative of recommending to PATRONAGE, would lead her Followers into the *Hall of Expectation*, but they were ſoon diſcouraged from attending; for not only ENVY and SUSPICION inceſſantly tormented them, but IMPUDENCE conſidered them as Intruders, and incited INFAMY to blacken them. They therefore quickly retired, but ſeldom without ſome Spots which they could never waſh away, which ſhewed that they had once waited in the *Hall of Expectation*.

The reſt continued to expect the happy Moment, at which CAPRICE ſhould beckon them to approach, and endeavoured to propitiate her not with *Homerical* Harmony, the Repreſentation of great Actions, or the Recital of noble Sentiments, but with ſoft and voluptuous Melody, intermingled with the Praiſes of PATRONAGE and PRIDE, by whom they were heard at once with Pleaſure and Contempt.

Some were indeed admitted by CAPRICE, when they leaſt expected it, and heaped by PATRONAGE with the Gifts of FORTUNE, but they were from that Time chained to her Foot-ſtool, and condemned to regulate their Lives by her Glances and Nods; they ſeemed proud of their Manacles, and ſeldom complained of any Drudgery, however ſervile,

ſervile; or any Affront, however contemptuous; yet they were often, notwithſtanding their Obedience, ſeized on a ſudden by CAPRICE, diveſted of their Ornaments, and thruſt back into the *Hall of Expectation*.

Here they mingled again with the Tumult, and all, except a few whom Experience had taught to ſeek Happineſs in the Regions of Liberty, continued to ſpend Hours, and Days, and Years, in courting the Smile of CAPRICE with the Arts of FLATTERY, till at length new Crowds preſſed in upon them, and drove them forth at different Outlets into the Habitations of DISEASE and SHAME, and POVERTY, and DESPAIR, where they paſſed the reſt of their Lives in Narratives of Promiſes and Breaches of Faith, Joys and Sorrows, Hopes and Diſappointments.

The SCIENCES after a thouſand Indignities, at laſt retired from the Palace of PATRONAGE, and having long wandered over the World in Grief and Diſtreſs, were led at laſt to the Cottage of INDEPENDANCE, the Daughter of FORTITUDE, where they were taught by PRUDENCE and PARSIMONY to ſupport themſelves in Dignity and Quiet.

Survey

Survey of BEDLAM.

Moorgate Coffee Houſe, Feb. 2, 1750-1.

I This Day met with the worthy old Gentleman I mention'd in my laſt, at this Coffee-Houſe; when I came in, he was walking round the Room with his Watch in his Hand, and his Hat under his Arm; and as his Wig was made in the ancient Faſhion, with the Forepart frizzled up ſix Inches above his Forehead, and a Lock hanging over each Shoulder, he had attracted the Attention of the whole Company; and every one's Eyes were upon him, while he himſelf was ſo wrap'd up and immerg'd in Thought, that he perceiv'd no-body. On my entring, he accoſted me with a Gaiety, which, conſidering his Age, ſurpriz'd me; and, I believe, induc'd many in the Room to think him my humble Servant. "Madam, ſays he, I'm extremely glad to ſee you, and holding up his Watch, you are upon my Word very punctual, I did not expect you ſo ſoon by an Hour; but a Gentlewoman of your good Senſe, Mrs. *Midnight*, muſt ſee the Neceſſity of obſerving Appointments and Aſſignations to a Tittle; there is no Buſineſs to be done without it." He proceeded in his Diſcourſe, and read a Lecture on Punctuality, which laſted an Hour, the Company all the Time ſtaring at the Author of the *Old Woman's Magazine*, and laughing; I made Uſe of ſeveral indirect

direct Methods to cut the Thread of his Diſcourſe; ſuch as flirting my Fan, coughing, adjuſting my Handkerchief, complaining of the Tooth-ach, *&c.* but nothing wou'd do, and I was after all oblig'd to wait the Concluſion. How natural it is for we old People to be tedious! And I fear my Readers will ſometimes feel me affected with this Infirmity. At the End of this Lecture he corrected himſelf, and taking me by the Hand, dear Mrs. *Midnight*, ſays he, I beg Pardon for being thus tedious, and for preſuming to dictate to you, who are the very Pink of good Breeding; the Quinteſſence of Wit, and ſo eminently acquainted with the World. As this Compliment ſeem'd to be ſtudied, and manifeſtly preſag'd ſomething elſe, I only return'd it with a Curtſey, and we walk'd off. Juſt as we had aſcended the firſt Steps, and got into *Bedlam*, the Waiter of the Coffee-room came running to him, with his Hat and Cane, and the Change for a Guinea, which he had left behind him. I perceiv'd before this that he was greatly embarraſs'd, and had all the Reaſons in the World to believe that my Charms had occaſion'd it. When a Man forgets to eat his Breakfaſt; forgets to drink his Coffee; forgets his Hat when it rains; forgets his Stick when he's lame; forgets to ſleep; and add to theſe, when an old Man forgets his Money, and leaves his Change behind him; I think, Ladies, we may ſafely and certainly conclude, *That he is in Love.* The good Gentleman perceiv'd

ceiv'd that I had made this important Diſcovery, and ſeem'd a little chagrin'd at it; and indeed, I don't blame him, for it is not altogether ſo prudent for a Man to truſt his Miſtreſs with a Secret of this Sort, and eſpecially at the firſt Onſet. We are but Women after all, and who knows but a Lady being poſſeſs'd of this Secret, might out of Curioſity, or Pride, or a thouſand other Phantaſies, lead her Lover a ſeven Years dance, and expoſe him as her Jack-daw to all her Acquaintance, and at laſt never grant him the Favour. I am however at that Time of Life, in which there is no Time to ſpare; and therefore, as *Shakeſpear* ſays,

> He ſhall go no farther than a Wanton's Bird,
> That lets it hop a little from her Hand,
> Like a poor Pris'ner in his twiſted Gyves,
> And with a ſilk Thread plucks it back again,
> So loving-jealous of his Liberty.

But whither am I going?—why any one wou'd imagine now that I was in Love myſelf. This Digreſſion is intolerable! and I'm to blame, like a young Parſon, to run from my Text in this Manner. Well, but I'm an old Woman, pray conſider that, and then let us return again to our Story.

As we were going to viſit the Rooms above, we were met on the Stairs by five Gentlemen and four Ladies, all very well dreſs'd. One of the

Gentlemen who knew me, ſtar'd me full in the Face, as the Faſhion is, and cry'd out, *The Midwife! The Midwife!* Aye, ſays another, an old Trot, ſhe's going to be married I ſuppoſe to *Signior Flummery* there! The Ladies join'd in a Horſe Laugh, which notwithſtanding it may be the Faſhion about *Covent-Garden*, *Taviſtock-ſtreet*, &c. is, I think, ill Manners to the higheſt Degree; and to try if the ſweet Laſſes have a Grain of Shame in them, I ſhall here ſet down their Names at full Length —— **** —— **** —— **** —— **** —— **** —— **** —— **** —— After we had diſengag'd ourſelves from theſe faſhionable Gentry, I turn'd aſide to ſpeak to a young Woman, who was ſo far recover'd, as to be intruſted with her Liberty. The good old Gentleman hearing me aſk her ſeveral Queſtions, join'd us, and the poor unhappy Creature told us her Caſe with an Air of Seriouſneſs that confeſs'd her Sincerity, and a Flood of Tears that teſtified the Truth.

The Hiſtory of Hannah ****.

Taken from her own Mouth by Mrs. *Midnight*.

MY Father rented a Farm of about Sixty Pounds a Year of a Lady to whom he was many Years a Servant, and who out of Regard to his faithful Services, became my Godmother. While young I was ſent to School as a half Boarder by

by her Ladyſhip; but when I was turn'd of fourteen, and capable of aſſiſting my Mother, ſhe took me from School to do the Houſehold Work in the Family. This Life pleas'd me much, for tho' laborious, 'tis healthy, and the rural Diverſions we frequently had in that Country, made it very agreeable. When I grew to Woman's Eſtate, I was addreſs'd by a young Man who had often been my Partner at Country Dancings. He was not very handſome, but of a ſweet Diſpoſition, and his Vivacity, Sincerity, and good Nature, rendred him more agreeable to me than all other Men. As he was the Son of a ſubſtantial Farmer, who had always ſupported a good Character, my Father had no Objection to the Match, and my Godmother, who had been conſulted about it, was ſo well pleas'd, that ſhe entertain'd us two Evenings at her Houſe, talk'd to us freely on that Head, and gave me in his Hearing, ſome Aſſurances of her Aſſiſtance to begin the World with. Soon after this, there was a Meeting of our Parents, and the Day of Marriage appointed. In this fatal Interval, my poor Godmother died, and by her Will, to the Surprize of every Body, left me Four Thouſand Pounds, which brought me many Lovers, and among the reſt an Officer, who was often with my Godmother's Nephew, that ſuceeded her in the Eſtate. I was deaf to all his Perſuaſions, and as much as poſſible avoided his Company, for my Hopes were all centred in my PHILEMON: Application was alſo made to my Father, without

any Effect, for he was an honeſt Man, and unwilling to break his Word. At laſt, the Officer prevail'd upon my young Maſter to influence me, who finding that impracticable, ſent to my Father, beg'd him to uſe his Authority over me, and plainly told me if I did not marry that Gentleman, I ſhould never have the Legacy left me, till he had carried it thro' all the Courts in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and ſaddled me with a Suit that ſhould ſink one half of the Money. But this did not affect me, I was determin'd to be faithful to my Lover, and was perſuaded he would gladly have taken me without a Farthing, 'till I receiv'd three Letters from him, all importing, that he thought my Fortune was precarious, my Affections too wavering, and my Perſon not ſo pure as he ſhould wiſh for in a Wife. He threw out ſome Hints reſpecting my entertaining the Officer, which ſtung me to the quick, and induc'd me more out of Pride and Revenge than any Thing elſe to marry him. As ſoon as we were married, the Legacy left me by my Godmother was immediately paid into his Hands, all but One Thouſand Pounds, which I afterwards found was abated, and given up to the Executor by previous Contract, for his Aid in the Affair. Believe what I am going to ſay, Madam, *(Here ſhe took hold of my Hand, and ſtared me full in the Face)* The greateſt Part of the Men are Rogues, and with them the ruining of a poor innocent Girl is a meer Matter of Diverſion, and ſerves only for a laughing Story at a Bacchanalian

Feaſt.

Feaſt. This I know from Experience, and Experience makes us wiſe.

For oh! he's gone, he's gone, he's gone,
And laid in the cold Grave!

(Here ſhe rambled a little, repeated two or three Stanzas of a Song, and then return'd to her Story.)

The Villain, my Huſband, ſays ſhe, with an Emphaſis, not ſatisfied with this Booty, wanted alſo to make a Prey of my poor Father, whom he aſſur'd that he had a large Eſtate in the *North* of *England*; and that he had nothing to do but to quit his Farming Buſineſs, and to retire thither with him and live like a Gentleman. My good Father incapable of doing ill himſelf, ſuſpected none; but immediately ſold all his Effects, and put the Money into my Huſband's Hands, who was to manage it for him to great Advantage in the Stocks. As ſoon as we came to *London*, the inhuman Creature plunder'd me of all my beſt Apparel, which he ſold, and then made off to *Ireland* with the Money, leaving us in a ſtrange Place without a Penny to ſubſiſt on. My Father made ſome Enquiries after him, in order to recover his Money, and was inform'd that he was one of thoſe infamous Creatures who dealt in that Way; and that beſides me, he had a Wife in *Ireland*, one in *Scotland*, and another in the *Weſt Indias*, whom he had treated in the very ſame Manner. His leaving me I did not regard, for I had no Affection for him, and as by the Aſſiſtance

of an accidental Friend, I got into Buſineſs, which would maintain my Father and me, I was pretty eaſy on that Score. What gave me this terrible Diſorder, and will for ever hang on my Mind, was ſome Letters I receiv'd from my PHILEMON, who had all this while languiſh'd for me. The Diſappointment, which he was unable to bear, threw him into a Conſumption, of which he died the 24th of *May* 1748.

Theſe Letters, Madam, were wrote in a Hand, as much like mine as you can conceive any Thing to be. They were addreſs'd to him as if coming from me, and contain'd ſuch Sentiments as never enter'd into my Head: The Purport of 'em was to forbid him ever calling on me, or writing to me again, and to inform him, that I was then contracted to the Captain, and to be married in a few Days. When I ſaw my Name thus proſtituted to my own undoing, and to the Ruin of a Man I ſo dearly lov'd, you may judge of my Behaviour, and of my Trouble and Anxiety; for this convinc'd me, that the Letters directed to me, as if from him, were alſo counterfeits, which he was no way privy to; and that the whole was an Impoſition, projected and carried on by the baſeſt of Villains, my Undoer. The Gentleman who brought me theſe Letters, aſſur'd me that he receiv'd them from my dear PHILEMON on his Death Bed, with a ſtrict Charge to deliver them into my own Hand, and to aſſure me that in his dying Moments he for-

gave

gave me, and pray'd for my Happineſs. Such matchleſs Innocence! ſuch Worth! ſuch Truth! But

He's gone! he's gone! PHILEMON's gone!

(Here ſhe ſung ſome Verſes, the Tears at the ſame Time trickling down her Cheeks, and then return'd to her Story.)

This Gentleman further inform'd me, that one of my moſt intimate Acquaintance, whom my PHILEMON had employ'd in the Character of a *Go-between*, had fomented this Difference betwixt us (brib'd I ſuppoſe by my baſeſt of Brutes) and wrote and carried him theſe Letters in my Name, and this Secret the Dread of a juſt Judgment hereafter, had extorted from her on her Death Bed; for ſhe did not live long to enjoy the Fruits of her wicked Labour. But ſhe was only the Serpent, the Devil was concealed, and did not diſcover himſelf till after he had wrought our entire Overthrow.

But to PHILEMON's Grave I'll go,
And lay me on the Stone,
Which with my Tears I'll daily dew,
And melt it with my Moan.

Here ſhe wept bitterly, and then attempted to give us ſome Account of her Father, but was interrupted by one of the Keepers, who perceiving her greatly agitated with Paſſion, order'd her to her Apartment.

The good old Gentleman was ſo affected with her Story, that he frequently ſhed Tears during the Narration; and indeed both our Hearts were too full to ſpeak to each other at parting, ſo that I had only a reverend Bow from him, which I return'd with a Curteſy.

I came home in a melancholy Mood, and all the Evening could not help reflecting on this fatal Affair. —— This poor Woman's Caſe is not ſingular, for there are many Women who have been betray'd, and married to thoſe who had Wives before, which, I think claims the Conſideration of People in Power, as it evidently proves, that there is ſome Flaw, either in the Conſtruction or Execution of our Laws. Should a poor Man to prevent ſtarving rob me of Six-pence, or ſteal one of my Sheep, he is to be hang'd; but an artful faithleſs Fellow, glutted with Ambition, Avarice, or Luſt may betray me, ſteal my Daughter, and ſeize upon her Fortune with Impunity.

This Evil I think the Legiſlature ſhould immediately redreſs, for it is a growing one, and its Conſequences are fatal. And would they condeſcend to take my Opinion of the Matter, tho' but an *Old* WOMAN, I could lay down a Scheme that would entirely prevent any Thing of this Sort, for the future.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

From

From Mrs. MIDNIGHT *to the Community.*

FROM the Nature of my Character and Office, I apprehend it is imagined, that my general Care and Regard are employed in watching over and ſuperintending the various and daily Productions of our fertile, multifarious Parent, the *Community*. By Means of which Opportunity, joined with a long and ſedulous Application to the uſeful Science of Aſtrology, I find myſelf ſo perfectly verſed in all the various Effects of planetary Influence, that, in Conſequence thereof, altho' I am hourly ſubject to manifold Occaſions of great and hearty Concern, on Account of the diverſe Inſtances of malign Caſts and inauſpicious Aſpects, which muſt neceſſarily be ſuppoſed very frequently to occur, to the apparent Injury of the Publick; yet, on the other Hand, I am relieved with the higheſt and moſt affecting Satisfaction, whenever a lucky Coincidence of propitious Symptoms attends the Birth of any Thing, that beſpeaks its Subſerviency, either to the Improvement, Inſtruction, or in any Shape Emolument of Mankind.

Amongſt my many other *maternal* Concerns for the Good of this Kingdom, I have often wiſhed, in my Mind, that there was ſome publick Mart or general Exchange, eſtabliſhed by the governing Power in ſome Part of the Nation that was univerſally frequented; where all Mankind might bring their ſeveral *Exigencies*, *Wants* and *Occaſions*, as they did their Griefs and Calamities in the

Spectator's Viſion, and throw them in an Heap, in Order to have them remedied: And where, on the other Hand, every one might offer to the View of the Publick his reſpective *Talents*, *Abilities* and *Accompliſhments*; and, in ſhort, notify all the *Capacities*, wherein he might be of Service to the Community.

As this reciprocal Dependance and general Connection amongſt the ſeveral Members of the Body Politick, is the real Source, from whence Society derives its chief Advantages; ſo the not carrying theſe Advantages to their higheſt Improvement, is what I have looked upon as our great Misfortune for a long Time: As indeed it is an Inconvenience which the ableſt Stateſmen have been ſenſible of, and wiſhed to have ſeen regulated. In ſhort, our Kingdom is in ſo populous and multiplying a Condition, and at the ſame Time the Channels of that general Community which ought to ſubſiſt, are ſo incompetent for the Purpoſe, that one Half of Mankind may in a great Meaſure, and in many Circumſtances, live their whole Life without enjoying the Convenience they might receive from the other. The multifarious and almoſt infinite Buſineſs of this Kingdom, may be not unfitly looked upon in the Light of a vaſt, voluminous *Miſcellany*, deſtitute of Order, Regularity or Connection: And, as I have found on many Occaſions, if a Man wants to turn to any particular Paſſage in it, he might almoſt as well

ſeek

ſeek after a Title-Page in the *Vatican* without a Catalogue.

The Cauſe of this Defect, and the Spring of theſe Embarraſments in this grand anomalous Volume, I take to be intirely owing to the Want of a proper and regular INDEX or COMMON PLACE: Whereby every Paſſage might be readily turned to, and all the Occurrences of a ſimilar Nature might be conſulted at a View. In ſhort, from whence a Man might ſee with one Glance, whether there were any Word, Sentence or Paragraph throughout the whole, relative to his particular Exigency or Purpoſe.

Of what Uſe ſuch Conveniencies are in the *learned* World, the Learned very well know: And that Mankind would be ſoon ſatisfied of its being of equal Utility when transferred into *Buſineſs*, I plainly foreſaw from the favourable Appearances, which attended the Birth of an Office ſome Time ſince erected oppoſite *Cecil-ſtreet* in the *Strand*, under the Title of the UNIVERSAL REGISTER OFFICE, and form'd upon the Model of this uſeful Syſtem, and deſignedly calculated with a View to this Purpoſe. For at this Place all Perſons that have any Talents that may be uſeful to another, as well as every Kind of neceſſary Thing may be heard of; and which Office, agreeable to the foreboding of my Art, I find by the general Approbation of the Publick and Countenance of People of Faſhion, to have already in a great Meaſure anſwer'd, and to be every Day

more and more likely to anſwer its extenſive Deſign, and the Purpoſe of a publick Good.

To the LADIES *of Quality.*

AS I was yeſterday coming from a publick Miniſter's, with whom I had been to confer about the Affairs of *Europe*, I was ſtopt by the Snow, and obliged to wait at the Portal, while one of his Excellency's Servants called me a Chair. Juſt as he return'd, a poor Woman came up with a Child in her Arms, aſk'd him for a Halfpenny, and then began ſinging a ſprightly Song to one of the moſt diſmal Tunes I ever heard in my Life. The firſt Stanza I remember was,

A Toper is immortal, Sir,
And never can decay;
For how ſhou'd he to *Duſt* return,
Who daily wets his *Clay*.

Theſe Words ſhe tortur'd into a thouſand diſagreeable Tones, the Tears all the Time running down her Cheeks plentifully. As there were ſuch evident Marks of Sorrow in her Countenance, I ſent for her, and aſk'd the Reaſon of her ſinging ſuch a humourous Song to ſo lamentable a Tune. *Oh Madam*, ſays ſhe, *ſerious Things will not go down now, and I am obliged to ſing ſuch as will bring me in Money immediately, for my poor Huſband died yeſterday, and I have not a Farthing to*

bury him, nor any Thing for my Babe and me to ſubſiſt on.

The Circumſtance of her Singing for Money to bury her Huſband, ſtruck me; and as her Behaviour in all Reſpects convinc'd me of her Sincerity, I gave the poor Creature a Crown, as a Reward for her conjugal Affection, with Orders to call on me for more, if ſhe could not raiſe the Sum ſhe wanted in Time. When I came home, I mention'd this to Mr. *Pentweazle*, who being a Poet, and a flighty Spark you may ſuppoſe, wrote me the following Epigram on the Subject, which I hope to have anſwer'd in my next *Magazine* by ſome Lady of Quality; for I think it is a Shame that the Men ſhould be ſuffer'd to ſatyrize us in this Manner, when it is certain that no Creatures upon Earth are ſo faithleſs, ſo capricious as themſelves.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

An EPIGRAM

On a Woman who was ſinging Ballads for Money to bury her Huſband.

By Mr. PENTWEAZLE.

FOR her Huſband deceas'd *Sally* chants the ſweet Lay,
Why, Faith, this is ſingular Sorrow;
But (I doubt) ſince ſhe *ſings* for a dead Man to Day,
She'll *cry* for a live One To-morrow.

Miſs

Miſs and the Butterfly.

A FABLE.

A Tender Miſs, whom Mother's Care
Bred up in wholeſome Country Air,
Far from the Follies of the Town,
Alike untaught to ſmile or frown;
Her Ear unus'd to Flatt'ry's Praiſe,
Unknown in Woman's wicked Ways;
Her Tongue from modiſh Tattle free,
Undipp'd in Scandal and Bohea;
Her genuine Form and native Grace,
Was Virgin of a Looking-Glaſs:
Nor Cards ſhe dealt, nor flirted Fan,
A Stranger to Quadrille and Man;
But ſimple liv'd, juſt as you know
Miſs *Chloe* did —— ſome Weeks ago,
As now the pretty Innocent,
Walk'd forth to take the early Scent,
She tripp'd about the murm'ring Stream,
That oft had lull'd her thoughtleſs Dream.
The Morning ſweet, the Air ſerene,
A Thouſand Flow'rs adorn'd the Scene;
The Birds rejoicing round appear
To chuſe their Conſorts for the Year;
Her Heart was light and full of Play,
And like her ſelf all Nature gay.
On ſuch a Day as Sages ſing,
A BUTTERFLY was on the Wing;
From Bank to Bank, from Bloom to Bloom,
He ſtretch'd the Gold-beſpangled Plume:
Now ſkims along, and now alights,
As Smell allures, or Grace invites;
Now the Violet's Freſhneſs ſips;
Now kiſs the Roſe's ſcarlet Lips;
Becomes anon the Daiſy's Gueſt,
Then preſs'd the Lilly's ſnowy Breaſt;

Nor

Nor long to one vouchſafe's a Stay,
But juſt ſalutes, and flies away.
The Virgin ſaw with Rapture fir'd;
She ſaw and what ſhe ſaw deſir'd,
The ſhining Wings, and ſtarry Eyes,
And burns to ſeize the living Prize:
Her beating Breaſt and glowing Face,
Betray her native Love of Dreſs,
And all the Woman full expreſt,
Firſt flutters in her little Breaſt:
Enſnar'd by empty outward Show,
She ſwift purſues the Inſect Beau;
O'er gay Parterres ſhe runs in Haſte,
Nor needs the Garden's flow'ry Waſte.
Long as the Sun with genial Pow'r,
Increaſing warm'd the ſultry Hour,
The Nymph o'er every Border flew,
And kept the ſhining Game in View:
But when, ſoft breathing thro' the Trees,
With Coolneſs came the Evening Breeze;
As hov'ring o'er the Tulip's Pride,
He hung with Wing diverſify'd,
Caught in the hollow of her Hand,
She held the Captive at command.
Flutt'ring in vain to be releas'd,
He thus the gentle Girl addreſs'd:
Looſe, gen'rous Virgin, looſe my Chain;
From me what Glory can'ſt thou gain?
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring Thing,
My only Boaſt a gorgeous Wing;
From Flow'r to Flow'r I idly ſtray,
The Trifler of a Summer's Day:
Then let me not in vain implore,
But leave me free again to ſoar.
His Words the little Charmer mov'd,
She the poor Trembler's Suit approv'd.
His gaudy Wings he then extends,
And flutters on her Finger's Ends:

From

From thence he ſpoke, as you ſhall hear,
In Strains well worth a Woman's Ear.
When now thy young and tender Age,
Is pure, and heedleſs to engage;
When in thy free and open Mein,
No Self-important Air is ſeen;
Unknowing all, to all unknown,
Thou liv'ſt, or prais'd, or blam'd by none.
But when unfolding by Degrees
The Woman's fond Deſire to pleaſe,
Studious to heave the artful Sigh,
And, expert of the Tongue and Eye,
Thou ſett'ſt thy little Charms to Show,
And ſports familiar with the Beau;
Forſaking then the ſimple Plain,
To mingle with the courtly Train,
Thou in the Midnight Ball ſhall ſee
Things apparrell'd juſt like me;
Who round and round, without Deſign,
Tinſil'd in empty Luſtre ſhine:
As dancing thro' the ſpacious Dome,
From Fair to Fair the Friſkers roam,
If charm'd with the embroider'd Pride,
The Victim of a gay Outſide,
From Place to Place, as me juſt now,
The glitt'ring Gewgaw you purſue,
What mighty Prize ſhall crown thy Pains?
A BUTTERFLY is all thy Gains!

A new SONG,

For the Swan *Society in* Chandois Street.

COME each Toper and Friend,
Lend your Ear and attend
To a Scheme, which I'll tell you anon;
It is to repair
To the Death of old Care,
Who this Night will be kill'd at the *Swan*.

2 No more that old Dog
Our gay Spirits ſhall clog,
And make us look ſallow and wan;
Jolly *Bacchus* to Night
Shall his Mittimus write,
And ſend him to Hell from the *Swan*.

3 We'll leave to the Sophy
His Sherbet and Coffee,
And Soupe to Monſieur and the Don;
But with Punch, and good Ale,
We will joyous regale
Our old *Engliſh* Hearts at the *Swan*.

4 Let the 'Squire mind his Hogs,
And to Huntſmen and Dogs,
Sing tantararara ton ton;
We have Joys more extreme,
While ſweet Love is our Theme,
And we're hunting the Flaſk at the *Swan*.

5 Let the Pedant ſevere,
Every Day in the Year
His Leſſon moſt carefully con;
Damn your Rods and your Blocks,
And your *Hics* and your *Hocs*,
For to drink is our Taſk at the *Swan*.

6 Here our Bliſs is divine,
We love Wit and love Wine
As well as did *Shakeſpear*'s Sir *John*,
The fat Knight ne'er would lack,
Or good Punch, or good Sack,
Was he here with his Friends at the *Swan*.

7 Come my jolly briſk Hearts,
Join your Hands to your Quarts,
For here muſt be no lookers on;
Let us join Hand to Hand,
And when we can't ſtand
We will fall all at once at the *Swan*.

8 I fancy at laſt,
That your Patience is paſt,
And my Rhimes they are pretty nigh gone;
If Applauſe you refuſe,
Yet I hope you'll excuſe
A poor Gooſe that would fain be a Swan.

The MIDWIFE's POLITICKS: Or, *Goſſip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL.

THE Title of *moſt faithful*, as now applied to the King of Portugal, is a Diſtinction ſo novel in the Political Hiſtory of Europe, that ſome of my Readers may poſſibly not be acquainted with the Reaſon of it. I muſt inform theſe, that about a Year before I began to oblige the World with my Lucubrations, his late Portugueſe Majeſty, a moſt dutiful and affectionate Son, to his good old Mother the Church of Rome, having beſtowed upon that venerable Lady ſome very coſtly Preſents of Plate and Jewels, was obliged, in return, by the Univerſal Diſpenſer of the Churches Favours, his Holineſs the Pope, with theſe two additional Words to his other Titles, as a Compenſation more than ſufficient for all his Piety. And ſurely, the Spiritual Donations of the Church, tho' conſiſting of Air only, are of more Value than all the ſolid glittering Trifles, which ſecular Princes have to give! This ſeems, at leaſt, to have been the Opinion of John V. King of Portugal, whom I had conſidered, for ſome Years before his Death, as worthy to be the Member of a Society, in which I myſelf might ſit as Preſident.

But as Henry VIII. King of England, had not long received from the ſame Authority the Title of *Defender of the Faith* (which his Heretical Succeſſors ſtill make Uſe of) before he turned Rebel to that very Authority which

which had thus diſtinguiſhed him: ſo it ſeems extremely probable, that his Majeſty Don Joſeph, tho' he continues to make Uſe of the ſame Title, will, in Time, cauſe the Succeſſors of St. Peter to repent that it was ever conferred on his Family. He already talks of deſtroying the Inquiſition, one of the moſt profitable Milch-Cows, but the moſt curſt of all the Herd, that is now in Poſſeſſion of the venerable Matron at Rome. At leaſt, it is agreed, that, if he does not utterly demoliſh her, he will entirely deprive her of her Horns, and all her Power of doing Miſchief.

SPAIN.

We have had the moſt authentick Aſſurances, by way of Comment on the Treaty ſigned at Madrid, on the fifth of October laſt, N. S. that his Catholick Majeſty hath ſuch friendly Diſpoſitions towards us, that we need not doubt but great Advantages will reſult from the ſaid Treaty to the Subjects of Great Britain. This Piece of Information was, indeed, judged to be extremely neceſſary, ſince it is much more than could be collected, by a common Reader, from the Words of the Treaty itſelf. But our Felicity, in this Article, is now beyond all Diſpute. Need I doubt any longer, whether ſome good old Woman was ſecretly concerned in the Negotiation of this new Agreement? We are frequently informed of the Pains taken to augment the Naval Towns of the Spaniſh Monarchy; to encourage Manufactures among the Subjects of his Catholick Majeſty; and to carry the Improvement of the Finances to a Degree as high as poſſible. I ſhall ſay more of the Cardinal Infant, when any Thing more certain is told us concerning him by the Male-Gazetteers, who at preſent fatigue us only with Contractions and Abſurdities upon that Subject.

ITALY.

The Houſe of Bourbon has furniſhed Work for ſeveral good Siſters of my Profeſſion, ſince the Appearance of my laſt Magazine; at leaſt the News hath eached us, within

within that Period, of the Birth of a Son to the Infant Duke of Parma, and a Daughter to his Majeſty, the King of the two Sicilies. The former of theſe, we are told, is already declared an Infant of Spain, which intitles him to a princely Revenue. I have not taken the Trouble to reduce the Piaſtres into Engliſh Money, but am ſatisfied they amount to much more than will be ſufficient to pay his Nurſes, and buy him Play-things. As to the Daughter, it is a moſt ſcandalous Cuſtom obſerved by all the Branches of that Houſe, to put too little Eſtimation upon the Children of our Sex. This Cuſtom takes its Riſe from the Maxim of the French Court, which cuts off from all Succeſſion, even from the immediate Daughters of the reigning Monarch.

The Bank of St. George, at Genoa, ſeems now, in Reality, to have ſome Chance of recovering a little of its former Credit. By the laſt Advices from Venice, we are informed, that the Affair of Aquileia, will be finally determined by a Diviſion of the Patriarchate, and the Eſtabliſhment of two Biſhopricks at Graditz, and Udine. There has been a moſt dreadful Earthquake in Iſtria, which has occaſion'd more Deſolation than is, as yet, perfectly known; but we are aſſured, that an Iſland near the Coaſt, is entirely overwhelmed and loſt with all its Inhabitants. —— The Politicks of his Sardinian Majeſty are one Day repreſented, as extremely well fixed, and another Day as altogether wavering. The beſt Way not to be wrong in ſuch a doubtful Point, is to leave the Diſcovery of Truth to χρονος, or *Saturn*, which, in Engliſh, is as much as to ſay *Time*. — The Pope has publiſh'd a Bull of Indulgence for all his loving Children, who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their dutiful Behaviour, during the whole Year of Jubilee. He ſays much in it, by way of Commendation of their Piety and Zeal: But the particular Immunities, granted by this Inſtrument, I leave thoſe to inquire after, who propoſe to receive the Benefit of them. For my own Part, I have full as good an

Opi-

Opinion of any other Old Woman's Bleſſing, as of that conferr'd by my good Siſter Benedict XIV.

TURKEY.

According to ſome Advices from Conſtantinople, the Face of Affairs ſeems a little to change in that Empire, ſince Sultan Ibrahim, the preſumptive Heir of the reigning Monarch, has acquired an Influence in the Divan. Preſents have been ſent to the Kan of the Crim Tartars; and the Janiſſaries ſtrut with a more buſy and important Air, than they have lately done, It is generally thonght, however, that Mahomet V. who hath made ſuch ſtrong Profeſſions of Peace, will continue to preſerve it to the End of his Life.

FRANCE.

We have heard nothing more of the Proceedings of the Commiſſaries at Paris, ſince the Publication of our laſt Number, than we had then heard of them, ſince the Publication of the Number immediately preceding. Yet we are aſſured that the Inclinations of the French are ſtill extremely pacific; that they certainly will in a Hurry abandon the diſputed Iſlands, and conſent to an equitable Limitation in North America; and that, tho' a new military School be erecting, tho' Nobility be confered on old Officers for the Encouragement of the young, tho' Ships are building and equipping with all Expedition in the ſeveral Ports of France, and the greateſt Diligence is uſed in recruiting and remounting the French Land Forces: Notwithſtanding all this, I ſay, we are required to believe, that nothing but Friendſhip, Equity, and good Neighbourhood, is intended by the moſt Chriſtian Miniſters of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty. The late Chancellor of France, Daguiſſeau, is dead, ſince his Reſignation of the Seals, in the eighty ſecond Year of his Age. It is remarkable of this Magiſtrate, that he filled the high Poſts of Solicitor and Attorney General, and Chancellor, from the twenty-ſecond Year of his Age, till within two Mouths of his Deceaſe.

The

The Prelates of France are to have another Meeting, in order to put a formal Cloſure to their laſt Aſſembly, which was abruptly diſſolved by the Royal Mandate. It is thought the King's Demand of a Supply from the Eccleſiaſticks, which was received in ſuch an untowardly Manner, a few Months ago, will be again brought on the Carpet, and the *Sic Volo, Sic Jubeo*, accepted with a better outward Grace, ſince there is no Probability of obtaining a Relaxation.

NETHERLANDS.

The Auſtrian Provinces have furniſhed ſcarce any Thing material to add to our laſt. It is uſual with a Miniſtry at Bruſſels, to be very fertile in Projects, but extremely dilatory in the Execution of them. I will take farther Notice of the new Canals, and the Revival of Commerce in thoſe Provinces, when I hear that ſomething is actually done, in either of theſe Articles. It would be tatling like an Old Woman indeed, to repeat the ſame Story over and over again, as often as it is given us by the foreign Gazettes. That this Charge may not lay againſt me, I muſt alſo be ſilent, at preſent, with regard to the United Provinces. We hear much from thence of Propoſals and Reſolutions, the good Intentions of the Prince Stadtholder, and under-hand Meaſures taken to traverſe them by the diſcarded Burgo Maſters: But what Order, or whether any at all, will at laſt ariſe out of this Confuſion, I leave my good Friend, the old Gentleman before-mentioned, to develope.

GERMANY.

The Empreſs Queen has publiſhed the Reaſons, which induce her to endeavour to get her eldeſt Son, the Arch-Duke Joſeph, elected King of the Romans. In this Piece, ſhe glances tenderly on the King of Pruſſia, for his Oppoſition to a Meaſure, which tho' the Arch-Duke be a Minor, is not without Example; and for the Furtherance of which, his Britannick Majeſty diſcover'd ſo much Zeal, during his laſt Reſidence at *Hanover*. It

is ſaid, the King of Great Britain has alſo written with his own Hand to his Pruſſian Majeſty, with a View of perſuading him to concur in this Choice, which no other Elector ſeems to oppoſe. If an Old Woman may give her Opinion, the abſolute Guarantee of Sileſia to the preſent Poſſeſſor, both by the Imperial Family, and by the Germanic Body, will be the moſt ready Means to render this Election unanimous.

It ſeems very probable, by the Expoſition of the Motives for recalling Mr. Groſs from Berlin, which has been publiſhed by the Court of Peterſburgh, that the ſudden Differences betwixt their Pruſſian and Czarian Majeſties, is of a more private and perſonal Nature, than was at firſt imagined. However, as I do not yet know enough of this Affair to make a poſitive Diſplay of the Motives, much leſs to foretell the Conſequences of it, I ſhall leave thoſe refined political Deductions to my Brethren at the Hague, to whoſe Department they more properly belong.

POLAND.

We have had nothing new from this Country; nor do I expect any Thing from thence of much Conſequence, till Prince Radzevil has actually begun to exerciſe his little female Army, I may, indeed, juſt mention, that the ſevere cold Weather, which has been felt in England, was perceived to be coming ſeveral Weeks before, from that Eaſtern Country.

RUSSIA.

The Journey of the Empreſs to Moſcow, which has been ſome Months talked of, is now mentioned in ſuch doubtful and contradictory Terms, that we chuſe to ſay no more of it at preſent. A wild Rumour prevailed for a Day or two towards the End of laſt Month, with all the Formality of a Change-Alley Fib, that a new Revolution had happened in the Ruſſian Empire, which was not governed with more Glory by Peter the Great, than it is at this Day by his Daughter.

SWEDEN.

SWEDEN.

It is thought that the Prince Succeſſor of this Kingdom, with his Conſort the King of Pruſſia's Siſter, and Teſſin his favourite Councellor, would willingly join the Court of Berlin in an open Rupture with her Imperial Ruſſian Majeſty. This, at leaſt, is the Opinion of our minor Politicians abroad. But we may with more Certainty affirm, that the King of Sweden himſelf, who has the Intereſt of his Family to promote in Germany, will endeavour, while he yet lives, to preſerve the Tranquility of the North.

DENMARK.

I juſt mention this Name, that I may not be thought entirely to over-look one of the Kingdoms of Europe; but his Daniſh Majeſty is ſtill ſo very unkind to us News-Writers, and continues ſtill ſo intent on the Affairs of his own Government, and thoſe of his Subjects only, that he does not give us a Word to ſay of his foreign Engagements on the Part he propoſes to take, in Caſe of a new Rupture in Europe.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

The Security of theſe Kingdoms is now undoubtedly manifeſt, to the Confuſion of all Gain-ſayers. Eight Thouſand Seamen are found ſufficient for our Protection againſt all the Machinations of foreign Enemies, open or ſecret. In the mean Time, it is ſaid, we are to be juſt as well guarded at home againſt all domeſtic Malignants, as we were during the laſt very glorious and fortunate Year!

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOSE Gentlemen who borrow'd the gold lac'd Hats to go to *Drury Lane* Theatre on *Saturday* Night, in order to damn the new Play, are deſir'd forthwith to return them to the Owners, or their Names will be publiſh'd at full Length in my next Magazine.

M. MIDNIGHT.

The MIDWIFE.

NUMB. VI.

A Diſſertation on the Dignity, Benefit and Beauty of UGLINESS.

" ACcording to the Aſſertion of Things that " are doubtful in themſelves, a Man muſt " be forced to grant, that thoſe Things which " may be, may as well not be, provided a due " Reſpect be had to the ſeveral Differences and " Degrees." This was Part of a Speech from a worthy Alderman, the oracular Obſcurity of which may paſs, if comically conſidered, for a Riddle, or if ſeriouſly, for a Prediction. But be that as it may — I ſhall always be proud to introduce any Thing of that worthy Gentleman's into my Magazine, who is the greateſt Oeconomiſt of Meaning in the World, and whoſe Parſimony of good Senſe muſt unavoidably render him acceptable to the preſent Age. The above-quoted Extract is a happy Prelude to my preſent Theme, and I don't doubt but I ſhall be able to prove the Dig-

nity, Benefit, and Beauty of Uglineſs, *provided* (as the Alderman well obſerves) *a due Reſpect be had to the ſeveral Differences and Degrees.* And firſt then let us ſee what is to be advanced with regard to the Dignity of Uglineſs. That a great many of the beſt Families in *Europe* have been diſtinguiſh'd by an hereditary Uglineſs from the reſt of Mankind, has been a Matter of Boaſt not only to the Houſe of *Bourbon*, but to many others of equal Rank and Diſtinction. The Magnificence of Pride, the Fierceneſs of Command, and many other Attributes of great Men can be but ill ſuſtain'd by a Sett of regular Features. Look at the *Roman* Emperors — ſurvey the Buſts of the ancient Philoſophers, and you will find, that they differ'd not more from the reſt of Mankind in their Wiſdom and Greatneſs, than they did in a certain deform'd Habitude of Body, critically contriv'd to attract the Attention of the People, and conſequently, to leave a ſtrong Impreſſion of their Doctrines upon their Memory. —— Need I mention *Æſop?* —— Need I mention *Socrates?*— or need I mention the more modern Inſtances of *Heydigger* and *Scarron?* Secondly, Let us conſider the Benefit of Uglineſs. ——This is almoſt infinite, but however, I ſhall confine my preſent Speculations to thoſe Conveniencies that attend my own Sex from the aforeſaid Benefit. Sir *Geo. Etherege*, has the following judicious Lines in his Comedy called *Love in a Tub*, which may ſerve me as a Theſis ——

" Had

" Had you leſs beauteous been, you'd known
" leſs Care;
" Ladies are happieſt moderately fair."

Uglineſs is the Parent of that kind of Virtue, which depends not upon Principle, and is a moſt effectual Means of a Lady's neither leading nor being led into Temptation.—Beſides it does not more protect the Chaſtity of the Females, than it advances their Fame; it inliſts all their own Sex of their Side, and is a ſovereign Preſervative from Envy. 'Tis true, Ma'm, ſays *Flirtelinda*, Mrs. *Hoppertail* is Hump-back; — but then ſhe has all the Prudence and Diſcretion conceivable. Miſs *Jingumbob* is to be ſure very homely, but 'tis the Charms of the Mind that ſtrike me, and tho' *Gorgonia* ſquints, has black Teeth, bandy Legs, and is Pot-bellied; yet all the World allows ſhe is an exceeding good Sort of a Woman. When I view thoſe unhappieſt of all human Creatures, the Ladies of Pleaſure, and find ſo many fine Women amongſt them, I bleſs myſelf that I never was very eminent for my corporal Charms, and that I am an Example of the following Precept, BE UGLY, AND BE HAPPY, a very proper Motto for a thouſand Coats of Arms in this Kingdom.

I come now in the third and laſt Place, to conſider the Beauty of Uglineſs, which, tho' a ſeeming Contradiction, is not leſs evident, if duly attended to than the fore-going Propoſitions. When I ſee *Tribadia* kiſſing her Pug-dog and the Monkey,

nity, Benefit, and Beauty of Uglineſs, *provided* (as the Alderman well obſerves) *a due Reſpect be had to the ſeveral Differences and Degrees.* And firſt then let us ſee what is to be advanced with regard to the Dignity of Uglineſs. That a great many of the beſt Families in *Europe* have been diſtinguiſh'd by an hereditary Uglineſs from the reſt of Mankind, has been a Matter of Boaſt not only to the Houſe of *Bourbon*, but to many others of equal Rank and Diſtinction. The Magnificence of Pride, the Fierceneſs of Command, and many other Attributes of great Men can be but ill ſuſtain'd by a Sett of regular Features. Look at the *Roman* Emperors — ſurvey the Buſts of the ancient Philoſophers, and you will find, that they differ'd not more from the reſt of Mankind in their Wiſdom and Greatneſs, than they did in a certain deform'd Habitude of Body, critically contriv'd to attract the Attention of the People, and conſequently, to leave a ſtrong Impreſſion of their Doctrines upon their Memory. —— Need I mention *Æſop?* —— Need I mention *Socrates?*— or need I mention the more modern Inſtances of *Heydigger* and *Scarron?* Secondly, Let us conſider the Benefit of Uglineſs. ——This is almoſt infinite, but however, I ſhall confine my preſent Speculations to thoſe Conveniencies that attend my own Sex from the aforeſaid Benefit. Sir *Geo. Etherege*, has the following judicious Lines in his Comedy called *Love in a Tub*, which may ſerve me as a Theſis ——

"Had

" Had you leſs beauteous been, you'd known
" leſs Care;
" Ladies are happieſt moderately fair."

Uglineſs is the Parent of that kind of Virtue, which depends not upon Principle, and is a moſt effectual Means of a Lady's neither leading nor being led into Temptation.—Beſides it does not more protect the Chaſtity of the Females, than it advances their Fame; it inliſts all their own Sex of their Side, and is a ſovereign Preſervative from Envy. 'Tis true, Ma'm, ſays *Flirtelinda*, Mrs. *Hoppertail* is Hump-back; — but then ſhe has all the Prudence and Diſcretion conceivable. Miſs *Jingumbob* is to be ſure very homely, but 'tis the Charms of the Mind that ſtrike me, and tho' *Gorgonia* ſquints, has black Teeth, bandy Legs, and is Pot-bellied; yet all the World allows ſhe is an exceeding good Sort of a Woman. When I view thoſe unhappieſt of all human Creatures, the Ladies of Pleaſure, and find ſo many fine Women amongſt them, I bleſs myſelf that I never was very eminent for my corporal Charms, and that I am an Example of the following Precept, BE UGLY, AND BE HAPPY, a very proper Motto for a thouſand Coats of Arms in this Kingdom.

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two of the moſt odious Animals in Nature, I am confirm'd in the Truth of this Maxim. It may perhaps be objected, that Beauty is a mere relative Term, and (to uſe the common Phraſe) all fancy. — Well 'tis granted — and I inſiſt this Objection makes for me, rather than againſt me — for if Beauty is all fancy, why then you may fancy Uglineſs to be beautiful. Away with your Symmetry and Proportion, palt:y Eye-traps, empty Shadows. There is an old *Engliſh* Proverb which has as much Truth and good Senſe in it, as any in the Language, which points out the Inſignificancy of theſe Things, and proves them to be no Eſſentials, JOAN'S AS GOOD AS MY LADY IN THE DARK, and to the ſame Effect ſings a very experienc'd Poet.

" Talk of blooming Charms and Graces,
" All is Notion, all is Name;
" Nothing differs but their Faces,
" Every Woman is the ſame.

The Inſtability of Beauty is a common Complaint, but there is ſomething immutable in the Nature of Uglineſs, or if it ſhould ever be ſubject to change, it can loſe nothing by the Bargain. In ſhort, however paradoxical it may ſeem to my Readers, I am ſorry to ſay, that there is a great Majority of the human Species of my Opinion, tho' they don't know it -- FOR WHOEVER FORSAKES VIRTUE, AND IS CAPTIVATED BY

THE

THE CHARMS OF VICE, HE IS ENAMOUR'D WITH THE BEAUTY OF UGLINESS.

M. MIDNIGHT.

Things to be laugh'd at: Or a Collection of honeſt Prejudices, ſelected from many celebrated Authors.

BEfore the Conqueſt by the *Normans*, the Land in *Norfolk* was ſo light and fine, that the Farmers uſually plough'd it with *two Rabbits* and a *Caſe Knife*.

JONES's *Wonderful Changes*, p. 86.

There are many Stories told of the Craft of the Fox, to compaſs his Prey: Of which *Ol. Magnus* hath many; ſuch as feigning the Barking of a Dog, to catch Prey near the Houſes; feigning himſelf dead, to catch ſuch Animals as come to feed upon him; laying his Tail on a Waſp-Neſt, and then rubbing it hard againſt a Tree, and then catching the Waſps ſo kill'd: Ridding himſelf of Fleas, by gradually going into the Water, with a Lock of Wool in his Mouth, and ſo driving the Fleas up into it, and then leaving it in the Water: By catching Crab-fiſh with his Tail, which he ſaith he himſelf was a Witneſs of.

DERHAM's *Phyſico-Theology*, Book 4. Chap. 11. and OL. MAG. *Hiſt.* lib. 18. c. 39, 40.

Had Man been a Dwarf, he had ſcarce been a rational Creature: For he muſt have had a Jolt Head, ſo there would not have been Body and Blood enough to ſupply his Brain with Spirits; or he muſt have had a ſmall Head anſwerable to his Body, and ſo there would not have been Brain enough for his Buſineſs.

GREW's *Coſmol. Sacr.* B. I. ch. 5. § 25.

The City of *London* is the largeſt City in the World, and the People of *London* the wiſeſt.

WILSON's *Candid Traveller*, p. 42.

One Engliſhman can beat *five* Frenchmen.

WILLIAMSON's *Serious Poſitions*, p. 78.

One *Engliſh* Man of War will beat a *Dutch* Fleet.

NEBOLT's *Naval Expeditions*, cap. 4. § 9.

Among Reptiles that have a ſtrange Faculty to ſhift for Food, *&c.* may be reckon'd *Eels*, which, although belonging to the Waters, can creep on the Land from Pond to Pond, *&c.* Mr. *Moſely* of *Moſely*, ſaw them creep over the Meadows, like ſo many Snakes from Ditch to Ditch; which he thought, was not only for bettering their Habitation, but alſo to catch Snails in the Graſs.

PLOT's Hiſtory of *Staffordſhire*, c. 7. § 32.

Had the Calf of the Leg been providentially and prominently placed before, inſtead of being pre-

poſterouſly

poſterouſly and prejudicially placed behind, it had been evidently better, foraſmuch as the Human Shin Bone cou'd not then have been ſo eaſily broken.

Dr. MORETON's *Beauty of the Human Structure*, *Glaſgow* Edit. 4to. p. 62. *Dublin* Edit. *fol.* 27.

It hath indeed been a Doubt, nay a Matter of much Debate among Hiſtorians of the former Days, whether *Oliver Cromwell* was that pious good Man he pretended to be? But 'tis allow'd I think, that he was almoſt continually Preaching and Praying; and therefore he muſt have been a pious Man, unleſs we ſuppoſe Piety not to conſiſt in Fervency, which would be abſurd and ridiculous.

MORGAN's *Caſe fairly ſtated*, page 69.

Tho' I have examin'd what all other Authors have wrote on this Affair with great Impartiality, yet I cannot conceive that any of them have the leaſt Merit, nor do I find one Man that has treated this Subject ſenſibly beſides myſelf.

SMITHSON's *Amiableneſs of Candour and Diffidence*, p. 8.

[*To be continued occaſionally, as new Matter ſhall ariſe to my Obſervation.*]

MARY MIDNIGHT.

To the venerable Society of ANTIQUARIANS.

GENTLEMEN,

IN the laſt Letter, which I did myſelf the Honour to write to you, I inclos'd an Account of a petreſied Knight, whoſe Name was Sir *Reverence*; and at the ſame Time promis'd you my farther Correſpondence, whenever I found any thing worthy of your ſage Conſideration. In the Courſe of my Perambulations ſince I have been ſo happy as to diſcover ſomething which I think merits a Place among your moſt valuable Curioſities. You have all of you heard, Gentlemen, that there is ſuch a Place as *Windſor* Foreſt, and without doubt many of you believe it to be true. Well, on that Foreſt there is a Place called *Cæſar*'s Camp; 'tis a Hill in form of a *caburdeleco*, but very flat and even at the Top, and has been fortify'd round the Summit with a Ditch, and in one Part with three Ditches. Within the Compaſs of this Ditch there is ſuppos'd to be buried much Gold, Silver, and other valuable Materials, which are frequently ſought after by the neighbouring Gentlemen, with an Inſtrument called a diving Rod. This Rod conſiſts of two Haſel Twigs of the ſame Year's Shoot, and out of the ſame Branch. To the End of one is tied a Piece of Gold, and to the End of the other a Piece of Silver; after which the Rod is carried juſt above the Surface of the Ground with great Exactneſs,

actneſs, and whenever you come to a Part where there is Gold, that End of the Rod fixes itſelf to the Ground, but if Silver, the other End adheres. And this Experiment being made, the People have nothing to do but dig and take out the Treaſure; which is mighty convenient, for the poor People when they want Money, have always Liberty to go up that Hill and find as much as they pleaſe. Now this Inſtrument, Gentlemen, I have ſo improv'd, as to be able to diſcover Iron with it as well as Gold and Silver, and that is by fixing a Horſe-Nail Stub to another Twig, when there can be found three of the ſame Shoot. The firſt Experiment I made, a Horſe Shoe was dug up, which Mr. *Mouldy*, an ANTIQUARIAN there aſſures me came off *Ceſar*'s own Gelding, and which he evidently proves in the following Manner. 1ſt, Says he, 'tis the Shoe of a Horſe or Gelding, and not of a Mare, becauſe it is longer and broader than Mare's Shoes were allow'd to be by the *Roman* Law. 2dly, 'Tis the Shoe of a *Roman* Horſe, becauſe the Tip of an Eagle's Wing (which was Part of the *Roman* Standard) may be juſt perceiv'd by a Microſcope on the Left Side of it. The whole Eagle was undoubtedly there, but has been worn away by Time and Accident. 3dly, That it was a Shoe from *Cæſar*'s own Horſe may be thus proved. All the *Plebeians*, or common People, and common Soldiers, were allow'd to wear ſeven Nails in their Horſes Shoes and no more; their Nobility, Senators, and Officers, were indulg'd with eight; but

this has perfect Holes for nine Nails, which is two more than the *Plebeians* and Soldiers, and one more than was allow'd the Nobility and Officers, and therefore we may with great Juſtice and Certainty conclude, that this was the Shoe of the Horſe of the *Generaliſſimo*, or chief Man in the Army. I think there is a great deal of Reaſon in what Mr. *Mouldy* ſays, tho' I ſhou'd have objected to one Particular, but he don't love to be contradicted. Whether it be *Cæſar*'s or *Alexander*'s is to me immaterial, and I believe of as little moment to you. But there was a great deal of valuable Ruſt at one End of it, and as I know Ruſt is of all Things the moſt acceptable to your Society, I have preſerv'd that in a Box for you.

There have been many extraordinary Things diſcover'd about this Camp. One Thing I particularly remember was a Deer of about ſixteen hundred Years old; which I did not believe 'till I heard it mention'd by a learned and reverend Gentleman, in a Sermon he was preaching on *moral Rectitude*. This Deer it ſeems was a Favourite of *Cæſar*'s, and on that Account he bedecked her Neck with a golden Collar and an Inſcription, which I ſhall by and by take Notice of; ſhe had been frequently taken, but when the Hunters, the Peaſants, and poor People ſaw the golden Collar on her Neck, they readily let her go again. However, as ſhe continually increaſed in Strength and in Bulk, as well as in Age, after the Courſe of about fifteen or ſixteen Centuries, the Fleſh and Skin were entirely

tirely grown over this Collar, ſo that it could not be diſcover'd 'till after ſhe was kill'd, and then to the Surprize of the Virtuoſi, it appear'd with this Inſcription,

When *Julius Cæſar* reigned here,
Then was I a little Deer;
If any Man ſhould me take,
Let me go for *Cæſar*'s Sake.

Theſe are the very Words, for your Friend Mr. *Mouldy* has them wrote at the Bottom of his great Bible. As *Cæſar*, tho' a *Roman*, was ſo wonderfully well acquainted with the *Engliſh* Language, as to compoſe modern Verſe, I admire he did not write his Commentaries in the ſame Manner, it would have been a Curioſity.

This Collar, which is of pure Gold, I am told weighs thirty Ounces, and as the Blood of the Creature ſtill appears freſh upon it, I believe it may be as valuable as any of your *Gimcracks*; however, there will be no harm in my ſending of it to you. And if I can procure it, you may depend on my taking the utmoſt Care of it.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

M. MIDNIGHT.

* *From the* RAMBLER.

Fœcunda culpæ Secula Nuptias
Primum inquina vere, & genus, & domos,
Hoc Fonte derivata clades,
In Patriam Populumque fluxit. HOR.

THE Reader is indebted for this Day's Entertainment, to an Author from whom the Age has received greater Favours, who has enlarged the Knowledge of human Nature, and taught the Paſſions to move at the Command of Virtue.

To the RAMBLER.

WHEN the SPECTATOR was firſt publiſhed in ſingle Papers, it gave me ſo much Pleaſure, that it is one of the favourite Amuſements of my Age to recollect it; and when I reflect on the Foibles of thoſe Times, as deſcribed in that uſeful Work, and compare them with the Vices now reigning among us, I cannot but wiſh that you would oftener take Cognizance of the Manners of the better Half of the human Species, that if your Precepts and Obſervations be carried down to Poſterity, the SPECTATORS may ſhew to the riſing Generation what were the faſhionable Follies of their Grandmothers, the RAMBLER of their Mothers, and that from both they may draw Inſtruction and Warning.

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* *A Paper publiſh'd every* Tueſday *and* Saturday, *price* 2d.

When

When I read thoſe SPECTATORS which took Notice of the Miſbehaviour of young Women at Church, by which they vainly hope to attract Admirers, I uſed to pronounce ſuch forward young Women SEEKERS, in order to diſtinguiſh them by a Mark of Infamy, from thoſe who had Patience and Decency to ſtay till they were ſought. But I have lived to ſee ſuch a Change in the Manners of Women, that I would now be willing to compound with them for that Name, although I then thought it diſgraceful enough, if they would deſerve no worſe; ſince now they are too generally given up to Negligence of domeſtick Buſineſs, to idle Amuſements, and to wicked Rackets, without any ſettled View at all but of ſquandering Time.

In the Time of the SPECTATOR, excepting ſometimes an Appearance in the Ring, ſometimes at a good and choſen Play, ſometimes on a Viſit at the Houſe of a grave Relation, the young Ladies contented themſelves to be found employed in domeſtick Duties; for then Routs, Drums, Balls, Aſſemblies, and ſuch like Markets for Women were not known. Modeſty and Diffidence, Gentleneſs and Meekneſs, were looked upon as the appropriate Virtues and characteriſtick Graces of the Sex. And if a forward Spirit puſhed itſelf into Notice, it was expoſed in Print as it deſerved.

The Churches were almoſt the only Places where ſingle Women were to be ſeen by Strangers. Men went thither expecting to ſee them; and perhaps too much for that only Purpoſe. But ſome Good often

often reſulted, however improper was their Motive; both Sexes were in the Way of their Duty. The Man muſt be abandoned indeed, who loves not Goodneſs in another; nor were the young Fellows of that Age ſo wholly loſt to a Senſe of Right, as Pride and Conceit has ſince made them affect to be. When therefore they ſaw a Fair-one, whoſe decent Behaviour and chearful Piety ſhewed her earneſt in her firſt Duties, they had the leſs Doubt, judging politically only, that ſhe would have a conſcientious Regard to her ſecond. With what Ardor have I ſeen watched for, the Riſing of a kneeling Beauty? And what additional Charms has Devotion given to her recommunicated Features?

The Men were often the better for what they heard. Even a *Saul* was once found propheſying among the Prophets whom he had ſet out to deſtroy. To a Man thus put into good Humour by a pleaſing Object, Religion itſelf looked more amiably. The MEN SEEKERS of the SPECTATORS Time loved the holy Place for the Object's Sake, and loved the Object for her ſuitable Behaviour in it. Reverence mingled with their Love, and they thought that a young Lady of ſuch good Principles muſt be addreſſed only by the Man, who at leaſt made a Shew of good Principles, whether his Heart was yet quite right or not. Nor did the young Lady's Behaviour, at any time of the Service, leſſen this Reverence. Her Eyes were her own, her Ears the Preacher's. Women are al-

ways

ways moſt obſerved, when they ſeem themſelves leaſt to obſerve, or to lay out for Obſervation. The Eye of a reſpectful Lover loves rather to receive Confidence from the withdrawn Eye of the Fair-one, than to find itſelf obliged to retreat.

When a young Gentleman's Affection was thus laudably engaged, he purſued its natural Dictates; Keeping then was a rare, at leaſt a ſecret and ſcandalous Vice, and a Wife was the Summit of his Wiſhes. Rejection was now dreaded, and Pre-engagement apprehended. A Woman whom he loved, he was ready to think muſt be admired by all the World. His Fears, his Uncertainties, increaſed his Love. Every Enquiry he made into the Lady's domeſtick Excellence, which, when a Wife is to be choſen, will ſurely not be neglected, confirmed him in his Choice. He opens his Heart to a common Friend, and honeſtly diſcovers the State of his Fortune. His Friend applies to thoſe of the young Lady, whoſe Parents, if they approve his Propoſals, diſcloſe them to their Daughter. She perhaps is not an abſolute Stranger to the Paſſion of the young Gentleman. His Eyes, his Aſſiduities, his conſtant Attendance at a Church, whither till of late he uſed ſeldom to come, and a Thouſand little Obſervances that he paid her, had very probably firſt forced her to regard, and then inclined her to favour him.

That a young Lady ſhould be in Love, and the Love of the young Gentleman undeclared, is an Heterodoxy which Prudence, and even Policy, muſt

muſt not allow. But thus applied to, ſhe is all Reſignation to her Parents. Charming Reſignation, which Inclination oppoſes not.

Her Relations applaud her for her Duty; Friends meet; Points are adjuſted; delightful Perturbations, and Hopes, and a few Lover's Fears, fill up the tedious Space, till an Interview is granted; for the young Lady had not made herſelf cheap at publick Places.

The Time of Interview arrives. She is modeſtly reſerved; he is not confident. He declares his Paſſion; the Conſciouſneſs of her own Worth, and his Application to her Parents, take from her any Doubt of his Sincerity; and ſhe owns herſelf obliged to him for his good Opinion. The Enquiries of her Friends into his Character, have taught her, that his good Opinion deſerves to be valued.

She tacitly allows of his future Viſits; he renews them; the Regard of each for the other is confirmed; and when he preſſes for the Favour of her Hand, he receives a Declaration of an entire Acquieſcence with her Duty, and a modeſt Acknowledgment of Eſteem for him. He applies to her Parents therefore for a near Day; and thinks himſelf under Obligation to them for the chearful and affectionate Manner with which they receive his agreeable Application.

With this Proſpect of future Happineſs, the Marriage is celebrated. Gratulations pour in from every Quarter. Parents and Relations on both Sides,

Sides, brought acquainted in the Courſe of the Courtſhip, can receive the happy Couple with Countenances illumined, and joyful Hearts.

The Brothers, the Siſters, the Friends of one Family, are the Brothers, the Siſters, the Friends of the other. Their two Families thus made one, are the World to the young Couple. Their Home is the Place of their principal Delight, nor do they even occaſionally quit it, but they find the Pleaſure of returning to it augmented in Proportion to the Time of their Abſence from it.

Oh Mr. RAMBLER! forgive the Talkativeneſs of an old Man! when I courted and married my *Lætitia*, then a blooming Beauty, every Thing paſſed juſt ſo! But how is the Caſe now? The Ladies, Maidens, Wives, and Widows are engroſſed by Places of open Reſort, and general Entertainment which fill every Quarter of the Metropolis, and being conſtantly frequented, make Home irkſome. Breakfaſting Places; Dining Places; Routs, Drums, Concerts, Balls, Plays, Operas, Maſquerades for the Evening, and even for all Night. And lately, publick Sales of the Goods of broken Houſekeepers, which the general Diſſoluteneſs of Manners has contributed to make very frequent, come in as another ſeaſonable Relief to theſe Modern Timekillers. In the Summer there are in every Country Town Aſſemblies, *Tunbridge*, *Bath*, *Cheltenham*, *Scarborough!* What Expence of Dreſs and Equipage is required to qualify the Frequenters for ſuch emulous Appearance?

By the natural Infection of Example, the loweſt People have Places of Six-Penny Reſort, and Gaming Tables for Pence. Thus Servants are now induced to Fraud and Diſhoneſty, to ſupport Extravagance, and ſupply their Loſſes.

As to the Ladies who frequent thoſe publick Places, they are not aſhamed to ſhew their Faces wherever Men dare go, nor blush to try who shall Stare moſt impudently, or who ſhall laugh loudeſt on the publick Walks. The young Fellows buzz about them as Flies about a Carcaſe, and hear with Greedineſs fooliſh Things which they think pretty. They believe the Men in earneſt; and the Men, to gratify the Pride and Conceit which are raiſed by ſuch eaſy Conqueſts, ridicule them for their Credulity.

The Men who would make good Huſbands, if they viſit thoſe Places, are frighted at Wedlock, and reſolve to live ſingle, except they are bought at a very high Price. They can be Spectators of all that paſſes, and, if they pleaſe, more than Spectators, at the Expence of others. The Companion of an Evening, and the Companion for Life, require very different Qualifications. Two Thouſand Pounds in the laſt Age, with a domeſtick Wife, would go farther than Ten Thouſand in this. Yet Settlements are expected, that often, to a mercantile Man eſpecially, ſink a Fortune into Uſeleſſneſs; and Pin-Money is ſtipulated for, which makes a Wife independent, and deſtroys Love, by putting it out of a Man's Power to lay

any

any Obligation upon her, that might engage Gratitude, and kindle Affection: When to all this the Card-Tables are added, how can a prudent Man think of marrying!

And when the worthy Men know not where to find Wives, muſt not the Sex be left to the Foplings, the Coxcombs, the Libertines of the Age, whom they help to make ſuch? And need even theſe Wretches marry to enjoy the Converſation of thoſe who render their Company ſo cheap?

And what, after all, is the Benefit which the gay Coquet obtains by her Flutters? As ſhe is approachable by every Man without requiring, I will not ſay Incenſe or Adoration, but even common Complaiſance, every Fop treats her as upon the Level, looks upon her light Airs as Invitations, and is on the Watch to take the Advantage: She has Companions indeed, but no Lovers; for Love is reſpectful, and timorous; and where among all her Followers will ſhe find a Huſband?

Set, dear Sir, before the youthful, the gay, the inconſiderate, the Contempt as well as the Danger to which they are expoſed. At one Time or other, Women, not utterly thoughtleſs, will be convinced of the Juſtice of your Cenſure, and the Charity of your Inſtruction. But ſhould your Expoſtulations and Reproofs have no Effect upon thoſe who are far gone in faſhionable Folly, they may be retailed from their Mouths to their Nieces, Marriage will not often have entitled theſe to Daughters, when they, the Meteors of a Day, find themſelves elbowed

elbowed off the Stage of Vanity by other Flutterers; for the moſt admired Women cannot have many *Tunbridge*, many *Bath* Seaſons to blaze in; ſince even fine Faces often ſeen, are leſs regarded than new Faces, the proper Puniſhment of ſhowy Girls, for rendering themſelves ſo impolitickly cheap.

I am, SIR,

Your ſincere Admirer, &c.

The Survey of BEDLAM *continued.*

IT has turn'd out juſt as I hinted in my laſt. The Embarraſſment the old Gentleman was in at our Meeting, was occaſioned by that Rogue *Cupid*, from whoſe Darts I find even Age itſelf is no Security. Two Days after the Publication of my laſt, I received the following Letter, which without any Ceremony I ſhall publiſh. If he loves me he can't be angry; for Love hides a Multitude of Faults.

Dear Madam,

THO' I have all the Reaſon in the World to dread your Wit and Humour, which have aw'd this great Metropolis, and attracted the Notice of all *Europe*; yet I have too high an Opinion of your Good-nature and Compaſſion, to ſuppoſe you will point either of thoſe dreadful Weapons at the Innocent. The Tears, thoſe precious Tears which you ſo plentifully ſhed on hearing the Caſe

of

of the unhappy Mrs. *Hannah* **** convinces me that you can't help feeling the Diſtreſſes of others; and therefore, without any more Preamble, I ſhall frankly own, what I believe you perceiv'd before, that I am never happy but when in the Company of my dear Mrs. *Midnight*. You may, perhaps, wonder that I ſhould addreſs you at this Age; but pray, Madam, ſuſpend your Surprize — myStrength of Conſtitution and Flow of Spirits are owing to a firm Adherence to Virtue, and a regular Courſe of Life: And I believe you will find (tho' I ſpeak for myſelf I ſpeak the Truth) that there are many young Fellows in Town, born ſince I was a Man, who are in moſt Reſpects older than myſelf, and I ſhall on all Occaſions endeavour to convince you that I am,

Dear Madam,

Moſt affectionately and truly

Yours at Command,

CHARLES TRUSTY.

P. S. I hope I ſhall have the Honour of meeting you on *Wedneſday*; and for this I plead the Promiſe you made me at our firſt Interview.

Now a young ſqueamiſh Girl on receiving this Letter would have given herſelf unaccountable Airs; have ſhewn it to her Acquaintance for the Honour of the Conqueſt, and have avoided his Company with a haughty Diſdain, tho' at the ſame Time ſhe was pining for a Huſband, and wiſh'd

for

for nothing ſo much as the Continuance of his Favour. *When a Man of Merit makes his Addreſſes, good Senſe may give him an Anſwer without either Scorn or Coquetry.* It is a Compliment at leaſt, perhaps it may be more, and if ſo, why ſhould I avoid any Man's Company only becauſe he loves me. Thus much by way of Apology for my Conduct, and to avoid being thought a Wanton. —

In ſhort, I met my good Man at the Time and Place appointed, who receiv'd me with ſingular Satisfaction, and whiſper'd ſeveral ſoft Things in my Ear, which would be improper for me to repeat in this Place; I ſhall therefore proceed directly on my Survey of *Bedlam*.

As ſoon as we enter'd, I heard a Voice call out with great Vehemence, Mrs. *Midnight*, Mrs. *Midnight!* and turning round ſaw the Remains of a Face I knew perfectly well, tho' I could not immediately recollect his Name. He very familiarly took me by the Hand, and while I was ruminating on his Countenance, what! ſays he, don't you know me? Have you forgot your old Acquaintance *Will Wimble*, with whom you have been ſo happy at Sir *Roger de Coverley*'s. Ah! Mrs. *Midnight*, the merry Moments we have had together! Poor Sir *Roger!* We ſhall never ſhake our Sides again at any of his Chriſtmas Tales and Gambols. There has been no good done in the County ſince his Death. I am quite ſick of the Pariſh of *Coverley* now, and came up to Town with an Intent to go Abroad. Who would ſtay

in

in this Place? Why, *Engliſh* Hoſpitality is out of Date, and all good Neighbourhood deſtroy'd! This Earth will by and by be inhabited by Fiends only, for every Age degenerates: The Sun don't give half the Light it us'd to do, and the Moon is perpetually in a Cloud; there are but ſix of the ſeven Stars to be ſeen, and one of thoſe has got the Green Sickneſs —

But why ſhould we quarrel for Riches,
Or any ſuch trifling Toys,
A light Heart and a thin Pair of Breeches
Goes thorough the World brave Boys.

Here the poor Creature began to rave, which one of the Keepers perceiving, immediately took hold of him. The ſudden Tranſition from incoherent Madneſs to ſolid Reaſoning, which this occaſion'd in him really ſurpriz'd me; and I was no leſs pleas'd to ſee with what Dexterity he endeavour'd to conceal from me his Confinement. He whiſper'd ſometime with the Keeper, then ſhook him by the Hand; and, as he was coming towards us, call'd to him to walk about and not be uneaſy, for they had Time enough to go home. When he had join'd our Company, he did not forget to intimate that the Perſon who laid hold of him was a Countryman, whom he had brought there to ſhew him the Place, for he was a meer Bumpkin. Poor *Will* carry'd the Farce ſo far as to offer to treat me with a Glaſs of Wine, and attempted to go out for that Purpoſe, but was ſtop'd by the Porter.

This

This affected him prodigiouſly, and he rav'd to a Degree not to be deſcribed; but when he ſaw the People come about him, and found that he muſt ſubmit, he made me a Bow, and walk'd off.—Generous Minds will ever be deeply affected with Accidents of this Sort, and eſpecially when they happen within the Compaſs of their Acquaintance. Poor Mr. *Wimble*'s Misfortune gave me ſo much Uneaſineſs, that I was unable to ſtay any longer in the Place, and the good old Gentleman my Companion was indeed greatly concern'd, and wou'd not permit me to leave him till I had wrote down Mr. *Wimble*'s Caſe. While he was reading of it he ſhed Tears, which confirm'd my good Opinion of him; for I look upon Tears thus ſhed in Pity to the Diſtreſſed, as Teſtimonies of a good Heart. Before we parted, he enjoin'd me to make the Caſe publick, as he apprehended it might have a good Effect, and induce Parents to make an honeſt Diſtribution of their Effects, and take more Care of their Poſterity.

The Caſe of Mr. WILL. WIMBLE, *which is a very bad Caſe, and inſerted here for the Information of all thoſe who have large Eſtates to leave, and Senſe enough to receive Inſtruction.*

MR. *William Wimble* was the ſecond Son of Sir *Richard Wimble* of *Wimble Hall* in *Worceſterſhire*. His Father was poſſeſs'd of a fine Fortune

Fortune when he came of Age, but in his Youth dealt away a great Part of it at Cards; and to mend the Matter, married a Wife who had neither Abilities nor Inclination to repair it. However, as he grew old he grew frugal, and having nothing ſo much at Heart as the Honour and Dignity of the Family, he would hardly allow himſelf Neceſſaries till he had diſcharg'd that Debt on the Eſtate, and made an Addition to it of ſome Farms that lay contiguous. His eldeſt Son happen'd to be a meer Booby; but notwithſtanding that, he was the Elder, and conſequently Heir to the Eſtate: And *Will*, to whom Nature had given a good Share of Senſe, was to ſeek his Fortune in any manner that would not diſgrace the Family. He had no Inclination to the Pulpit, for he did not love Reading; Phyſic was his Averſion; and he had too much Conſcience for the Law, and too much Compaſſion for the Army. A mercantile Trade was what *Will* of all Things wiſh'd for, and what his Genius naturally led him to; but that was denied by his Father, who indeed was angry that he ſhould be ſo mean ſpirited, as to introduce buying and ſelling, and keeping paultry Accounts, into his Family. When *Will* was about eighteen, his Father died, and for the Dignity of *Wimble-Hall*, but without any Regard to paternal Duty, left the eldeſt Son an Eſtate unencumber'd of Four Thouſand Five Hundred Pounds a Year, and his Son *William* only Three Thouſand Pounds; for the Payment of which, a new purchas'd Farm was

made liable — ſtrange Infatuation! — As this Money was not to be paid till *Will* was of Age, he had three Years to live without any other Means of Subſiſtence, but that of his Stock of good Nature, which indeed made him a welcome Gueſt at every Table. The Plan that Mr. *Wimble* laid down to live, and at the ſame Time to endear himſelf to the Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, is I think an Inſtance of his good Senſe and Addreſs. My Brother *Addiſon*, who was with me at Sir *Roger*'s, and frequently in Company with Mr. *Wimble*, aſſur'd me, "That he was a great Maſter of all thoſe little trifling Arts and Manufactures, in which Gentlemen delight. He hunted a *Pack of Dogs* better than any Man in the County, and was very famous for finding a *Hare:* He made a *May-fly* to a Miracle, and furniſh'd the whole Country with *Angle-rods* and *Tobacco-ſtoppers*. He carried a Tulip-root from one to another, and exchang'd a Puppy between two Friends, who liv'd at a Diſtance, with great Dexterity. The young Heirs he frequently oblig'd with a Net of his own weaving, a Setting-Dog that he had made himſelf, a Quail-Pipe, or a new Laſh for a Whip. The Mothers and Siſters he generally complimented with a Set of Shuttlecocks, or a Pair of Garters of his own knitting, and whenever he met them, excited a good deal of Mirth, by enquiring *how they wore*, and by *craving leave to tie them up*." Then he compos'd all Differences between Gentlemen and their Servants; and tho' *Will* never gave the

Foot-

Footmen any Thing, they ſtood in more Awe of him, than they did of their own Maſters. He wou'd ſometimes interfere in Family Quarrels, but very cautiouſly; and I have often known him act the Part of a good Arbitrator. In this Capacity he was often of great Uſe to his Brother. Yet notwithſtanding theſe and other good Offices, he charged *William* Three Hundred Pounds for the firſt Year's board after his Father's Death. This occaſion'd ſome Difference between them, which was afterwards accommodated by Sir *Roger*, who had ſuch Influence over his Brother, that he induc'd him to take One Hundred, and to advance *William* Five Hundred more on the Security of the Legacy, to ſupport him till the whole became due. Before this Term expir'd, ſome Diſputes aroſe concerning the Title of the Farm which was charg'd with *William*'s Legacy, and a Law-ſuit commenc'd that continued ſeveral Years. *William* during this Time was oblig'd to ſhift, and ſupported himſelf chiefly by the Skill he had acquired in Farriery; ſo that while one Brother, with very unequal Abilities, fill'd a Place in the H——e of C—m—s, and was compoſing Laws for the Kingdom, the other was obliged to ſeek his Bread from Houſe to Houſe, by curing the *Farcy* or the *Quitterbone*, for both which *William* had excellent Receipts. Sir *Roger*'s Houſe was indeed always open to him. While that good Knight liv'd, *Will* was in no Danger of Want, and from his Death Mr. *Wimble* may date the Period of his Ruin; for the Law-

ſuit being now determined againſt his Brother, he was depriv'd of the Farm, and poor *William* of his Legacy. But what was the cruelleſt Cut of all, the inhuman Brother, as ſoon as this Suit was ended, prompted by Malice, Spite and the Devil, arreſted poor *Will* for the Five Hundred Pounds advanced him by Caſh, and for his Board, and threw him into the County Jail, where the unfortunate Gentleman, agitated with the Folly and Cruelty of his Father, and the Tyranny and Oppreſſion of his Brother, loſt his Senſes, and was by Order and at the Expence of a Gentleman in the Neighbourhood, remov'd to this Place for the Benefit of the Charity.

Here the Community was depriv'd of a uſeful Member, by the Pride, Ignorance and Folly of the Father: For tho' Mr. *Wimble* had no Inclination to either of the Profeſſions, he might undoubtedly have made a good Tradeſman, for that ſeems to have been the peculiar Caſt of his Genius; which I think ſhould be ſtudied by every Parent, before they place their Children out in the World: and perhaps it is this Want of Regard to Genius, and running counter to the Dictates of Nature, that makes ſo many apparent Blockheads in every Buſineſs. Moſt Men have a Genius for ſome Art or Science, in which they very likely would excel were they permitted to follow it; and for my Part I honour the Man who firſt invented a *Mill*, as much as he who compos'd the firſt *Epic Poem*: And I hope without any Offence to the Poets, for,

by

by their Leave, I ſhall always conſider him as the greateſt Man, who is of the greateſt Service to Society. Sir *Richard Wimble* intended his Son *William* for the Law, which Profeſſion I wiſh he had followed with all my Heart; he would then probably have found out ſome Flaw in his own Favour, and have been a Match for his inhuman Brother. But for a Father to deny him the Privilege of getting his Bread in the Manner he was moſt likely to obtain it, and after that to leave him none to ſubſiſt on, was ſuch an Act of Barbarity, as could only reſult from Pride, Ignorance and Folly; and whoever acts in ſo prepoſterous a Manner for the future, will I hope be conſidered not only as an *imperious Fool*, and an unworthy Member of Society, but *Non compos mentis*; and a more equitable Diſtribution of his Eſtate and Effects be made by the *Lord Chancellor*.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

A Letter from Mr. Smart.
To Mrs. Midnight *in* London.

Madam, *Iſlington, March* 1751.

MR. *Carnan* has this Day communicated to me, your Intentions of inſerting my occaſional Prologue and Epilogue in the next Number of your Magazine; and as to my Threats of Proſecution (he ſays) you are by no means intimidated by them, but depend abſolutely upon my Polite-

neſs, which, you imagine, will reſtrain me from any offenſive Act againſt a Perſon of your Age and Sex, how juſtifiable ſoever. I am very much obliged to you for the good Opinion you have expreſs'd for me on this and many other Occaſions, and the more ſo, becauſe I am ſure in this Caſe you are incapable of Hypocriſy. But yet I am not at preſent in a Humour to be complimented out of my Property, and tho' I am greatly above uſing any Menaces to a Lady, however

Diſſuadere licet.

But if I cannot coax you into a Compliance, I ſhall not attempt to frighten you. I ſhall be proud at any other Conjuncture to ſee any Thing of mine in your Work, tho' I cannot without extream Mortification ſee myſelf plunder'd by thoſe incorrigible Thieves your Contemporaries. For when *they* inſert any Pieces, it is putting them into a Dunciad, and conſigning them to Infamy; but when a Work of Merit is printed in your Magazine, it is a Brilliant ſet in Gold and increaſed, not diminiſh'd in its Luſtre.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt ſincere Admirer,

C. SMART.

Mrs. Midnight's *Anſwer.*

SIR, St. *James's Place*, March 9.

I Received yours, which pleaſes me ſo well, that I ſhall not only print your Prologue and Epilogue, but *that* alſo. —— I am glad to ſee by the Date

Date of your Letter, that what was ſaid of a very great Man is likewiſe applicable to you.

Not only *London* is full of thy Fame,
But *Part* of *Iſlington* has heard the fame.

Yours, good Mr. Smart,
M. MIDNIGHT.

The PROLOGUE *to* OTHELLO, *as it was acted at the Theatre in* Drury-Lane, *by Perſons of Diſtinction for their Diverſion.*

WHile mercenary Actors tread the Stage,
And hireling Scribblers laſh or lull the Age,
Ours be the Taſk t'inſtruct, and entertain,
Without one Thought of Glory or of Gain.
Virtue's her own — from no external Cauſe
She gives, and ſhe demands the Self-applauſe:
Home to her Breaſt ſhe brings the Heart-felt Bays,
Heedleſs alike of Profit, and of Praiſe.
This now perhaps is wrong — yet this we know,
'Twas Senſe and Truth a Century ago:
When *Britain* with tranſcendent Glory crown'd,
For high Atchievements, as for Wit renown'd,
Cull'd from each growing Grace the pureſt Part,
And cropt the Flowers from every blooming Art.
Our nobleſt Youth, would then embrace the Taſk
Of comic Humour, or the myſtic Maſque.
'Twas theirs t'incourage Worth, and give to Bards
What now is ſpent in *Boxing* and in *Cards:*
Good Senſe their Pleaſure — Virtue ſtill their Guide,
And *Engliſh* Magnanimity — their Pride.
Methinks I ſee with Fancy's magic Eye,
The Shade of SHAKESPEAR, in yon azure Sky.

On yon high Cloud behold the Bard advance,
Piercing all Nature with a ſingle Glance:
In various Attitudes around him ſtand
The Paſſions, waiting for his dread Command.
Firſt kneeling Love before his Feet appears,
And muſically ſighing melts in Tears.
Near him fell Jealouſy with Fury burns,
And into Storms the amorous Breathings turns;
Then Hope with Heaven-ward Look, and Joy draws near,
While palſied Terror trembles in the Rear.
Such SHAKESPEAR's Train of Horror and Delight,
And ſuch we hope to introduce to Night.
But if, tho' juſt in Thought, we fail in Fact,
And good Intention ripens not to act,
Weigh our Deſign, your Cenſure ſtill defer,
When Truth's in View 'tis glorious even to err.

The EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *DESDEMONA.*

TRUE Woman to the laſt — my *Peroration*
I come to ſpeak in ſpight of Suffocation;
To ſhew the preſent and the Age to come,
We may be choak'd, but never can be dumb.
Well now methinks I ſee you all run out,
And haſte away to Lady *Bragwell*'s Rout;
Each modiſh Sentiment to hear and weigh,
Of thoſe who nothing think, and all Things ſay.
Prudella firſt in Parody begins,
(For Nonſenſe and Buffoonery are Twins)
" Can Beaux the Court for Theatres exchange?
" *I ſwear by Heaven 'tis ſtrange, 'tis paſſing ſtrange;*
" And

' And very whimſical, and mighty dull,
" *And pitiful, and wond'rous pitiful:*
" *I wiſh I had not heard it* — Bleſſed Dame!
Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks her Audience wiſh the ſame.
Next *Neddy Nicely* —— " Fye, O fye, good lack,
" A naſty Man to make his Face all black."
Then Lady *Stiffneck* ſhews her pious Rage,
And wonders we ſhou'd act —— upon a Stage.
" Why Ma'me, ſays *Coquetilla*, a Diſgrace?
" Merit in any Form may ſhew he Face:
" In this dull Age the Male Things ought to play,
" To teach them what to do, and what to ſay.
In ſhort, they all with different Cavils cram us,
And only are unanimous to *damn us.*
But ſtill there are a fair judicious few,
Who judge unbias'd, and with Candour view;
Who value Honeſty, tho' clad in Buff,
And Wit, tho' dreſs'd in an old *Engliſh* Ruff.
Behold them here — I beaming Senſe deſcry,
Shot from the living Luſtre of each Eye.
Such meaning Smiles each blooming Face adorn,
As deck the Pleaſure-painted Brow of Morn;
And ſhew the Perſon of each matchleſs Fair,
Tho' rich to Rapture, and above Compare,
Is, even with all the Skill of Heaven deſign'd,
But an imperfect Image of her Mind;
While Chaſtity unblemiſh'd and unbrib'd,
Adds a majeſtick Mien that ſcorns to be deſcrib'd:
Such, we will vaunt, and only ſuch as theſe,
'Tis our Ambition, and our Fame to pleaſe.

PROLOGUE to ALFRED.

Spoken by Mr. *GARRICK.*

IN Arms renown'd, for Arts of Peace ador'd,
ALFRED, the Nation's Father, more than Lord,
A *Britiſh* Author has preſum'd to draw,
Struck deep, even now, with reverential Awe;
And ſets the godlike Figure fair in View —
O may Diſcernment find the Likeneſs true.

When *Daniſh* Fury, with wide-waſting Hand,
Had ſpread pale Fear, and Ravage o'er the Land,
This Prince ariſing bade Confuſion ceaſe,
Bade Order ſhine, and bleſt his Iſle with Peace;
Taught liberal Arts to humanize the Mind,
And heav'n-born Science to ſweet Freedom join'd.
United thus, the friendly Siſters ſhone,
And one ſecur'd, while one adorn'd, his Throne.
Amidſt theſe Honours of his happy Reign,
Each Grace and every Muſe compos'd his Train:
As grateful Servants, all exulting ſtrove,
At once to ſpread his Fame, and ſhare his Love.

To Night, if aught of Fiction you behold.
Think not, in Virtue's Cauſe, the Bard too bold.
If ever Angels from the Skies deſcend,
It muſt be —Truth and Freedom to defend.

Thus would our Author pleaſe — be it your Part,
If not his Labours, to approve his Heart.
True to his Country's, and to Honour's Cauſe,
He fixes, there, his Fame, and your Applauſe;
Wiſhes no Failing from your Sight to hide,
But, by free BRITONS, will be freely try'd.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

WHile our grave Hermit, buſy above Stairs,
Employs his ſerious Head on State Affairs,
Gallants, look here — faith I have plaid the Rogue,
And ſtole his Wand — by way of Epilogue.
You Critics there below, had beſt be civil;
For I, with this ſame Rod, can play the Devil:
Tie all your buſy Tongues up, one by one,
And turn what Share of Brains you have — to Stone:
The Beau's ſoft Skull convert to ſolid Rock —
What then? — the Wig will always have it's Block.
But for the Men of ſad and ſolemn Face,
The deep dark Sages in or out of Place,
Who much in Port and Politicks delight,
Small Change, G—d knows, will make them Statues quite.
The Ladies too — but now theſe Witlings ſneer —
No, fair Ones, you ſhall meet no Inſult here:
I only hint my Power — that, if I liſt,
I yet can charm you two long Hours from Whiſt.
But, Cards are ready, you are all beſpoke —
To ſpoil a dozen Drums, would be no Joke.
Beſides, twould be mere arbitrary Sway:
Such as, of old, was us'd at *Nero*'s Play,
Who, when he ſung and fiddled to the Town,
Still, as his Subjects yawn'd, would knock them down.
No, Sirs; to gain a Heart, we muſt not teize:
Who would engage it, firſt ſhould aim to pleaſe.
This Part be mine: and, if I now ſucceed
To my own Wiſh, you will be pleas'd indeed.

Then — for a Trial: thus, I wave my Hand,
To prove the Power of this enchanting Wand.

On waving her Wand,

The Scene opens, and diſcovers a beautiful Valley, bordered on each Hand by Foreſt-Trees, riſing irregularly, and forming from Space to Space various Groves. The Proſpect behind is a Landſchape of Woodlands, and of Mountains that aſcend above one another, till the laſt ſeem to loſe themſelves in the Sky. From the Summit of the neareſt Hill a River pours down, by ſeveral Falls, in a natural Caſcade. The warbling of Birds is heard.

FIRST ENTRY.

A Huſbandman, his Wife, and Family.

SHE.

How ſoft is the Scene!
The Woodlands how green!
What Charms in the Nightingale's Lay!

HE.

Fair Peace, that now reigns
On our Hills and our Plains,
'Tis Peace bids all Nature be gay.

CHORUS.

'Tis Peace bids all Nature be gay.

SHE.

The Diſtaff,

HE.

The Plow.

BOTH.

Shall employ our Hands now,
For ourſelves and our Children alone.

HE.

HE.

Secure from the Foe,
We ſhall reap what we ſow:
And the Year, the whole Year is our own!

CHORUS.

And the Year, the whole Year is our own!

She waves her Wand. SECOND ENTRY.

A Shepherd, and Shepherdeſs.

They run into each other's Arms.

SHE.

If to meet is all this Pleaſure,
Sure, to part was killing Pain!

BOTH.

Yes, to part was killing Pain!

HE.

If 'twas Grief to loſe our Treaſure,
How tranſporting to regain!

BOTH.

Oh 'tis Tranſport to regain!

HE.

Thus poſſeſſing——

SHE.

Every Bleſſing,
Crowns the Maid——

HE.

And crowns her Swain.

BOTH.

Crowns the happy Maid and Swain.

She waves her Wand. THIRD ENTRY.

Soldiers deſcend the Mountain by two different Paths: at the Bottom they lay down the Spoils with which they

they are loaded; and then, advancing, two of them ſing the following Ballad.

FIRST MAN.

We have fought; we have conquer'd: and *England* once more
Shall flouriſh in Fame, as ſhe flouriſh'd before.
Our Fears are all fled, with our Enemies ſlain:
* Could they riſe up anew ——

SECOND.

We would ſlay them again.
His Monarch to ſerve, or to do himſelf Right,
No *Engliſh*man yet ever flinch'd from the Fight.
For why, Neighbours all, we are free as the King:
* 'Tis this makes us brave ——

FIRST.

And 'tis this makes us ſing.
Our Prince too, for this, will be thankful to Fate —
It is, in our Freedom, he finds himſelf great!
No Force can be wanting, nor meaner Court-Arts:
* He is Maſter of all ——

SECOND.

Who will reign in our Hearts!
Should rebels within, or ſhould Foes from without,
Bring the Crown on his Head, or his Honor, in doubt;
We are ready ——

FIRST.

Still ready — and boldly foretell,
* That Conqueſt ſhall ever with Liberty dwell!

* The Verſes marked with an Aſteriſk, to be ſung a ſecond Time by both.

SECOND

SECOND.

But now, bring us forth, as the Crown of our Labor,
Much Wine and good Chear——

FIRST.

With the Pipe and the Tabor.
Let our Nymphs all be kind, and our Shepherds be gay:
For *England*, old *England*, is happy to Day.

CHORUS.

Let our Nymphs all be kind, and our Shepherds be gay:
For *England*, Old *England*, is happy to Day!

They all mix in a Dance to the Pipe and Tabor.

EPIGRAM.

On reading a Manuſcript Poem, in Praiſe of the New River *at* Iſlington.

NO more griev'd *Grubſtreet* ſhall bemoan
Her tinkling * *Taylor* dead and gone;
For Chanter of the dribbling Rill,
We have one WATER POET ſtill.

* *John Taylor* the Water-Poet, an Account of whom ſee in the *Dunciad*, Book II. ver. 323.

ADVERTISEMENT in Defence of the TWO UNIVERSITIES.

WE CAN ASSURE THE PUBLICK,

THAT the Report of the *Greek* Language being expell'd the Two Univerſities, is falſe and without any Sort of Foundation, there being many Thouſand Volumes, written in that Tongue, actually extant, and unmoleſted in the ſeveral Libraries.

QUERY.

QUERY.

WHether the Petition deliver'd into the Houſe, to prevent the Drinking of GIN, is intended really and *bona fide* to anſwer that ſalutary Purpoſe, and not merely to *****

If it be, I am for it with all my Heart: For I'm afraid exceſſive Drinking, exceſſive Gaming, and exceſſive playing the Fool, will be the Deſtruction of this Nation.

MARY MIDNIGHT.

The MIDWIFE's POLITICKS: Or, *Goſſip's Chronicle of the Affairs of Europe.*

PORTUGAL.

AMong the other Singularities in the Character of the new Portugueſe Monarch, it appears, that he is not one of thoſe Princes, who think the only Means of advancing the Sovereign, is to depreſs the Subject as much as poſſible. He has taken off half the Duty on the Tobacco of Brazil, in order to increaſe the Produce of the Duty, by extending the Vent of that Commodity, and giving new Encouragement to thoſe who are concerned in the Culture and Manufacture of it.

SPAIN.

All the Advices from this Kingdom are full of the Preparations making to encreaſe the Naval Power of his Catholick Majeſty, who is to have forty Ships of the Line ready to put to Sea early in the Summer. One would think, however, from the Conduct obſerved in ſome other Countries, that not a Word of Credit is given to theſe Advices: But may not thoſe who treat them as old Wife's Fables, be too late convinc'd, that every

every Thing is not ridiculous, which Folly and Preſumption take upon them to ſtigmatize with that Title?

ITALY.

The ſeveral Courts in this Part of Europe, have been pretty quiet ſince our laſt: And we only know from what we have been told, under the Head of News, from the ſeveral Courts of Turin, Parma and Naples, that nothing is certainly known of the Politicks, which do there really prevail. The young Prince of Parma is to be dubbed a Knight of the Golden Fleece, as ſoon as a very fine Collar of the Order can be got ready at Madrid. The Duke of Modena talks of more new Projects for enlarging the Communication with his Country, and extending the Commerce of his Subjects. The Pope ſtill continues very complaiſant to his Lay-Children; and has allowed the Genoeſe a Tax on Eccleſiaſticks, to re-eſtabliſh the Credit of the Bank of St. George. Every Thing ſeems quiet at Venice, in regard to the late Diſpute concerning the Patriarchate of Aquileia.

TURKEY.

Parties run ſo high in the *Divan*, as to occaſion ſome new Depoſitions among the Turkiſh Miniſters. It ſeems doubtful, whether the Heir of the Ottoman Empire may not at laſt prevail over the pacific Diſpoſition of his infirm and declining Uncle.

FRANCE.

We have been again aſſured, that all the Matters in Diſpute betwixt this Court and that of Great Britain, will be amicably adjuſted: And ſome Coffee houſe Politicians are very certain, that they are ſo already. But as no Effects of this friendly Accommodation have hitherto appeared, may not an Old Woman be permitted, in Contradiction to the Credulity which is uſually aſcribed

aſcribed to her Sex, to perſiſt a little longer in her political Scepticiſm?

As to the domeſtic Affairs of France, there ſeems to be no Relaxation of the Induſtry that has been uſed ever ſince the Concluſion of Peace, to augment the Forces of that Kingdom both by Land and Sea. The Earl of Albemarle lives very magnificently at Paris, as does likewiſe the Marquis de Mirepoix at London. It is thought the French Clergy will at length generally comply with the Demands of their Sovereign. The Parliament of Paris has preſented a whole Volume of Remonſtrances to the King, which, no doubt, will be repoſited among the other Remonſtrances of that learned and patriotic Body.

NETHERLANDS.

The Dutch complain, that, inſtead of Favour, they meet with new Hardſhips from the Court of Verſailles, on the Subject of the Tariff betwixt the two Nations. The States of Holland have eſtabliſhed a Lottery, which, in this modern Age of Gaming, is conſtantly found one of the moſt certain Means of drawing Money out of the Pockets of the People.

The States-General complain in a Placart lately publiſh'd, of the Oppoſition made to their Collectors in the Execution of their Office; authorizing theſe Gentlemen to make uſe of Arms, and to repel Force with Force; and declaring thoſe who are obſtinate in refuſing their Payments, to be Enemies to their Country. Were I endowed with the Spirit of a Caſſandra, I ſhould be almoſt tempted to propheſy on this Occaſion.

GERMANY.

The chief Buſineſs on foot in the Empire, is to ſecure the Election of the Arch-Duke Joſeph to the Dignity

nity of King of the Romans. There does not ſeem to be any one Elector, except the King of Pruſſia, at preſent diſpoſed to traverſe the Deſign of their Imperial Majeſties on this Subject. The College of Princes, not Electors, have, however, ſtarted a Claim, which, they ſay, is founded on antient Precedents, of having a Right to deliberate, whether the Choice of a Succeſſor to the Imperial Throne be abſolutely neceſſary, at the Time when it is propoſed. The old King of Sweden, perhaps the moſt powerful, as Landgrave of Heſſe-Caſſel, of thoſe Non-electoral Princes, ſeems inclined to avail his Family of this Opportunity, by procuring the Erection of his Landgraviate into a tenth Electorate.

In the mean Time, I am ſorry to ſee, that ſomething of the old Spirit, which has formerly too much diſtinguiſhed the Houſe of Auſtria, begins to ſhew itſelf in the Perſecution of the Hernhutters, who are no other than what we call Moravians in England, and are declared, by Act of Parliament, to be an innocent conſcientious People.

According to ſome Advices, Affairs are like to be eaſily accommodated betwixt the Courts of Berlin and Peterſburgh. Let us wait with Patience for this Accommodation, which will probably prevent any Rupture betwixt Ruſſia and Sweden, and preſerve the Tranquillity of the North.

POLAND.

His Poliſh Majeſty is expected again in his Kingdom at Warſaw early in the fine Seaſon: His Preſence there is the Foundation of moſt of the News we have from that Kingdom.

DENMARK.

The only material Article we have had from this Country, is, that a very ſharp Froſt has been ſucceeded by

by a gentle Thaw. As I do not doubt, but my Magazine is by this Time read at Copenhagen, and perhaps may be now tranſlating into the Daniſh Language, I ſhould be unjuſt, not to remark, in my Turn, that exactly the ſame Thing has happen'd in England.

SWEDEN and RUSSIA.

I put theſe two Names, at this Time, together; becauſe all the News of any Importance we receive, either from Peterſburg or Stockholm, is relative to both the Monarchies. It amounts, in ſhort, to no more than this: That the Ruſſian Army and Fleet are both in extreme good Order, ready to march and ſail; and that the Swediſh are much in the ſame Condition, ready to do the like, as ſoon as the Ruſſians ſhall begin to ſtir. If my Readers will only reverſe this Period, and make the Motions of Sweden to lead, and thoſe of Ruſſia to depend upon them, putting alternately one before the other, they will have, in brief, all that has been contained in the ſeveral long Paragraphs from thoſe Countries.

GREAT-BRITAIN.

I muſt not omit to congratulate my Countrymen, upon the Proſpect they have of being reconciled to the Church of Rome, at leaſt, in one Particular, during the moderate Pontificate of Benedict XIV; upon the Downfall of Gin, which is expected at leaſt by all Perſons, and prayed for even by ſome old Women: Likewiſe, upon the happy Coalition, which will probably be made betwixt us and all the other Nations of Europe, by a Law for the general Naturalization of Foreign Proteſtants.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

MRS. *Midnight*, who is intimately acquainted with FORTUNE, and has great Power over her Wheel, intends on Tueſday the 19th Inſtant to open an Office of Intelligence and Prediction, by conſulting of which all Perſons may be inform'd whether they are to have Blanks or Prizes in the preſent Lottery.

N. B. All the Gentlemen that propoſe to reap any Benefit from this Office, are to bring Certificates of their Worth and Honeſty, ſign'd by any three of their Enemies, and the Ladies to produce Teſtimonials of their Virtue, ſign'd by any two of their own Sex. All are to come dreſs'd ſuitable to their Circumſtances in Life, and to take Care that the Money they adventure is their own.

On Thurſday the 7th of this Inſtant, the Tragedy of Othello was perform'd at Drury Lane Theatre, to the moſt brilliant Audience that perhaps ever was aſſembled upon any Occaſion. The whole Performance was truly admirable, and merited all the Applauſe that was or could be given it.

N. B. I honour my good Lord Cheſterfield, and the other noble Lord, for the Pains they have taken to promote the Bill for introducing the NEW STILE, which I hope will take Effect, for I would have every puzzle Cauſe and Abſurdity remov'd from this polite Nation.

*** I received the pathetic and melancholy Letter ſigned *S. Williams*, and ſhould, as deſired, have inſerted it in this Magazine, but my Friend Mr. *Newbery* is about to publiſh a Collection of Caſes of that Kind, together with a Plan for the better Maintenance of the Poor, and for the more immediate Relief of the miſerable Vagrants about this City; and to him I have refer'd it. The Caſes he has ſelected are not only very affecting, but well atteſted; and will undoubtedly excite Compaſſion in the Breaſt of every Man who has a Grain of Humanity in his Compoſition; and his Plan for the future Proviſion of thoſe poor Wretches, has already met with the Approbation, Sanction and Encouragement of ſeveral Perſons of Diſtinction.

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The End of the FIRST VOLUME.